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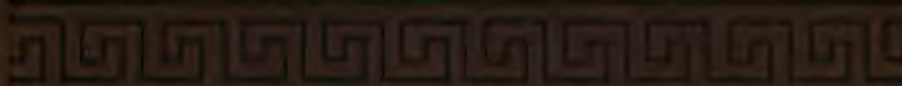
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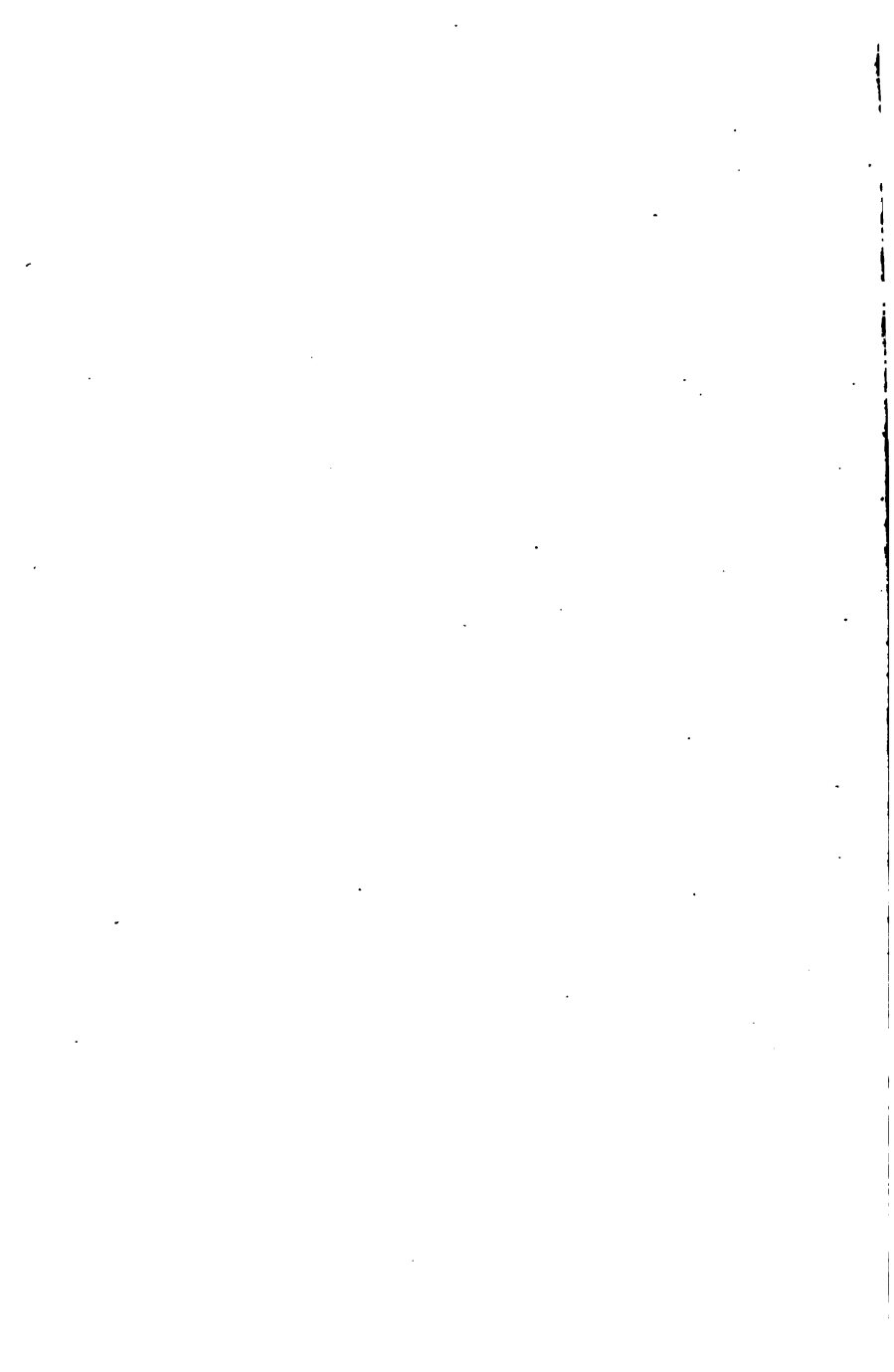






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EDITED BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"Oh, how fair fruit may you to mortal man  
From Wisdom's garden give!" — GASCOIGNE.



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## PREFACE.

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THIS volume took its origin from an old habit of copying any poem or lines that interested me into a blank book. In many years, my selections filled the volume, and required another; and still the convenience of commanding all my favorites in one album, instead of searching my own and other libraries for a desired song or verse, and the belief that what charmed me probably might charm others, suggested the printing of my enlarged selection. I know the convenience and merits of the existing anthologies, and the necessity of printing in every collection many masterpieces which all English-speaking men have agreed in admiring. Each has its merits; but I have found that the best of these collections do not contain certain gems of pure lustre, whilst they admit many of questionable claim. The voluminous octavos of Anderson and Chalmers have the same fault of too much mass and too little genius; and even the more select "Golden Treasury" of Mr. Palgrave omits too much that I cannot spare. I am aware that no two readers would make the same selection. Of course, I shall gladly hail with the public a better collection than mine.

Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity. It requires that splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. Great thoughts insure musical expressions. Every word should be the right word. The poets are they who see that



spiritual is greater than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce; and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due.

Some poems I have inserted for their historical importance; some, for their weight of sense; some, for single couplets or lines, perhaps even for a word; some, for magic of style; and I have admitted verses, which, in their structure, betray a defect of poetic ear, but have a wealth of truth which ought to have created melody. I know the peril of didactics to kill poetry, and that Wordsworth runs fearful risks to save his mental experiences. Some poems are external, like Moore's, and have only a superficial melody: others, like Chaucer's, have such internal music as to forgive a roughness to the modern ear, which, in the mouth of the bard, his contemporaries probably did not detect. To Chaucer may be well applied the word of Heraclitus, that "Harmony latent is of greater value than that which is patent."

There are two classes of poets,—the poets by education and practice, these we respect; and poets by nature, these we love. Pope is the best type of the one class: he had all the advantage that taste and wit could give him, but never rose to grandeur or to pathos. Milton had all its advantages, but was also poet born. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Jonson (despite all the pedantic lumber he dragged with him), Herbert, Herrick, Collins, Burns,—of the other. Then there are poets who rose slowly, and wrote badly, and had yet a true calling, and, after a hundred failures, arrived at pure power; as Wordsworth, encumbered for years with childish whims, but at last, by his religious insight, lifted to genius.

Scott was a man of genius, but only an accomplished rhymers (poet on the same terms as the Norse bards and minstrels), admirable chronicler, and master of the ballad, but never crossing the threshold of the epic, where Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton dwell.

The task of selection is easiest in poetry. What a signal convenience is fame! Do we read all authors to grope our way to the best? No; but the world selects for us the best, and we select from these our best.

Chaucer fulfils the part of the poet, possesses the advantage of being the most cultivated man of his time, and so speaks always sovereignly and cheerfully. Often the poetic nature, being too susceptible, is over-acted on by others. The religious sentiment teaching the immensity of every moment, the indifference of magnitude, the present is all, the soul is God;—this lesson is great and greatest. Yet this, also, has limits for humanity. One must not seek to dwell in ethereal contemplation: so should the man decline into a monk, and stop short of his possible enlargement. The intellect is cheerful.

Chaucer's antiquity ought not to take him out of the hands of intelligent readers. No lover of poetry can spare him, or should grudge the short study required to command the archaisms of his English, and the skill to read the melody of his verse. His matter is excellent, his story told with vivacity, and with equal skill in the pathos and in triumph. I think he has lines of more force than any English writer, except Shakspeare. If delivered by an experienced reader, the verses will be found musical as well as wise, and fertile in invention. He is always strong, facile, and pertinent, and with what vivacity of style through all the range of his pictures, comic or tragic! He knows the language of joy and of despair.

Of Shakspeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakspeare's poem, "*Let*

*the bird of loudest lay,*" and the "*Threnos*" with which it closes; the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's "*Love's Martyr*," and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet, and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it.

To the modern reader, Ben Jonson's plays have lost their old attraction; but his occasional poems are full of heroic thought, and his songs are among the best in the language. His life interests us from the wonderful circle of companions with whom he lived,—with Camden, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Bacon, Chapman, Herbert, Herrick, Cowley, Suckling, Drayton, Donne, Carew, Selden,—and by whom he was honored. Cowley tells us, "I must not forget Ben's reading: it was delicious: never was poetry married to more exquisite music:" and the Duchess of Newcastle relates, that her husband, himself a good reader, said he "never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson."

Spence reports, that Pope said to him, "Crashaw is a worse sort of Cowley: Herbert is lower than Crashaw,"—an opinion which no reader of their books at this time will justify. Crashaw, if he be the translator of the '*Sospetto d'Herode*,' has written masterly verses never learned from Cowley, some of which I have transcribed; and Herbert is the psalmist dear to all who love

religious poetry with exquisite refinement of thought. So much piety was never married to so much wit. Herbert identifies himself with Jewish genius, as Michael Angelo did when carving or painting prophets and patriarchs, not merely old men in robes and beards, but with the sanctity and the character of the Pentateuch and the prophecy conspicuous in them. His wit and his piety are genuine, and are sure to make a lifelong friend of a good reader.

Herrick is the lyric poet, ostentatiously choosing petty subjects, petty names for each piece, and disposing of his theme in a few lines, or in a couplet; is never dull, and is the master of miniature painting. On graver themes, in his "Sacred Numbers," he is equally successful.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" goes so surely with the Bible on to every book-shelf, that I have not cited a line; but I could not resist the insertion of the "Comus," and the "Lycidas," which are made of pure poetry, and have contented myself with extracts from the grander scenes of "Samson Agonistes."

The public sentiment of the reading world was long divided on the merits of Wordsworth. His early poems were written on a false theory of poetry; and the critics denounced them as childish. He persisted long to write after his own whim; and, though he arrived at unexpected power, his readers were never safe from a childish return upon himself and an unskilful putting-forward of it. How different from the absolute concealment of Shakspeare in all his miraculous dramas, and even in his love-poems, in which, of course, the lover must be perpetually present, but always by thought, and never by his buttons or pitifulness! Montaigne is delightful in his egotism. Byron is always egotistic, but interesting thereby, through the taste and genius of his confession or his defiance.

Wordsworth has the merit of just moral perception, but not that

of deft poetic execution. How would Milton curl his lip at such slipshod newspaper style! Many of his poems, as, for example, "The Rylstone Doe," might be all improvised: nothing of Milton, nothing of Marvell, of Herbert, of Dryden, could be. These are verses such as many country gentlemen could write; but few would think of claiming the poet's laurel on their merit. Pindar, Dante, Shakspeare, whilst they have the just and open soul, have also the eye to see the dimmest star, the serratures of every leaf, the test objects of the microscope, and then the tongue to utter the same things in words that engrave them on the ears of all mankind.

> The poet demands all gifts, and not one or two only. Like the electric rod, he must reach from a point nearer to the sky than all surrounding objects, down to the earth, and into the wet soil, or neither is of use. The poet must not only converse with pure thought, but he must demonstrate it almost to the senses. His words must be pictures: his verses must be spheres and cubes, to be seen and handled. His fable must be a good story, and its meaning must hold as pure truth. In the debates on the Copyright Bill, in the English parliament, Mr. Sergeant Wakley, the coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons, "what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff?" — Homer, Horace, Milton, and Chaucer would defy the coroner. Whilst they have wisdom to the wise, he would see that to the external they have external meaning. Coleridge rightly said that "poetry must first be good sense, as a palace might well be magnificent, but first it must be a house." Wordsworth is open to ridicule of this kind; and yet, though satisfied if he can suggest to a sympathetic mind his own mood, and though setting a private and exaggerated value on his compositions, and taking the public to task for not admiring his poetry, he is really a master of the English language; and his

best poems evince a power of diction that is no more rivalled by his contemporaries than is his poetic insight. But his capital merit is, that he has done more for the sanity of his generation than any other writer.

“*Laodamia*” is almost entitled to that eminence in his literary performance which Landor gave it when he said, that “*Wordsworth had now written a poem which might be fitly read in Elysium, and the gods and heroes might gather round to listen.*” I count that and the “*Ode on Immortality*” as the best.

Wordsworth has a religious value for his thoughts; but his inspirations are casual and insufficient, and he persists in writing after they are gone. No great poet needs so much a severely critical selection of the noble numbers from the puerile into which he often falls. Leigh Hunt said of him, that “*he was a fine lettuce with too many outer leaves.*”

Byron’s rare talent is conspicuously partial. He has not sweetness, nor solid knowledge, nor lofty aim. He had a rare skill for rhythm, unmatched facility of expression, a firm, ductile thread of gold. His rhymes do not suggest any restraint, but the utmost freedom, as the rules of the dance do not fetter the good dancer, but exhibit his natural grace. In his isolation he is starved for a purpose; and finding no material except of romance, — first, of corsairs, and Oriental robbers and harems, and, lastly, of satire, — he revenges himself on society for its supposed distrust of him, by cursing it, and throwing himself on the side of its destroyers. His life was wasted; and its only result was this brilliant gift of song with which he soothed his chosen exile. I do not know that it can retain for another generation the charm it had for his contemporaries; but the security with which he pours these perfectly modulated verses to any extent, without any sacrifice of sense for the sake of metre, surprises the reader.

Tennyson has incomparable felicity in all poetic forms, surpassing in melody also, and is a brave, thoughtful Englishman, unmatched in rhythmic power and variety. The thoroughness with which the fable has been thought out, as in the account of the supreme influence of Arthur on his knights, is only one of his triumphs. The passion of love in his "Maud" found a new celebration, which woke delight wherever the English language is known; the "Dirge of Wellington" was a more magnificent monument than any or all of the histories that record that commander's life. Then the variety of his poems discloses the wealth and the health of his mind. Nay, some of his words are poems.

The selections from American writers are necessarily confined to the present century; but some of them have secured a wide fame. Some of them are recent, and have yet to earn their laurels. I have inserted only one of the remarkable poems of Forcethe Willson, a young Wisconsin poet of extraordinary promise, who died very soon after this was written. The poems of a lady who contents herself with the initials H. H. in her book published in Boston (1874) have rare merit of thought and expression, and will reward the reader for the careful attention which they require. The poem of "Sir Pavon and Saint Pavon," by another hand, has a dangerous freedom of style, but carries in it rare power and pathos.

The imagination wakened brings its own language, and that is always musical. It may or may not have rhyme or a fixed metre; but it will always have its special music or tone. Whatever language the bard uses, the secret of tone is at the heart of the poem. Every great master is such by this power, — Chaucer and Shakespeare and Raleigh and Milton and Collins and Burns and Byron and Tennyson and Wolfe. The true inspiration always brings it. Perhaps it cannot be analyzed; but we all yield to it. It is the life of the good ballads; it is in the German hymns

which Wesley translated ; it is in the “ Marseillaise ” of Rouget de Lisle ; it gave their value to the chants of the old Romish and of the English Church ; and it is the only account we can give of their wonderful power on the people. Poems may please by their talent and ingenuity ; but, when they charm us, it is because they have this quality, for this is the union of nature with thought.

R. W. E.





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*Born in Bristol, Eng., 1752; died 1770.*

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*Born in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, 1734; died 1788.*

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*Born in Irvine, Scotland, 1771; died 1834.*

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*Born in Edinburgh, 1771; died 1832.*  
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## SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.

*Born in Sussex, Eng., 1792; died 1822.*

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## SHIRLEY, JAMES.

*Born in London, about 1594; died 1666.*

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## SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP.

*Born in Penhurst Kent, Eng., 1554; died 1586.*

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## SIMONIDES.

*Born in Julia, Island of Ceos, B.C. 554.*

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## SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.

*Born in England, 1556; executed 1595.*

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## SPENSER, EDMUND.

*Born in London, 1553; died 1599.*

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*Born in America.*

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## SPRAGUE, CHARLES.

*Born in Boston, Mass., 1791.*

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## STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE.

*Born in America.*

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## STERLING, JOHN,

*Born in the Island of Bute, 1806; died 1844.*

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## STERNHOLD, THOMAS.

*Born in England; died 1549.*

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## STRODE, WILLIAM.

*Born in England, 1600; died 1644.*

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## SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.

*Born in Whitton, Eng., 1609; died 1641.*

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<b>TAYLOR, TOM.</b>	
<i>Born in England, 1817.</i>	
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<i>Born in Lincolnshire, Eng., 1810.</i>	
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<b>THOMSON, JAMES.</b>	
<i>Born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, 1700; died 1748.</i>	
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<i>Born in New York, 1827.</i>	
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<b>VAUGHAN, HENRY.</b>	
<i>Born in Newton, Eng., 1621; died 1685.</i>	
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**WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.***Born in Portland, Me., 1807; died 1867.*

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**WILSON, JOHN.***Born in Scotland, 1785; died 1854.*

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**WILLSON, FORCEYTHE.***Born in Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837; died in Alfred Centre, N. Y., 1867.*

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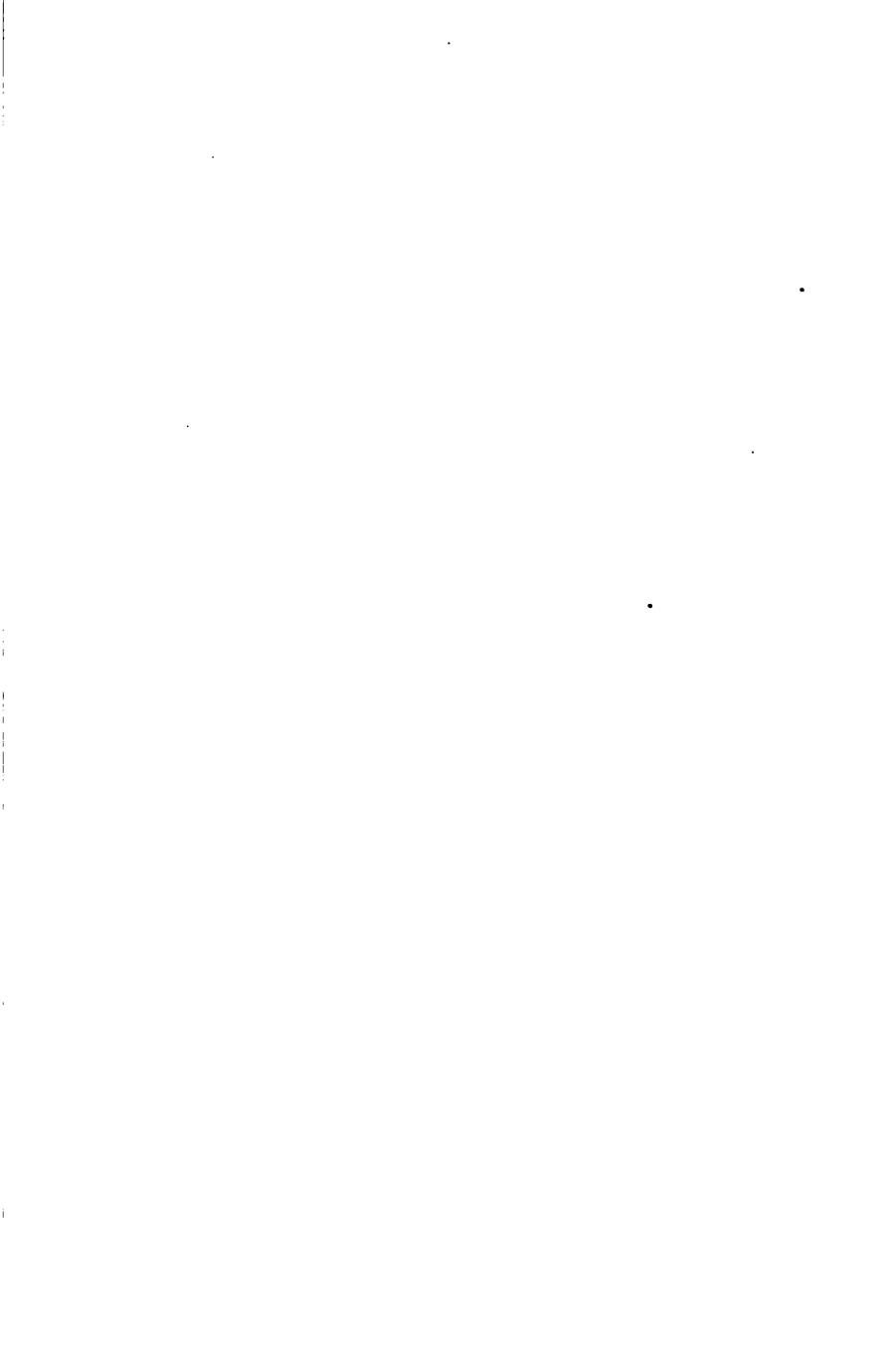
**I**

**NATURE.**

**LAND. — SEA. — SKY.**

**"Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord." — CHAUCER.**





# NATURE.

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## ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds,  
and bowers,  
Of April, May, of June, and July-  
flowers;  
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, was-  
sails, wakes,  
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their  
bridal-cakes.  
I write of youth, of love, and have  
access  
By these, to sing of cleanly wanton-  
ness;  
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece  
by piece,  
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and amber-  
grece.  
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I  
write  
How roses first came red, and lilies  
white.  
I write of groves, of twilights, and I  
sing  
The court of Mab, and of the fairie  
king.  
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever  
shall,  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after  
all.

HERRICK.

## NATURE.

O how canst thou renounce the  
boundless store  
Of charms which Nature to her  
votary yields!  
The warbling woodland, the resound-  
ing shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture  
of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning  
gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of  
even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering  
bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of  
heaven,  
O how canst thou renounce, and  
hope to be forgiven!

JAMES BEATTIE.

## NIGHT.

'Tis night, and the landscape is  
lovely no more;  
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn  
not for you;  
For morn is approaching, your  
charms to restore,  
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and  
glittering with dew:  
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I  
mourn;  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will  
save,  
But when shall spring visit the  
mouldering urn!  
O when shall day dawn on the night  
of the grave!

JAMES BEATTIE.

## NATURE.

How young and fresh am I to-night,  
To see't kept day by so much light,  
And twelve of my sons stand in their  
Maker's sight!  
Help, wise Prometheus, something  
must be done,  
To show they are the creatures of  
the sun.  
That each to other  
Is a brother,  
And Nature here no stepdame, but a  
mother.

Come forth, come forth, prove all  
the numbers then,  
That make perfection up, and may  
absolve you men.

But show thy winding ways and arts,  
Thy risings, and thy timely starts  
Of stealing fire from ladies' eyes and  
hearts.

Those softer circles are the young  
man's heaven,  
And there more orbs and planets are  
than seven.

To know whose motion

Were a notion

As worthy of youth's study, as devo-  
tion.

Come forth, come forth! prove all  
the time will gain,  
For Nature bids the best, and never  
bade in vain.

BEN JONSON.

### L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight  
born!

In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,  
and sights unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads  
his jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;  
There under ebon shades, and low-  
brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever  
dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as some sager sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the  
spring,

Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying;  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with  
thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton  
Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and wreath'd  
Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as ye go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Lib-  
erty;

And if I give thee honor due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovoked pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft listening how the hounds and  
horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing  
shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries  
dight;

While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new  
pleasures

Whilst the landscape round it  
measures;

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The laboring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes;  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis  
 dresses;

And then in haste her bow'r she  
 leaves,

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the checker'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to  
 play

On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail.  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;  
 She was pincht and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lanthorn led,  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of  
 morn,

His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the  
 corn

That ten day-laborers could not  
 end;

Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's  
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they  
 creep,

By whispering winds soon hull'd  
 asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons  
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs  
 hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright  
 eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all com-  
 mend.

There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Faucy's  
 child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cun-  
 ning,

The melting voice through mazes  
 running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his  
 head

From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the  
 ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

## DAWN.

*Juliet.* — Wilt thou be gone? It  
 is not yet near day,  
 It was the nightingale, and not the  
 lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of  
 thine ear:

Nightly she sings on yon pomegran-  
 ate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightin-  
 gale.

*Romeo.* — It was the lark, the her-  
 ald of the morn,  
 No nightingale: look, love, what  
 envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yon-  
 der east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and  
 jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty moun-  
 tain-tops;  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and  
 die.

SHAKSPEARE.

### MORNING.

THIS castle hath a pleasant seat; the  
 air  
 Nimble and sweetly recommends it-  
 self  
 Unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does  
 approve,  
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the  
 heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here: no jutting,  
 frieze, buttress,  
 Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
 hath made  
 His pendent bed, and procreant cra-  
 dle: Where they  
 Most breed and haunt, I have ob-  
 serv'd the air  
 Is delicate.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth*.

### SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have  
 I seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sove-  
 reign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the mead-  
 ows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly  
 alchemy.  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his vis-  
 age hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this  
 disgrace:  
 Even so my sun one early morn did  
 shine  
 With all triumphant splendor on my  
 brow;  
 But out! alack! he was but one hour  
 mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him  
 from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit  
 disdaineth;  
 Suns of the world may stain, when  
 heaven's sun staineth.

SHAKSPEARE.

### THE MOUNTAIN.

... ONCE we built our fortress  
 where you see  
 Yon group of spruce-trees sidewise  
 on the line  
 Where the horizon to the eastward  
 bounds, —  
 A point selected by sagacious art,  
 Where all at once we viewed the  
 Vermont hills,  
 And the long outlines of the moun-  
 tain-ridge,  
 Ever-renewing, changeful every  
 hour.  
 Strange, a few cubits raised above  
 the plain,  
 And a few tables of resistless stone  
 Spread round us, with that rich de-  
 lightful air,  
 Draping high altars in cerulean  
 space,  
 Could thus enchant the being that  
 we are!  
 Those altars, where the airy element  
 Flows o'er in new perfection, and re-  
 veals  
 Its constant lapsing (never stillness  
 all),  
 As a mother's kiss, touching the  
 bright spruce-foliage;  
 And in her wise distilment the soft  
 rain,  
 Trickling below the sphagnum that  
 o'erlays  
 The plateau's slope, is led to the ra-  
 vine,  
 And so electrified by her pure  
 breath,  
 As if in truth the living water famed  
 Recorded in John's mythus, who  
 first dashed  
 Ideal baptism on Jordan's shore.  
 In this sweet solitude, the Moun-  
 tain's life,  
 At morn and eve, at rise and hush of  
 day,  
 I heard the wood-thrush sing in the  
 white spruce.  
 The living water, the enchanted air

So mingling in its crystal clearness  
 there  
 A sweet, peculiar grace from both, —  
 this song,  
 Voice of the lonely mountain's fa-  
 vorite bird!  
 These steeps inviolate by human  
 art,  
 Centre of awe, raised over all that  
 man  
 Would fain enjoy, and consecrate to  
 one,  
 Lord of the desert and of all be-  
 side,  
 Consorting with the cloud, the echo-  
 ing storm,  
 When like a myriad bowls the moun-  
 tain wakes  
 In all its alleys one responsive roar;  
 And sheeted down the precipice, all  
 light  
 Tumble the momentary cataracts, —  
 The sudden laughter of the moun-  
 tain-child.

. . . . .  
 On the mountain-peak  
 I marked the sage at sunset, where  
 he mused,  
 Forth looking on the continent of  
 hills;  
 While from his feet the five long  
 granite spurs  
 That bind the centre to the valley's  
 side,  
 (The spokes from this strange mid-  
 dle to the wheel)  
 Stretched in the fitful torrent of the  
 gale,  
 Bleached on the terraces of leaden  
 cloud  
 And passages of light, — Sierras long  
 In archipelagoes of mountain sky,  
 Where it went wandering all the  
 livelong year.  
 He spoke not, yet methought I  
 heard him say,  
 "All day and night the same; in  
 sun or shade,  
 In summer flames, and the jagged,  
 biting knife  
 That hardy winter splits upon the  
 cliff, —  
 From earliest time the same.  
 One mother and one father brought  
 us forth  
 Thus gazing on the summits of the  
 days,

Nor wearied yet when generations  
 fade.  
 The crystal air, the hurrying light,  
 the night,  
 Always the day that never seems to  
 end,  
 Always the night whose day does  
 never set;  
 One harvest and one reaper, ne'er  
 too ripe,  
 Sown by the self-preserver, free from  
 mould,  
 And buildd in these granaries of  
 heaven,  
 This ever-living purity of air,  
 In these perpetual centres of repose  
 Still softly rocked."

CHANNING.

### THE HILLSIDE COT.

AND here the hermit sat, and told  
 his beads,  
 And stroked his flowing locks, red  
 as the fire,  
 Summed up his tale of moon and  
 sun and star:  
 "How blest are we," he deemed,  
 "who so comprise  
 The essence of the whole, and of  
 ourselves,  
 As in a Venice flask of lucent shape,  
 Ornate of gilt Arabic, and inscribed  
 With Suras from Time's Koran, live  
 and pray,  
 More than half grateful for the glit-  
 tering prize,  
 Human existence! If I note my  
 powers,  
 So poor and frail a toy, the insect's  
 prey,  
 Itched by a berry, festered by a  
 plum,  
 The very air infecting my thin  
 frame  
 With its malarial trick, whom every  
 day  
 Rushes upon and hustles to the  
 grave,  
 Yet raised by the great love that  
 broods o'er all  
 Responsive, to a height beyond all  
 thought."  
 He ended as the nightly prayer and  
 fast  
 Summoned him inward. But I sat  
 and heard

The night-hawks rip the air above  
my head,  
Till midnight, o'er the warm, dry,  
dewless rocks;  
And saw the blazing dog-star droop  
his fire,  
And the low comet, trailing to the  
south,  
Bend his reverted gaze, and leave  
us free.

CHANNING.

"HERE let us live, and spend away  
our lives,"  
Said once Fortunio, "while below,  
absorbed,  
The riotous careering race of man,  
Intent on gain or war, pour out  
their news.  
Let us bring in a chosen company,  
Like that the noblest of our beaute-  
ous maids  
Might lead, — unequalled Margaret,  
herself  
The summary of good for all our state;  
Composedly thoughtful, genial, yet  
reserved,  
Pure as the wells that dot the ra-  
vine's bed,  
And lofty as the stars that pierce  
her skies.  
Here shall she reign triumphant,  
and preside  
With gentle prudence o'er the camp's  
wild mood,  
Summoning forth much order from  
what else  
Surely must prove unsound."

CHANNING.

#### MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

O THEN what soul was his, when, on  
the tops  
Of the high mountains, he beheld  
the sun  
Rise up, and bathe the world in  
light! He looked —  
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of  
earth  
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath  
him lay  
In gladness and deep joy. The  
clouds were touched,  
And in their silent faces did he  
read

Unutterable love. Sound needed  
none,  
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and  
form  
All melted into him; they swallowed  
up  
His animal being; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live; they were  
his life.  
In such access of mind, in such  
high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not; in enjoyment it  
expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered  
no request;  
Rapt into still communion that tran-  
scends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and  
praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the  
power  
That made him; it was blessedness  
and love.

WORDSWORTH.

#### DOVER CLIFFS.

COME on, sir; here's the place: —  
stand still. — How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eye so  
low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing  
the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles:  
half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire;  
dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than  
his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the  
beach,  
Appear like mice; and yond' tall  
anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a  
buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the  
murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles  
chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look  
no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient  
sight  
Topple down headlong.

SHAKESPEARE.

## LANDSCAPE.

CALM and still light on yon great  
plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn  
bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening  
towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main.  
TENNYSON.

## MAY.

WHENCE is it that the air so sudden  
clears,  
And all things in a moment turn so  
mild?  
Whose breath or beams have got  
proud Earth with child  
Of all the treasure that great Na-  
ture's worth,  
And makes her every minute to bring  
forth?  
How comes it winter is so quite  
forced hence  
And locked up under ground? That  
every sense  
Hath several objects, trees have got  
their heads,  
The fields their coats, that now the  
shining meads  
Do boast the paunce, the lily, and  
the rose,  
And every flower doth laugh as  
Zephyr blows?  
That seas are now more even than  
the land;  
The rivers run as smoothed by his  
hand;  
Only their heads are crisped by his  
stroke.  
How plays the yearling, with his  
brow scarce broke,  
Now in the open grass, and frisking  
lambs  
Make wanton salts about their dry-  
sucked dams,  
Who to repair their bags do rob the  
fields.  
How is't each bough a several mu-  
sic yields?  
The lusty throstle, early nightin-  
gale,  
Accord in tune though vary in their  
tale.  
The chirping swallow, called forth  
by the sun,

And crested lark, doth his division  
run.  
The yellow bees the air with mur-  
mur fill,  
The finches carol and the turtles  
bill;—  
Whose power is this? What god?  
Behold a King,  
Whose presence maketh this perpet-  
ual spring,  
The glories of which spring grow in  
that bower,  
And are the marks and beauties of  
his power.

BEN JONSON.

## FIRST OF MAY.

WHILE from the purpling east de-  
parts  
The star that led the dawn,  
Blithe Flora from her couch up-  
starts,  
For May is on the lawn.  
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
Foreeran the expected power,  
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush  
and tree,  
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes her whose  
sway  
Tempers the year's extremes;  
Who scattereth lustres o'er noonday,  
Like morning's dewy gleams;  
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
The tremulous heart excite;  
And hums the balmy air to still  
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths  
and maids  
At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades  
Thy birth to solemnize.  
Though mute the song—to grace  
the rite  
Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy spirit triumphs o'er the slight;  
Man changes, but not thou!

Thy feathered lieges bill and wings  
In love's disport employ.  
Warmed by thy influence, creeping  
things  
Awake to silent joy:



Queen art thou still for each gay  
 plant  
 Where the slim wild deer roves;  
 And served in depths where fishes  
 haunt  
 Their own mysterious groves.

AND if, on this thy natal morn,  
 The pole, from which thy name  
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
 Of song and dance and game,  
 Still from the village-green a vow  
 Aspires to thee address,  
 Wherever peace is on the brow,  
 Or love within the breast.

Yes! where love nestles thou canst  
 teach  
 The soul to love the more;  
 Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
 That never loved before.  
 Stript is the haughty one of pride,  
 The bashful freed from fear,  
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
 In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words, re-  
 fuse  
 The service to prolong!  
 To yon exulting thrush the Muse  
 Intrusts the imperfect song;  
 His voice shall chant, in accents  
 clear,  
 Throughout the livelong day,  
 Till the first silver star appear,  
 The sovereignty of May.

WORDSWORTH.

#### CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame; the  
 blooming Morn  
 Upon her wings presents the god  
 unshorn.  
 See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh-quilted colors through the  
 air;  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
 The dew bespangling herb and  
 tree.  
 Each flower has wept, and bow'd  
 toward the east,  
 Above an hour since, yet you not  
 drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed;  
 When all the birds have matins  
 said,  
 And sung their thankful hymns;  
 'tis sin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,  
 When as a thousand virgins on this  
 day  
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to  
 fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and  
 be seen  
 To come forth, like the spring-time  
 fresh and green,  
 And sweet as Flora. Take no  
 care  
 For jewels for your gowne or  
 haire;  
 Feare not, the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you;  
 Besides, the childhood of the day  
 has kept,  
 Against you come, some orient pearls  
 unwept.  
 Come, and receive them while the  
 light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the  
 night;  
 And Titan on the eastern hill  
 Retires himself, or else stands  
 still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse,  
 be briefe in praying;  
 Few beads are best, when once we  
 go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and com-  
 ing, mark  
 How each field turns a street, each  
 street a park  
 Made green, and trimm'd with  
 trees; see how  
 Devotion gives each house a  
 bough,  
 Or branch; each porch, each doore,  
 ere this,  
 An ark, a tabernacle is,  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly  
 interwove;  
 As if here were those cooler shades  
 of love.  
 And sin no more, as we have done,  
 by staying;  
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go  
 a-Maying.

HERRICK.

### THE BIRDS OF KILLING- WORTH.

It was the season when through all  
the land  
The merle and mavis build, and  
building sing  
Those lovely lyrics written by His  
hand

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the  
Blithe-heart King;  
When on the boughs the purple buds  
expand,

The banners of the vanguard of  
the Spring;  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and  
leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals  
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping  
loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards  
with their glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still  
were proud

Their race in Holy Writ should  
mentioned be;  
And hungry crows, assembled in a  
crowd,

Clamored their piteous prayer in-  
cessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry,  
and said,  
"Give us, O Lord, this day our dai-  
ly bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of pas-  
sage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown language,  
strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and, passing,  
hailed

The village with the cheers of all  
their fleet;

Or, quarrelling together, laughed  
and railed

Like foreign sailors landed in the  
street

Of seaport town, and with outland-  
ish noise

Of oaths and gibberish frightening  
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in  
Killingworth,

In fabulous days, some hundred  
years ago;

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled  
the earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of  
the crow,  
That mingled with the universal  
mirth,

Cassandra - like, prognosticating  
woe:

They shook their heads, and doomed  
with dreadful words

To swift destruction the whole race  
of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened  
straightway

To set a price upon the guilty  
heads

Of these marauders, who, in lieu of  
pay,

Levied black-mail upon the gar-  
den-beds

And cornfields, and beheld without  
dismay

The awful scarecrow, with his  
fluttering shreds, —

The skeleton that waited at their  
feast,

Whereby their sinful pleasure was  
increased.

Then from his house, a temple paint-  
ed white,

With fluted columns, and a roof  
of red,

The Squire came forth, — august  
and splendid sight! —

Slowly descending, with majestic  
tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking  
left nor right,

Down the long street he walked,  
as one who said,

"A town that boasts inhabitants  
like me

Can have no lack of good society."

The Parson, too, appeared, a man  
austere,

The instinct of whose nature was  
to kill;

The wrath of God he preached from  
year to year,

And read with fervor Edwards on  
the Will:

His favorite pastime was to slay the  
deer

In summer on some Adirondack  
hill:

E'en now, while walking down the  
rural lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his  
cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry  
crowned

The Hill of Science with its vane  
of brass,

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly  
round,

Now at the clouds, and now at the  
green grass,

And all absorbed in reveries pro-  
found

Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from  
his door,

In his voluminous neck-cloth,  
white as snow;

A suit of sable bombazine he wore:  
His form was ponderous, and his  
step was slow;

There never was so wise a man be-  
fore:

He seemed the incarnate "Well,  
I told you so!"

And to perpetuate his great renown,  
There was a street named after him  
in town.

These came together in the new  
town-hall,

With sundry farmers from the re-  
gion round:

The Squire presided, dignified and  
tall,

His air impressive and his reason-  
ing sound.

Ill fared it with the birds, both great  
and small;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd  
they found,

But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes  
beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his  
place apart

Rose the Preceptor, to redress the  
wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before  
the start,

Looked round bewildered on the  
expectant throng;

Then thought of fair Almira, and  
took heart

To speak out what was in him,  
clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or  
frown,

And quite determined not to be  
laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the reviewers,  
From his republic banished with-  
out pity

The poets: in this little town of  
yours,

You put to death, by means of a  
committee,

The ballad-singers and the trouba-  
dours,

The street-musicians of the heav-  
enly city,

The birds, who make sweet music  
for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for  
Saul.

"The thrush, that carols at the dawn  
of day

From the green steeples of the  
piny wood;

The oriole in the elm; the noisy  
jay,

Jargoning like a foreigner at his  
food;

The bluebird balanced on some top-  
most spray,

Flooding with melody the neigh-  
borhood;

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the  
throng

That dwell in nests, and have the  
gift of song, —

"You slay them all! and wherefore?  
For the gain

Of a scant handful, more or less,  
of wheat,

Or rye, or barley, or some other  
grain,

Scratched up at random by indus-  
trious feet

Searching for worm or weevil afte-  
rain,

Or a few cherries, that are not so  
sweet

As are the songs these uninvited  
guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable  
breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember, too,

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,

As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more

The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grass-hopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?

Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr

Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence

For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less

The selfsame light, although averted hence,

When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,

You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went

A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;

The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent

Their yellow heads together like their sheaves:

Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment

Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.

The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,

A bounty offered for the head of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,

Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,

And crowned his modest temples with applause:

They made him conscious, each one more than each,

He still was victor, vanquished in their cause:

Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,

O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began:  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests:

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,

The very St. Bartholomew of birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very ground

Was burned to ashes: in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around

The cultivated fields and garden-beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found

No foe to check their march, till they had made

The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly

Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by, —

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little cry:

They were the terror of each favorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village-talk.

The farmers grew impatient; but a few

Confessed their error, and would not complain;

For, after all, the best thing one can do,

When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew

It would not call the dead to life again:

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came

Without the light of his majestic look,

The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,

The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day Book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,

And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,

While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,

Lamenting the dead children of the air.

But the next Spring, a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been,

If some dumb animal had found a tongue:

A wagon overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,

All full of singing-birds, came down the street,

Filling the air with music, wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought

By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker  
 prison, sought  
 In woods and fields the places they  
 loved best,  
 Singing loud canticles, which many  
 thought  
 Were satires to the authorities ad-  
 dressed;  
 While others, listening in green  
 lanes, averred  
 Such lovely music never had been  
 heard.

But blither still and louder carolled  
 they  
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed  
 to know  
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-  
 day;  
 And everywhere, around, above,  
 below,  
 When the Preceptor bore his bride  
 away,  
 Their songs burst forth in joyous  
 overflow,  
 And a new heaven bent over a new  
 earth  
 Amid the sunny farms of Killing-  
 worth.

LONGFELLOW.

### THE COUNTRY LIFE.

SWEET country life, to such un-  
 known,  
 Whose lives are others, not their  
 own;  
 But, serving courts and cities, be  
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's  
 foame  
 To seek and bring rough pepper  
 home;  
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
 To bring from thence the scorched  
 clove;  
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,  
 Bring'st home the ingot from the  
 west:  
 No, thy ambitious masterpiece  
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece;  
 Or to pay thy hinds, and cleere  
 All scores, and so to end the yeare:  
 But walk'st about thine own dear  
 bounds,  
 Not envying others' larger grounds;

For well thou know'st, 'tis not the  
 extent  
 Of land makes life, but sweet con-  
 tent.  
 When now the cock, the ploughman's  
 horne,  
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morne;  
 Then to thy cornfields thou dost go,  
 Which, though well soyl'd, yet thou  
 dost know,  
 That the best compost for the lands  
 Is the wise master's feet and hands:  
 There at the plough thou find'st thy  
 teame,  
 With a hind whistling there to them;  
 And cheer'st them up, by singing  
 how  
 The kingdom's portion is the plough;  
 This done, then to the enameled  
 meads  
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there  
 treads,  
 Thou seest a present godlike power  
 Imprinted in each herbe and flower;  
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed  
 kine,  
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine:  
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek  
 neat  
 Unto the dew-laps up in meat;  
 And as thou look'st, the wanton  
 steere,  
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw neare,  
 To make a pleasing pastime there:  
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy  
 flocks  
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,  
 And find'st their bellies there as full  
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with  
 wool;  
 And leav'st them, as they feed and  
 fill,  
 A shepherd piping on a hill.  
 For sports, for pageantrie, and  
 playes,  
 Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;  
 On which the young men and maids  
 meet  
 To exercise their dancing feet,  
 Tripping the comely country round,  
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.  
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou  
 hast,  
 Thy May-poles, too, with garlands  
 grac't,  
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,  
 Thy shearing-feast, which never  
 faile,

Thy harvest home, thy wassail  
bowle,  
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole,  
Thy mummeries, thy twelf-tide  
kings  
And queenes, thy Christmas revel-  
lings,  
Thy nut-browne mirth, thy russet  
wit,  
And no man pays too deare for it:  
To these thou hast thy times to  
goe,  
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous  
snow;  
Thy witty wiles to draw and get  
The lark into the trammel net;  
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy  
glade  
To take the precious pheasant made;  
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls  
then  
To catch the pilfering birds, not  
men.  
O happy life! if that their good  
The husbandmen but understood;  
Who all the day themselves do  
please,  
And younglings with such sports as  
these;  
And, lying down, have nought to  
affright  
Sweet sleep, that makes more short  
the night.

HERRICK.

## FOX AND COCK.

Now wol I turn unto my tale agen.  
The silly widow and her doughtren  
two,  
Herden these hennés cry and maken  
wo,  
And out of dorés sterten they anon,  
And saw the fox toward the wode is  
gon,  
And bare upon his back the cock  
away:  
They criden out! "Harow and wala  
wa!  
A ha! the fox!" and after him they  
ran,  
And eke with stavés many another  
man;  
Ran Colle our dog, and Talbot, and  
Gerlond;  
And Malkin, with her distaf in her  
hond;

Ran cow and calf, and eke the very  
hogges  
So feared were for barking of the  
dogges.  
And shouting of the men and women  
eke,  
They ronnen so, them thought hir  
hertes breke.  
They yelleden as fendés don in  
Helle:  
The dokès crieden as men wold hem  
quelle:  
The gees for fere flewen over the  
trees,  
Out of the hive came the swarme of  
bees,  
So hideous was the noise, a bene-  
dicite!  
Certes he Jakke Straw, and his  
meinie,  
Ne maden never shoutés half so  
shrill,  
When that they wolden any Fleming  
kill,  
As thilké day was made upon the fox.  
Of brass they broughten beemés  
and of box,  
Of horn and bone, in which they  
blew and pouped,  
And therewithal they shriekèd and  
they houpèd;  
It seemed, as the Heven shuldé  
falle.

CHAUCER: *Nuns' Priest's Tale.*

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES  
COTTON.

## ODE.

O THOU that swing'st upon the wav-  
ing ear  
Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
Drunk every night with a delicious  
tear  
Dropt thee from heaven, where  
now thou art reared.  
The joys of earth and air are thine  
entire  
That with thy feet and wings dost  
hop and fly.  
And when thy poppy works thou  
dost retire,  
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou wel-  
com'st then,  
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his  
beams,  
And all these merry days mak'st  
merry men  
Thyself and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are  
cropt;  
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;  
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers  
have topt,  
And what scythes spared winds  
shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green  
ice, thy joys  
Large and as lasting as thy perch  
of grass  
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and  
poise  
Their floods with an o'erflowing  
glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we  
will create  
A genuine summer in each other's  
breast;  
And spite of this cold time and  
frozen fate,  
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eter-  
nally  
As vestal flames; the North-wind,  
he  
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings,  
dissolve, and fly  
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come  
weeping in,  
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;  
But when in showers of old Greek\*  
we begin,  
Shall cry, he hath his crown  
again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our  
tapers whip  
From the light casements where  
we play,  
And the dark hag from her black  
mantle strip,  
And stick there everlasting day.

\* Greek wine.

Thus richer than untempted kings  
are we,  
That asking nothing, nothing  
need;  
Though lord of all what seas em-  
brace, yet he  
That wants himself is poor indeed.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

### TO JOANNA.

As it befell,  
One summer morning we had walked  
abroad  
At break of day, Joanna and myself.  
'Twas that delightful season when  
the broom,  
Full-flowered, and visible on every  
steep,  
Along the copses runs in veins of  
gold.  
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's  
banks;  
And when we came in front of that  
tall rock  
That eastward looks, I there stopped  
short, and stood  
Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye  
From base to summit; such delight  
I found  
To note in shrub and tree, in stone  
and flower,  
That intermixture of delicious hues,  
In one impression, by connecting  
force  
Of their own beauty, imaged in the  
heart.  
When I had gazed perhaps two  
minutes' space,  
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
That ravishment of mine, and  
laughed aloud.  
The Rock, like something starting  
from a sleep,  
Took up the Lady's voice, and  
laughed again;  
That ancient Woman seated on  
Helm-crag  
Was ready with her cavern; Ham-  
mar-scar,  
And the tall Steep of Silver-how,  
sent forth  
A noise of laughter; southern  
Loughrigg heard,  
And Fairfield answered with a  
mountain tone;  
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky



Carried the Lady's voice, — old Skid-  
 daw blew  
 His speaking-trumpet; back out of  
 the clouds  
 Of Glaramara southward came the  
 voice;  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his  
 misty head.  
 "Now whether" (said I to our  
 cordial friend,  
 Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
 Smiled in my face), "this were in  
 simple truth  
 A work accomplished by the brother-  
 hood  
 Of ancient mountains, or my ear  
 was touched  
 With dreams and visionary impulses  
 To me alone imparted, sure I am  
 That there was a loud uproar in the  
 hills."  
 And while we both were listening,  
 to my side  
 The fair Joanna drew, as if she  
 wished  
 To shelter from some object of her  
 fear.  
 And hence long afterwards, when  
 eighteen moons  
 Were wasted, as I chanced to walk  
 alone  
 Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a  
 calm  
 And silent morning, I sat down, and  
 there,  
 In memory of affections old and true,  
 I chiselled out in those rude charac-  
 ters  
 Joanna's name deep in the living  
 stone;  
 And I and all who dwell by my  
 fireside  
 Have called the lovely rock, "Joan-  
 na's Rock."

WORDSWORTH.

### IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father  
 bred,  
 How little you bestead,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your  
 toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy  
 shapes possess,

As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the  
 sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
 The fickle pensioners of Mor-  
 pheus' train.  
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and  
 holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's  
 hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might be-  
 seem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that  
 strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers  
 offended:  
 Yet thou art higher far descended;  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of  
 yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain).  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cyprus-lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the  
 skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and  
 Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth  
 diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleas-  
 ure;  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee  
 bring,

Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The Cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon  
yoke,

Gently o'er th' accustomed oak;  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise  
of folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods  
among

I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heav'n's wide pathless  
way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the  
room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly  
harm:

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or un-  
sphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions  
hold

The immortal mind, that hath for-  
sook

Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
And of those Demons that are  
found

In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,

Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Mæneus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did  
seek.

Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canacé to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and  
glass,

And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride;  
And if aught else great bards be-  
side,

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the  
ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale  
career,

Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was  
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the  
eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess,  
bring

To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan  
loves

Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heavèd  
stroke

Was never heard the Nymphs to  
daunt,

Or fright them from their hallow'd  
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,

Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious  
dream

Wave at his wings in aery stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid:

And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fall  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embow'd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light:

There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voic'd quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine  
ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heav'n before mine  
eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures Melancholy give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

#### FROM THE BOTHIE OF TOBER NA VUOLICH.

THERE is a stream, I name not its  
name, lest inquisitive tourist  
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get  
it at last into guide-books,

Springing far off from a loch unex-  
plored in the folds of great  
mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan  
and stunted alder, enveloped

Then for four more in a forest of  
pine, where broad and ample

Spreads, to convey it, the glen with  
heathery slopes on both sides:

Broad and fair the stream, with  
occasional falls and narrows;

But, where the glen of its course  
approaches the vale of the  
river,

Met and blocked by a huge interpos-  
ing mass of granite,  
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging  
up and raging onward,

Forces its flood through a passage  
so narrow a lady would step  
it,

There, across the great rocky  
wharves, a wooden bridge  
goes,

Carrying a path to the forest; be-  
low, three hundred yards, say  
Lower in level some twenty-five  
feet, through flats of shingle,

Stepping-stones and a cart-track  
cross in the open valley.

But in the interval here the boiling,  
pent-up water

Frees itself by a final descent, at-  
taining a basin,

Ten feet wide and eighteen long,  
with whiteness and fury

Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid,  
pure, a mirror;

Beautiful there for color derived  
from green rocks under;

Beautiful, most of all, where beads  
of foam uprising

Mingle their clouds of white with the  
delicate hue of the stillness.

Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan  
and pendent birch-boughs;

Here it lies, unthought of above at  
the bridge and pathway,

Still more enclosed from below by  
wood and rocky projection.

You are shut in, left alone with  
yourself and perfection of  
water,

Hid on all sides, left alone with  
yourself and the goddess of  
bathing.

Here, the pride of the plunger, you  
stride the fall and clear it;

Here, the delight of the bather, you  
roll in beaded sparklings,

Here into pure green depth drop  
down from lofty ledges.

Hither, a month ago, they had  
come, and discovered it;  
hither

(Long a design, but long unaccounta-  
bly left unaccomplished),

Leaving the well-known bridge and  
pathway above to the forest,

Turning below from the track of  
the carts over stone and  
shingle,

Piercing a wood, and skirting a  
 narrow and natural causeway  
 Under the rocky wall that hedges  
 the bed of the streamlet,  
 Rounded a craggy point, and saw on  
 a sudden before them  
 Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and  
 perfection of water,  
 Picture-like beauty, seclusion sub-  
 lime, and the goddess of bath-  
 ing.

There they bathed, of course, and  
 Arthur, the glory of headers,  
 Leapt from the ledges with Hope,  
 he twenty feet, he thirty;

There, overbold, great Hobbes from  
 a ten-foot height descended,  
 Prone, as a quadruped, prone with  
 hands and feet protending;

There in the sparkling champagne,  
 ecstatic, they shrieked and  
 shouted.

"Hobbes's gutter," the Piper en-  
 titles the spot, profanely,  
 Hope "the Glory" would have,  
 after Arthur, the glory of  
 headers:

But, for before they departed, in shy  
 and fugitive reflex

Here in the eddies and there did  
 the splendor of Jupiter glim-  
 mer,

Adam adjudged it the name of  
 Hesperus, star of the even-  
 ing.

Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star  
 of evening above them,

Come in their lonelier walk the pupils  
 twain and Tutor;

Turned from the track of the carts,  
 and passing the stone and  
 shingle,

Piercing the wood, and skirting the  
 stream by the natural cause-  
 way,

Rounded the craggy point, and now  
 at their ease looked up; and

Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant,  
 the Glory of headers,

Lo, on the beach, expecting the  
 plunge, not cigarless, the  
 Piper. —

And they looked, and wondered, in-  
 credulous, looking yet once  
 more.

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-  
 limbed, an Apollo, down-gaz-  
 ing,

Eying one moment the beauty, the  
 life, ere he flung himself in it,  
 Eying through eddying green waters  
 the green tinting floor under-  
 neath them,

Eying the bead on the surface, the  
 bead, like a cloud, rising to it,

Drinking in, deep in his soul, the  
 beautiful hue and the clear-  
 ness,

Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the  
 unboasting, the glory of  
 headers;

Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his  
 knapsack, spectator and critic,  
 Seated on slab by the margin, the  
 Piper, the Cloud-compeller.

CLOUGH.

### SWIMMING.

How many a time have I  
 Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast  
 more daring,

The wave all roughened; with a  
 swimmer's stroke

Flinging the billows back from my  
 drenched hair,

And laughing from my lip the auda-  
 cious brine,

Which kissed it like a wine-cup, ris-  
 ing o'er

The waves as they arose, and prouder  
 still

The loftier they uplifted me; and  
 oft,

In wantonness of spirit, plunging  
 down

Into their green and glassy gulfs, and  
 making

My way to shells and seaweed, all  
 unseen

By those above, till they waxed fear-  
 ful; then

Returning with my grasp full of such  
 tokens

As showed that I had searched the  
 deep; exulting,

With a far-dashing stroke, and draw-  
 ing deep

The long-suspended breath, again I  
 spurned

The foam which broke around me,  
 and pursued

My track like a sea-bird. — I was a  
 boy then.

BYRON.

## SKATING.

— In the frosty season, when the sun  
 Was set, and, visible for many a  
 mile,  
 The cottage windows through the  
 twilight blazed,  
 I heeded not the summons: happy  
 time  
 It was indeed for all of us; for me  
 It was a time of rapture. Clear and  
 loud  
 The village clock tolled six. I  
 wheel'd about,  
 Proud and exulting, like an untired  
 horse  
 That cares not for its home. All  
 shod with steel,  
 We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in  
 games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 And woodland pleasures,—the re-  
 sounding horn,  
 The pack loud-bellowing, and the  
 hunted hare.  
 So through the darkness and the  
 cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle: with the  
 din  
 Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;  
 The leafless trees and every icy  
 crag  
 Tinged like iron; while the distant  
 hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while  
 the stars,  
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and  
 in the west  
 The orange sky of evening died  
 away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumult-  
 uous throng,  
 To cut across the image of a star  
 That gleam'd upon the ice; and  
 oftentimes,  
 When we had given our bodies to  
 the wind,  
 And all the shadowy banks on either  
 side  
 Came sweeping through the dark-  
 ness, spinning still  
 The rapid line of motion, then at  
 once

Have I, reclining back upon my  
 heels,  
 Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary  
 cliffs  
 Wheel'd by me, even as if the earth  
 had roll'd  
 With visible motion her diurnal  
 round.  
 Behind me did they stretch in sol-  
 emn train,  
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and  
 watch'd  
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WORDSWORTH.

## WINTER. — A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,  
 And hail and rain does blow;  
 Or the stormy north sends driving  
 forth  
 The blinding sleet and snow:  
 While tumbling brown, the burn  
 comes down,  
 And roars frae bank to brae;  
 And bird and beast in covert rest,  
 And pass the heartless day.

“The sweeping blast the sky o'er-  
 cast,”  
 The joyless winter-day,  
 Let others fear, to me more dear  
 Than all the pride of May;  
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my  
 soul,  
 My griefs it seems to join;  
 The leafless trees my fancy please,  
 Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty  
 scheme  
 These woes of mine fulfil,  
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,  
 Because they are thy will.  
 Then all I want (oh, do thou grant  
 This one request of mine!)  
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,  
 Assist me to resign!

BURNS.

## SNOW.

FLEET the Tartar's reinless steed,  
 But fleetier far the pinions of the  
 wind,  
 Which from Siberia's caves the mon-  
 arch freed,

And sent him forth, with squadrons  
of his kind,  
And bade the snow their ample backs  
bestride,

And to the battle ride:  
No pitying voice commands a halt,  
No courage can repel the dire as-  
sault:

Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and  
blind,

Whole legions sink, and, in an in-  
stant, find

Burial and death: look for them,  
and descry,

When morn returns, beneath the  
clear blue sky,

A soundless waste, a trackless va-  
cancy!

WORDSWORTH.

### LOST IN THE SNOW.

THE snows arise; and, foul and  
fierce,

All winter drives along the darkened  
air:

In his own loose-revolving fields the  
swain

Disastered stands; sees other hills  
ascend,

Of unknown joyless brow; and other  
scenes,

Of horrid prospect, shag the track-  
less plain:

Nor finds the river, nor the forest,  
hid

Beneath the formless wild, but wan-  
ders on

From hill to dale, still more and  
more astray:

Impatient flouncing through the  
drifted heaps,

Stung with the thoughts of home;  
the thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their  
vigor forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks  
his soul!

What black despair, what horror, fills  
his heart!

When, for the dusky spot which fan-  
cy feigned

His tufted cottage rising through the  
snow,

He meets the roughness of the mid-  
dle waste,

Far from the track, and bless'd abode  
of man;

While round him night resistless  
closes fast,

And every tempest, howling o'er his  
head,

Renders the savage wilderness more  
wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into  
his mind,

Of covered pits unfathomably  
deep,

A dire descent! beyond the power  
of frost;

Of faithless bogs; of precipices  
huge,

Smoothed up with snow; and what  
is land unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen  
spring,

In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the  
bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps; and  
down he sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless  
drift,

Thinking o'er all the bitterness of  
death;

Mixed with the tender anguish Na-  
ture shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the  
dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends  
unseen.

In vain for him th' officious wife pre-  
pares

The fire fair-blazing, and the vest-  
ment warm;

In vain his little children, peeping  
out

Into the mingling storm, demand  
their sire,

With tears of artless innocence.  
Alas!

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he  
behold;

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On  
every nerve

The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up  
sense,

And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping  
cold,

Lays him along the snows a stiffened  
corse,

Stretched out, and bleaching in the  
northern blast.

THOMSON.

A WINTER NIGHT.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,  
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless  
bow'r;

When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd  
glow'r

Far south the lift,  
Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky  
show'r,

Or whirlin' drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples  
rocked,

Poor labor sweet in sleep was  
locked,

While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-  
choked,

Wild-eddying swirl,  
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,  
Down headlong hurl.

Listening, the doors an' winnocks  
rattle.

I thought me on the ourie cattle,  
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle

O' winter war,  
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing  
sprattle

Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,  
That, in the merry months o' spring,  
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?  
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring  
wing,

An' close thy e'e?

E'en you on murd'ring errands  
toil'd,

Lone from your savage homes ex-  
iled,

The blood-stained roost, and sheep-  
cote spoiled,

My heart forgets,  
While pitiless the tempest wild  
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,  
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary  
plain;

Still crowding thoughts, a pensive  
train,

Rose in my soul,  
While on my ear this plaintive  
strain,

Slow, solemn, stole:—

"O ye! who, sunk in beds of  
down,  
Feel not a want but what yourselves  
create,

Think for a moment on his wretched  
fate,

Whom friends and fortune quite  
disown!

Ill satisfied keen Nature's clamorous  
call,

Stretched on his straw, he lays  
himself to sleep,

While thro' the ragged roof and  
chinky wall,

Chill o'er his slumbers piles the  
drifty heap!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer  
Shook off the pouthery snaw,  
And hailed the morning with a  
cheer,—

A cottage-rousing crawl!

BURNS.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD  
YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter  
snow,

And the winter winds are weari-  
ly sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly, and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:

He will not see the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true  
true-love,

And the New-year will take 'em  
away.

Old year, you must not go;  
So long as you have been with  
us,

Such joy as you have seen with  
us,

Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the  
brim;

A jollier year we shall not see.  
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.  
 Old year, you shall not die;  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest;  
 But all his merry quips are o'er:  
 To see him die, across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride post-  
     haste;  
 But he'll be dead before.  
 Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my  
     friend,  
 And the New-year blithe and  
     bold, my friend,  
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the  
     snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro;  
 The cricket chirps; the light burns  
     low:  
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
 Shake hands, before you die.  
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for  
     you:  
 What is it we can do for you?  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack! our friend is gone.  
 Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:  
 Step from the corpse, and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.  
 There's a new foot on the floor,  
     my friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my  
     friend,  
 A new face at the door.

TENNYSON.

## THE RIVULET.

AND I shall sleep; and on thy side,  
 As ages after ages glide,  
 Children their early sports shall try,  
 And pass to hoary age, and die.  
 But thou, unchanged from year to  
     year,  
 Gayly shalt play and glitter here:

Amid young flowers and tender  
     grass  
 Thy endless infancy shalt pass;  
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,  
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

BRYANT.

## THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
 And their incessant labors see  
 Crowned from some single herb or  
     tree,  
 Whose short and narrow-vergèd  
     shade  
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
 While all the flowers and trees do  
     close,  
 To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee  
     here,  
 And Innocence, thy sister dear?  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men.  
 Your sacred plants, if here below,  
 Only among the plants will grow:  
 Society is all but rude  
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
 So amorous as this lovely green.  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistress'  
     name:  
 Little, alas! they know or heed  
 How far these beauties her exceed!  
 Fair trees! where'er your barks I  
     wound,  
 No name shall but your own be  
     found.

When we have run our passion's  
     heat,  
 Love hither makes his best retreat.  
 The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
 Still in a tree did end their race;  
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
 Only that she might laurel grow;  
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!  
 Ripe apples drop about my head;  
 The luscious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;



The nectarine, and curious peach,  
 Into my hands themselves do reach;  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Insnared with flowers, I fall on  
 grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure  
 less,  
 Withdraws into its happiness, —  
 The mind, that ocean where each  
 kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance  
 find,  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds and other seas,  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside,  
 My soul into the boughs does glide:  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
 Then whets and claps its silver  
 wings,  
 And, till prepared for longer flight,  
 Waves in its plumes the various  
 light.

Such was that happy garden-state,  
 While man there walked without a  
 mate:  
 After a place so pure and sweet,  
 What other help could yet be meet!  
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
 To wander solitary there:  
 Two paradises are in one,  
 To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new,  
 Where, from above, the milder sun  
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,  
 And, as it works, the industrious bee  
 Computes its time as well as we!  
 How could such sweet and whole-  
 some hours  
 Be reckoned but with herbs and  
 flowers?

MARVELL.

#### LACHIN Y GAIR.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens  
 of roses!  
 In you let the minions of luxury  
 rove;

Restore me the rocks where the  
 snowflake reposes,  
 For still they are sacred to freedom  
 and love:  
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy  
 mountains,  
 Round their white summits though  
 elements war,  
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of  
 smooth-flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch  
 na Gair.

Ah! there my young footsteps in  
 infancy wandered;  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak  
 was the plaid;  
 On chieftains long perished, my  
 memory pondered,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-  
 covered glade;  
 I sought not my home till the day's  
 dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright  
 polar star;  
 For Fancy was cheered by traditional  
 story  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark  
 Loch na Gair.

"Shades of the dead! have I not  
 heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of  
 the gale?"  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind o'er his  
 own Highland vale:  
 Round Loch na Gair, while the  
 stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy  
 car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of  
 my fathers:  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark  
 Loch na Gair.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no  
 visions foreboding  
 Tell you that Fate had forsaken  
 your cause?"  
 Ah! were you destined to die at Cul-  
 loden,  
 Victory crowned not your fall with  
 applause;  
 Still were you happy; in death's early  
 slumber  
 You rest with your clan, in the  
 caves of Braemar,

The pibroch resounds to the piper's  
loud number,  
Your deeds on the echoes of dark  
Loch na Gair.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Gair,  
since I left you;  
Years must elapse ere I tread you  
again;  
Nature of verdure and flowers has  
bereft you,  
Yet still are you dearer than  
Albion's plain:  
England! thy beauties are tame and  
domestic  
To one who has roved on the  
mountains afar;  
Oh for the crags that are wild and  
majestic,  
The steep-frowning glories of dark  
Loch na Gair!

BYRON.

### THE BOY-POET.

THERE was a boy; ye knew him well,  
ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander! Many a  
time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars  
began  
To move along the edges of the  
hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand  
alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glim-  
mering lake;  
And there, with fingers interwoven,  
both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm and to  
his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instru-  
ment,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent  
owls,  
That they might answer him. And  
they would shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout  
again,  
Responsive to his call, with quiver-  
ing peals,  
And long halloos and screams, and  
echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse  
wild  
Of mirth and jocund din! And  
when it chanced

That pauses of deep silence mocked  
his skill,  
Then, sometimes, in that silence,  
while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild  
surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the  
voice  
Of mountain torrents; or the visible  
scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its  
rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heav-  
en, received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

WORDSWORTH.

### THE EARTH-SPIRIT.

I HAVE woven shrouds of air  
In a loom of hurrying light,  
For the trees which blossoms  
bear,  
And gilded them with sheets of  
bright;  
I fall upon the grass like love's first  
kiss;  
I make the golden flies and their  
fine bliss;  
I paint the hedgerows in the lane,  
And clover white and red the path-  
ways bear;  
I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of  
rain  
To see the ocean lash himself in  
air;  
I throw smooth shells and weeds  
along the beach,  
And pour the curling waves far o'er  
the glossy reach;  
Swing birds' nests in the elms, and  
shake cool moss  
Along the aged beams, and hide their  
loss.  
The very broad rough stones I glad-  
den too;  
Some willing seeds I drop along  
their sides,  
Nourish the generous plant with  
freshening dew,  
Till there where all was waste, true  
joy abides.  
The peaks of aged mountains, with  
my care  
Smile in the red of glowing morn  
elate;

I bind the caverns of the sea with  
hair,  
Glossy, and long, and rich as kings'  
estate;  
I polish the green ice, and gleam  
the wall  
With the white frost, and leaf the  
brown trees tall.

CHANNING.

## THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies  
work,  
A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
Oft as I pass along the fork  
Of these fraternal hills,  
Where, save the rugged road, we  
find  
No appanage of human kind,  
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock  
Seem not his handiwork to mock  
By something cognizably shaped;  
Mockery, or model roughly hewn,  
And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
Or from the flood escaped:  
Altars for Druid service fit;  
(But where no fire was ever lit,  
Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
Thence offer nightly sacrifice,)  
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;  
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary  
tent;  
Tents of a camp that never shall be  
raised —  
On which four thousand years have  
gazed!

## II.

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the  
slopes!  
Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
Of restless ownership!  
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
To feed the insatiate prodigal!  
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and  
fields,  
All that the fertile valley shields;  
Wages of folly, baits of crime,  
Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
Of drowsy, dotard Time, —  
O care! O guilt! O vales and  
plains,  
Here, 'mid his own unweary do-  
mains,

A genius dwells, that can subdue  
At once all memory of You, —  
Most potent when mists veil the  
sky, —  
Mists that distort and magnify;  
While the coarse rushes to the  
sweeping breeze  
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

## III.

List to those shriller notes! that  
march  
Perchance was on the blast,  
When, through this height's inverted  
arch,  
Rome's earliest legion passed!  
They saw, adventurously impelled,  
And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
This block, and yon, whose church-  
like frame  
Gives to this savage pass its name.  
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide  
Thy daring in a vapory bourn,  
Not seldom may the hour return  
When thou shalt be my guide.

WORDSWORTH.

## SOLITUDE.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods;  
There is a rapture on the lonely  
shore;  
There is society where none in-  
trudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its  
roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature  
more,  
From these our interviews, in which  
I steal  
From all I may be, or have been  
before,  
To mingle with the universe, and  
feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet can-  
not all conceal.  
Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue  
ocean, roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee  
in vain:  
Man marks the earth with ruin: his  
control  
Stops with the shore: upon the  
watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor  
doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of  
rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bub-  
bling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncof-  
fined, and unknown.

BYRON: *Childe Harold*.

### TINTERN ABBEY.

I HAVE learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the  
hour

Of thoughtless youth, but hearing  
oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of  
ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I  
have felt

A presence that disturbs me with  
the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sub-  
lime

Of something far more deeply inter-  
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of set-  
ting suns,

And the round ocean, and the living  
air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind  
of man, —

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,

And rolls through all things. There-  
fore am I still

A lover of the meadows, and the  
woods,

And mountains, and of all that we  
behold

From this green earth; of all the  
mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half  
create,

And what perceive; well pleased to  
recognize

In Nature and the language of the  
sense

The anchor of my purest thoughts.

WORDSWORTH.

### FLOWERS.

O PROSERPINA,

For the flowers now, that frightened,  
thou let'st fall

From Dis's wagon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares,  
and take

The winds of March with beauty;  
violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's  
eyes,

Or Cytherea's breath; pale prim-  
roses,

That die unmarried, ere they can  
behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength, a  
malady

Most incident to maids; bold ox-lips,  
and

The crown-imperial; lilies of all  
kinds,

The flower-de-luce being one! O,  
these I lack,

To make you garlands of; and my  
sweet friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er!

SHAKESPEARE: *Winter's Tale*.

### THE SUNFLOWER.

AH, sunflower! weary of time,

Who countest the steps of the sun,

Seeking after that sweet golden  
clime,

Where the traveller's journey is  
done;

Where the youth pined away with  
desire,

And the pale virgin shrouded in  
snow,

Arise from their graves, and aspire  
Where my sunflower wishes to go.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the  
saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
and meadows brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove,  
the withered leaves lie dead:

They rustle to the eddying gust, and  
to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown,  
and from the shrubs the jay;  
And from the wood-top calls the  
crow, through all the gloomy  
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair  
young flowers, that lately  
sprang and stood,  
In brighter light and softer airs, a  
beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves:  
the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with  
the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie;  
but the cold November rain  
Calls not, from out the gloomy  
earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,  
they perished long ago;  
And the brier-rose and the orchis  
died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and  
the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the  
brook, in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold  
heaven, as falls the plague on  
men,  
And the brightness of their smile  
was gone from upland, glade,  
and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild  
day, as still such days will  
come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from  
out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is  
heard, though all the trees are  
still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the  
waters of the rill, —  
The south wind searches for the  
flowers whose fragrance late  
he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood  
and by the stream no more.  
And then I think of one who in her  
youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew  
up, and faded by my side:  
In the cold moist earth we laid her  
when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was, that one,  
like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should  
perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn  
dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own  
blue,  
That openest, when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs  
unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple drest,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden  
nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare, and birds are  
flown,  
And frosts and shortening days por-  
tend  
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the  
sky,  
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to  
me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

## TREES.

A SHADIE grove not far away they  
spied,  
That promist ayde the tempest to  
withstand;  
Whose loftie trees, yclad with som-  
mers pride,  
Did spread so broad, that heaven's  
light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any  
starr;  
And all within were pathes an-  
aleles wide,

With footing worne, and leading in-  
ward far:  
Faire harbour that them seems; so  
in they entred are.

And forth they passe, with pleasure  
forward led,  
Joying to heare the birdes' sweete  
harmony,  
Which therein shrouded from the  
tempest dred,  
Seemed in their song to scorne the  
cruell sky.

Much can they praise the trees so  
straight and high,  
The sayling pine; the cedar proud  
and tall;  
The vine-propp elme; the poplar nev-  
er dry;  
The builder oake, sole king of for-  
rests all;  
The aspine good for staves; the cy-  
presse funerall;

The laurell meed of mightie con-  
querours  
And poets sage; the fir that weep-  
eth still;  
The willow, worne of forlorne para-  
mours;  
The yew, obedient to the bender's  
will;  
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for  
the mill;  
The mirrhe sweet-bleeding in the  
bitter wound;  
The warlike beech; the ash for  
nothing ill;  
The fruitfull olive; and the platane  
round;  
The carver holme; the maple, sel-  
dom inward sound.

SPENSER.

## YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lor-  
ton Vale,  
Which to this day stands single in  
the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of  
yore:  
Not loath to furnish weapons for the  
bands

Of Umfraville or Percy ere they  
marched  
To Scotland's heaths; or those that  
crossed the sea,  
And drew their sounding bows at  
Azincour;  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Polc-  
tiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom  
profound  
This solitary Tree! a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
Of form and aspect too magnifi-  
cent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still  
of note  
Are those fraternal Four of Borrow-  
dale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious  
grove;  
Huge trunks! and each particular  
trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately con-  
volved;  
Nor uninformed with fantasy, and  
looks  
That threaten the profane; a pillared  
shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-  
brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining um-  
brage tinged  
Perennially; beneath whose sable  
roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,  
decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly  
shapes  
May meet at noontide; Fear, and  
trembling Hope,  
Silence, and Foresight; Death the  
Skeleton,  
And Time the Shadow; there to cele-  
brate,  
As in a natural temple scattered  
o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy  
stone,  
United worship; or in mute re-  
pose  
To lie, and listen to the mountain  
flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's in-  
most caves.

WORDSWORTH.

## THE OSMUNDA REGALIS.

OFTEN, trifling with a privilege  
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one  
     now,  
 And now the other, to point out,  
     perchance  
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed  
     too fair  
 Either to be divided from the place  
 On which it grew, or to be left alone  
 To its own beauty. Many such there  
     are,  
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly  
     that tall fern,  
 So stately, of the queen Osmunda  
     named;  
 Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode  
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by  
     the side  
 Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the  
     Mere,  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old ro-  
     mance.

WORDSWORTH.

## THE BARBERRY-BUSH.

THE bush that has most briers and  
 bitter fruit:  
 Wait till the frost has turned its  
 green leaves red,  
 Its sweetened berries will thy palate  
 suit,  
 And thou mayst find e'en there a  
 homely bread.  
 Upon the hills of Salem scattered  
 wide,  
 Their yellow blossoms gain the eye  
 in spring;  
 And, straggling e'en upon the turn-  
 pike's side,  
 Their ripened branches to your hand  
 they bring.  
 I've plucked them oft in boyhood's  
 early hour,  
 That then I gave such name, and  
 thought it true;  
 But now I know that other fruit as  
     sour  
 Grows on what now thou callest *me*  
     and *you*:  
 Yet wilt thou wait, the autumn that  
     I see  
 Will sweeter taste than these red  
 berries be.

JONES VERY.

## TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED flower! who art  
     wont to bloom  
 On January's front severe,  
 And o'er the wintry desert dear  
     To waft thy waste perfume!  
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay  
     now,  
 And I will bind thee round my brow;  
 And as I twine the mournful  
     wreath,  
 I'll weave a melancholy song,  
 And sweet the strain shall be, and  
     long,—  
 The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to  
     dwell  
 With the pale corse in lonely  
     tomb,  
 And throw across the desert gloom  
     A sweet decaying smell.  
 Come, press my lips, and lie with  
     me  
 Beneath the lowly alder-tree,  
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,  
 And not a care shall dare in-  
     trude  
 To break the marble solitude,  
     So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,  
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,  
 And, sailing on the gusty breeze,  
 Mysterious music dies.  
 Sweet flower! that requiem wild  
     is mine;  
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,  
 The cold turf altar of the dead;  
 My grave shall be in yon lone  
     spot,  
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,  
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my  
     ashes shed.

H. K. WHITE.

## THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here  
 This sweet Infanta of the yeere?  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with  
     dew?  
 I will whisper to your eares,  
 The sweets of love are mixt with  
     tears.

Ask me why this flower does show  
So yellow-green and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending, yet it doth not break?  
I will answer, these discover  
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

HERRICK.

### TO DAFFODILLS.

FAIRE Daffodills, we weep to see  
You haste away so soone;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noone.

Stay, stay,  
Untill the hasting day  
Has run

But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing.

We die  
As your hours doe, and drie

Away,  
Like to the summer's raine;  
Or as the pearles of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found againe.

HERRICK.

### DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and  
hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly  
dance.

The waves beside them danced; but  
they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure  
fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

### TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here a while  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their  
pride

Like you, a while, they glide  
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

### LIBERTY.

Who can divine what impulses from  
God  
Reach the caged lark, within a town  
abode,  
From his poor inch or two of daisied  
sod?

Oh, yield him back his privilege! No  
sea  
Swell like the bosom of a man set  
free:

A wilderness is rich with liberty.



Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die  
or keep  
Your independence in the fathomless  
deep!

Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail;  
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the  
freshening gale!

If unreprieved the ambitious eagle  
mount

Sunward to seek the daylight in its  
fount,

Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian  
width, shall be,

Till the world perishes, a field for  
thee!

WORDSWORTH.

### NIGHT.

COME, seeling night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful  
day,

And, with thy bloody and invisible  
hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great  
bond

Which keeps me pale! — Light thick-  
ens; and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood.

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*.

### THE DIAMOND.

STAR of the flowers, and flower of the  
stars,

And earth of the earth, art thou!

And darkness hath battles, and light  
hath wars

That pass in thy beautiful brow.

The eye of the ground thus was  
planted by heaven,

And the dust was new wed to the  
sun,

And the monarch went forth, and  
the earth-star was given,

That should back to the heaven-star  
run.

So in all things it is: the first origin  
lives,

And loves his life out to his flock;

And in dust, and in matter, and na-  
ture, he gives

The spirit's last spark to the rock.

J. J. G. WILKINSON.

### SEPTEMBER.

1819.

AND, sooth to say, yon vocal grove  
Albeit uninspired by love,  
By love untaught to ring,  
May well afford to mortal ear  
An impulse more profoundly dear  
Than music of the spring.

But list! though winter's storms be  
nigh,

Unchecked is that soft harmony:  
There lives Who can provide  
For all his creatures; and in him,  
Even like the radiant Seraphim,  
These Choristers confide.

WORDSWORTH.

### NIGHTINGALE

OFt when, returning with her loaded  
bill,

Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant  
nest,

By the hard hand of unrelenting  
clown

Robb'd; to the ground the vain pro-  
vision falls;

Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping  
scarce

Can bear the mourner to the poplar  
shade;

Where, all abandoned to despair, she  
sings

Her sorrows thro' the night; and on  
the bough

Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain

Of winding woe, till, wide around.  
the woods

Sigh to her song, and with her wail  
resound.

THOMSON.

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

THOU wast not born for death, im-  
mortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee  
down;

The voice I hear this passing night  
was heard

In ancient days by emperor and  
clown,—

Perhaps the selfsame song that found  
a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth,  
when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn;

The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening  
on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands  
forlorn.

KEATS.

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did  
spring,

Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone.  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast against a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefullest ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.

Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;  
Tereu, tereu, by and by:  
That to hear her so complain  
Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
For her griefs so lively shown  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in  
vain,

None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear  
thee,  
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer  
thee;

King Pandiva, he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:  
All thy fellow-birds do sing  
Careless of thy sorrowing;  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.

R. BARNEFIELD.

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

ROUND my own pretty rose I have  
hovered all day,  
I have seen its sweet leaves one by  
one fall away:

They are gone, they are gone; but I  
go not with them,  
I linger to weep o'er its desolate  
stem.

They say if I rove to the south I  
shall meet

With hundreds of roses more fair  
and more sweet;

But my heart, when I'm tempted to  
wander, replies,

Here my first love, my last love, my  
only love lies.

When the last leaf is withered, and  
falls to the earth,

The false one to southerly climes  
may fly forth;

But truth cannot fly from his sor-  
rows: he dies,

Where his first love, his last love, his  
only love lies.

T. H. BAYLY.

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH- SONG.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,  
And die away my heart!

The rose, the glorious rose, is gone,  
And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendor,  
The waters changed their tone,  
And therefore, in the faded world,  
Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,  
And where the flower-cup's glow?  
And where the joy of the dancing  
leaves,  
And the fountain's laughing flow?

Tell of the brightness parted,  
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!  
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!  
Are ye, too, passed away?

With sunshine, with sweet odor,  
With every precious thing,  
Upon the last warm southern breeze,  
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger

When the days of hope are past,  
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,  
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly,  
Sing to the woods, I go!  
For me, perchance, in other lands  
The glorious rose may blow.

No more, no more, sing mournfully!  
Swell high, then break, my heart!  
The rose, the royal rose, is gone,  
And I, too, will depart.

HEMANS.

## THE BIRD.

"BIRDIE, Birdie, will you, pet?  
Summer is far and far away yet.  
You'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed,  
And a pillow of satin for your head."

"I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall:  
No rain comes through, though I hear it fall;  
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,  
And I sing, and wing away, away!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, will you, pet?  
Diamond stones and amber and jet  
We'll string on a necklace fair and fine,  
To please this pretty bird of mine."

"Oh! thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet;  
But here is something daintier yet,—  
A feather necklace, round and round,  
That I would not sell for a thousand pound!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, won't you, pet?  
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,  
A golden cup and an ivory seat,  
And carpets soft beneath your feet."

"Can running water be drunk from gold?

Can a silver dish the forest hold?  
A rocking twig is the finest chair,  
And the softest paths lie through the air:

Good-by, good-by, to my lady fair."

ALLINGHAM.

## TO THE SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel, pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?—

Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler! That love-prompted strain,

'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,

True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

## TO A SKY-LARK.

LIKE a poet hidden

In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden,

Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

SHELLEY.

## BREEDING LARK.

I MUST go furnish up

A nest I have begun,

And will return and bring ye meat,

As soon as it is done.

Then up she clambe the clouds

With such a lusty lay,

That it rejoiced her younglings' heart,

As in their nest they lay.

ARTHUR BOAR

## FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE.

RAMBLING along the marshes,  
On the bank of the Assabet,  
Sounding myself as to how it went,  
Praying that I might not forget,  
And all uncertain  
Whether I was in the right,  
Toiling to lift Time's curtain,  
And if I burnt the strongest light;  
Suddenly,  
High in the air,  
I heard the travelled geese  
Their overture prepare.

Stirred above the patent ball,  
The wild geese flew,  
Nor near so wild as that doth me be-  
fall,  
Or, swollen Wisdom, you.

In the front there fetched a leader,  
Him behind the line spread out,  
And waved about,  
As it was near night,  
When these air-pilots stop their  
flight.

Cruising off the shoal dominion  
Where we sit,  
Depending not on their opinion,  
Nor hiving sops of wit;  
Geographical in tact,  
Naming not a pond or river,  
Pulled with twilight down in fact,  
In the reeds to quack and quiver,  
There they go,  
Spectators at the play below,  
Southward in a row.

Cannot land and map the stars  
The indifferent geese,  
Nor taste the sweetmeats in odd jars,  
Nor speculate and freeze;  
Racid weasands need be well,  
Feathers glossy, quills in order,  
Starts this train, yet rings no bell;  
Steam is raised without recorder.

"Up, my feathered fowl, all," —  
Saith the goose commander,  
"Brighten your bills, and flirt your  
pinions,  
My toes are nipped, — let us render  
Ourselves in soft Guatemala,  
Or suck puddles in Campeachy,  
Spitzbergen-cake cuts very frosty,  
And the tippie is not leechy.

"Let's brush loose for any creek,  
There lurk fish and fly,  
Condiments to fat the weak,  
Inundate the pie.  
Flutter not about a place,  
Ye concomitants of space!"

Mute the listening nations stand  
On that dark receding land;  
How faint their villages and towns,  
Scattered on the misty downs!  
A meeting-house  
Appears no bigger than a mouse.

How long?  
Never is a question asked,  
While a throat can lift the song,  
Or a flapping wing be tasked.

All the grandmothers about  
Hear the orators of Heaven,  
Then put on their woollens stout,  
And cower o'er the hearth at even;  
And the children stare at the sky,  
And laugh to see the long black line  
so high!

Then once more I heard them say, —  
"'Tis a smooth, delightful road,  
Difficult to lose the way,  
And a trifle for a load.

"'Twas our forte to pass for this,  
Proper sack of sense to borrow,  
Wings and legs, and bills that clat-  
ter,  
And the horizon of To-morrow."  
CHANNING.

## TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last  
steps of day?  
Far through their rosy depths dost  
thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do  
thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson  
sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise  
and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless  
coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height the cold, thin  
atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome  
land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,  
and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows:  
reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet  
on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou  
hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky  
thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread  
alone  
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

## THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with hookèd  
hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he  
stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

TENNYSON.

## OCEAN.

GREAT Ocean! strongest of crea-  
tion's sons,  
Unconquerable, unrepoused, untired,

That rolled the wild, profound, eter-  
nal bass  
In nature's anthem, and made mu-  
sic such  
As pleased the ear of God! original,  
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!  
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny  
skill;  
From age to age enduring, and un-  
changed,  
Majestical, inimitable, vast,  
Loud uttering satire, day and night,  
on each  
Succeeding race, and little pompous  
work  
Of man; unfallen, religious, holy sea!  
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to  
none, fearedst none,  
Heardst none, to none didst honor,  
but to God  
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive  
Thy great obeisance.

POLLOK.

## OCEAN.

SEE living vales by living waters  
blessed,  
Their wealth see earth's dark caverns  
yield,  
See Ocean roll in glory dressed,  
For all a treasure, and round all a  
shield.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

## SEA SONG.

OUR boat to the waves go free,  
By the bending tide, where the  
curled wave breaks,  
Like the track of the wind on the  
white snowflakes:  
Away, away! 'Tis a path o'er the sea.  
Blasts may rave, — spread the sail,  
For our spirits can wrest the power  
from the wind,  
And the gray clouds yield to the  
sunny mind,  
Fear not we the whirl of the gale.

Waves on the beach, and the wild  
sea-foam,  
With a leap, and a dash, and a sud-  
den cheer,

Where the seaweed makes its bending home,  
And the sea-birds swim on the crests so clear,  
Wave after wave, they are curling o'er,  
While the white sand dazzles along the shore.

CHANNING.

### SEA SONG.

#### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast.  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud;  
And hark, the music, mariners!  
The wind is wakening loud.  
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free;  
The hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### SEA.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway;  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh! who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;

Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!

Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot please,—

Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,

And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,

The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,

That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

BYRON: *Corsair*.

### THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;

Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,

That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine

Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow:

From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and the waves are absent there,

And the sands are bright as the stars that glow

In the motionless fields of upper air:  
There with its waving blade of green,

The sea-flag streams through the silent water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen

To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:

There with a light and easy motion  
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean

Are bending like corn on the upland lea;

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone.

And is safe, when the wrathful spirit  
 of storms  
 Has made the top of the waves his  
 own:  
 And when the ship from his fury  
 flies,  
 When the myriad voices of ocean  
 roar,  
 When the wind-god frowns in the  
 murky skies,  
 And demons are waiting the wreck  
 on the shore,  
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
 The purple mullet and gold-fish  
 rove,  
 Where the waters murmur tran-  
 quilly  
 Through the bending twigs of the  
 coral grove.

PERCIVAL.

#### INSCRIPTION ON A SEA SHELL.

PLEASED we remember our august  
 abodes,  
 And murmur as the ocean murmurs  
 there.

LANDOR.

#### OUT AND INWARD BOUND.

ALL things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than  
 enjoy'd.  
 How like a younker or a prodigal  
 The scarfed bark puts from her  
 native bay,  
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strum-  
 pet wind!  
 How like the prodigal doth she re-  
 turn  
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged  
 sails,  
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the  
 strumpet wind!

SHAKESPEARE.

*Merchant of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 6.

#### TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

The weather-leech of the topsail  
 shivers,  
 The bow-lines strain, and the lee-  
 shrouds slacken,

The braces are taut, the lithe boom  
 quivers,  
 And the waves with the coming  
 squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,  
 Is the light-house tall on Fire Island  
 Head?

There's a shade of doubt on the cap-  
 tain's brow,  
 And the pilot watches the heaving  
 lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager  
 eye,  
 To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,  
 Till the muttered order of "*Full and  
 by!*"  
 Is suddenly changed for "*Full for  
 stays!*"

The ship bends lower before the  
 breeze,  
 As her broadside fair to the blast she  
 lays;  
 And she swifter springs to the rising  
 seas,  
 As the pilot calls, "*Stand by for  
 stays!*"

It is silence all, as each in his place,  
 With the gathered coil in his har-  
 dened hands,  
 By tack and bowline, by sheet and  
 brace,  
 Waiting the watchword impatient  
 stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head  
 draws near,  
 As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout  
 From his post on the bowsprit's heel  
 I hear,  
 With the welcome call of "*Ready!  
 About!*"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;  
 And the captain growls, "Down,  
 helm! hard down!"  
 As my weight on the whirling spokes  
 I throw,  
 While heaven grows black with the  
 storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the  
 spray,  
 As we meet the shock of the plung-  
 ing sea;

And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I  
lay,  
As I answer, "*Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-ard  
a lee!*"

With the swerving leap of a startled  
steed  
The ship flies fast in the eye of the  
wind,  
The dangerous shoals on the lee  
recede,  
And the headland white we have  
left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,  
And belly and tug at the groaning  
cleats;  
The spanker slats, and the mainsail  
flaps;  
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and  
sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the  
tramp of the crew,  
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:  
The sails are aback from clew to  
clew,  
And now is the moment for, "*Main-  
sail, haul!*"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's  
toy,  
By fifty strong arms are swiftly  
swung:  
She holds her way, and I look with  
joy  
For the first white spray o'er the bul-  
warks flung.

"*Let go, and haul!*" 'Tis the last  
command,  
And the head-sails fill to the blast  
once more:  
Astern and to leeward lies the land,  
With its breakers white on the  
shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain,  
or the squall?  
I steady the helm for the open sea;  
The first mate clamors, "*Belay there,  
all!*"  
And the captain's breath once more  
comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship  
fly;  
Little care I how the gusts may blow,

In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket  
dry,  
Eight bells have struck and my watch  
is below.

WALTER MITCHEL.

### SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that rowed along,  
The listening winds received this  
song:—

"What should we do but sing His  
praise,  
That led us through the watery  
maze

Where He the huge sea-monsters  
wracks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate's  
rage:

He gave us this eternal spring  
Which here enamels every thing,  
And sends the fowls to us in care  
On daily visits through the air.  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:  
He makes the figs our mouths to  
meet,

And throws the melons at our feet;  
But apples, plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice.  
With cedars chosen by his hand  
From Lebanon he stores the land;  
And makes the hollow seas that roar  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound his name.  
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
Which then perhaps rebounding may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."  
Thus sung they in the English boat  
A holy and a cheerful note:  
And all the way, to guide their  
chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. MARVELL.



## CAVE OF STAFFA.

THANKS for the lessons of this spot,  
 fit school  
 For the presumptuous thoughts that  
 would assign  
 Mechanic laws to agency divine,  
 And, measuring heaven by earth,  
 would overrule  
 Infinite power. The pillared vesti-  
 bule,  
 Expanding yet precise, the roof em-  
 bowed,  
 Might seem designed to humble  
 man, when proud  
 Of his best workmanship by plan  
 and tool.  
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlan-  
 tic weight  
 Of tide and tempest on the struc-  
 ture's base,  
 And flashing upwards to its topmost  
 height,  
 Ocean has proved its strength, and  
 of its grace  
 In calms is conscious, finding for his  
 freight  
 Of softest music some responsive  
 place.

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF  
THE PILLARS AT THE EN-  
TRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity  
 was cast,  
 Children of summer! Ye fresh  
 flowers that brave  
 What summer here escapes not, the  
 fierce wave,  
 And whole artillery of the western  
 blast.  
 Battering the temple's front, its  
 long-drawn nave  
 Smiting, as if each moment were  
 their last.  
 But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and  
 architrave  
 Survive, and once again the pile  
 stands fast,  
 Calm as the universe, from specular  
 towers  
 Of heaven contemplated by spirits  
 pure —  
 Suns and their systems, diverse yet  
 sustained

In symmetry, and fashioned to en-  
 dure,  
 Unhurt, the assaults of time with all  
 his hours,  
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.  
 WORDSWORTH.

## THE STORM.

THE sky is changed; and such  
 a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are  
 wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is  
 the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling  
 crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from  
 one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath  
 found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers; through her  
 misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to  
 her aloud!

BYRON.

## SUNSET.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not  
 night:  
 Sunset divides the sky with her;  
 a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine  
 height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven  
 is free  
 From clouds, but of all colors  
 seems to be  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,  
 Where the day joins the past  
 eternity;  
 While, on the other hand, meek  
 Dian's crest  
 Floats through the azure air, an  
 island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and  
 reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely  
 heaven; but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly,  
 and remains  
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far  
 Rhoetian hill,

As day and night contending were  
until  
Nature reclaimed her order:  
gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where  
their hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born  
rose,  
Which streams upon her stream,  
and glassed within it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven,  
which, from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters; all  
its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising  
star,  
Their magical variety diffuse:  
And now they change; a paler  
shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains:  
parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each  
pang rebues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone  
—and all is gray.

BYRON.

## MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps  
upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds  
of music  
Creep in your ears: soft stillness,  
and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet har-  
mony.  
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of  
heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright  
gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which  
thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd  
cherubims.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral  
song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy  
modest ear,

Like thy own brawling springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the  
bright-haired sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy  
skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the  
weak-eyed bat  
With short shrill shriek flits by on  
leathern wing;  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight  
path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless  
hum:  
Now teach me, maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy  
darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness  
suit;  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising  
shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours and Elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes  
her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and,  
lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and  
healthy scene;  
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary  
dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driv-  
ing rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the  
hut,  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-dis-  
covered spires;  
And hears their simple bell, and  
marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers,  
as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses,  
meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap  
with leaves;  
Or Winter, yelling through the trou-  
blous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of the quiet  
rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science,  
smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favorite name!

COLLINS.

### NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first  
Parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and  
heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely  
Frame,  
This glorious canopy of Light and  
Blue?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent  
dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great set-  
ting Flame,  
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven  
came,  
And lo! Creation widened on Man's  
view.

Who could have thought such Dark-  
ness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who  
could find,  
Whilst flower, and leaf, and insect  
stood revealed,  
That to such countless Orbs thou  
mad'st us blind!

Why do we then shun Death with  
anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, where-  
fore not Life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

SINCE the Sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing  
one,  
Relinquished half his empire to the  
host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy  
star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on  
thee,  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat  
of care,  
Can question that thy countenance  
is bright,  
Celestial power, as much with love  
as light?

WORDSWORTH.

### SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation  
broke,  
And the world in the smile of God  
awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness  
and death  
Were moved through their depths  
by his mighty breath,  
And orbs of beauty and spheres of  
flame  
From the void abyss by myriads  
came,—  
In the joy of youth as they darted  
away,  
Through the widening wastes of  
space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones  
sung.

"Away, away, through the wide,  
wide sky, —  
The fair blue fields that before us  
lie, —  
Each sun with the worlds that round  
him roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning  
pole;

With her isles of green and her  
clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid  
light.

“For the Source of Glory uncovers  
his face,  
And the brightness o'erflows un-  
bounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the lumi-  
nous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming  
sides:  
Lo, yonder the living splendors  
play;  
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look, through our glittering  
ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they  
swiftly pass!  
How the verdure runs o'er each roll-  
ing mass!  
And the path of the gentle winds is  
seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and  
the young woods lean.

“And see, where brighter day-beams  
pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny  
shower;  
And the morn and eve, with their  
pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed  
their dews;  
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teem-  
ing ground,  
With her shadowy cone the night  
goes round!

“Away, away! in our blossoming  
bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres  
of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine  
with morn,  
See, love is brooding, and life is born,  
And breathing myriads are breaking  
from night,  
To rejoice like us, in motion and  
light.

“Glide on in your beauty, ye youth-  
ful spheres,  
To weave the dance that measures  
the years;

Glide on, in the glory and gladness  
sent,  
To the farthest wall of the firma-  
ment, —  
The boundless visible smile of Him,  
To the veil of whose brow your lamps  
are dim.”

BRYANT.

## THE MILKY WAY.

“Lo,” quoth he, “cast up thine  
eye,  
See yonder, lo! the galaxie,  
The which men clepe the Milky Way,  
For it is white; and some parlay  
Callen it Watling streete,  
That once was breut with the hete,  
When the Sunne's sonne the rede,  
That ight Phaeton, would lead  
Algate his father's cart, and gie.\*  
“The cart horses gan well aspie,  
That he could no governaunce,  
And gan for to leape and prounce,  
And bear him up, and now down,  
Till he saw the Scorpioun,  
Which that in Heaven a signe is yet,  
And for feré lost his wit  
Of that, and let the reynés gone  
Of his horses, and they anone  
Soone up to mount, and downe de-  
scend,  
Till both air and Earthé brend,  
Till Jupiter, lo! at the last  
Him slew, and fro the carté cast.

CHAUCER.

## HOPE.

At summer eve, when heaven's æ-  
rial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering  
hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the  
musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles  
with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint  
appear  
More sweet than all the landscape  
smiling near? —  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to  
the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure  
hue.

CAMPBELL.

\* Guide.

## TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given,  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dreamed of gems and  
 gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

And yet, fair bow, no fabling  
 dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of  
 beams  
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged  
 earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou didst  
 shine,  
 How came the world's gray fathers  
 forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
 O'er mountains yet untrod,  
 Each mother held aloft her child  
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
 The first-made anthem rang  
 On earth, delivered from the deep,  
 And the first poet sang.

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When, glittering in the freshened  
 fields,  
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem,  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span;  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
 That first spoke peace to man.  
 CAMPBELL.

## THE RAINBOW.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting  
 through  
 The scattering clouds, shone, span-  
 ning the dark sea,  
 Resting its bright base on the quiv-  
 ering blue;  
 And all within its arch appeared  
 to be  
 Clearer than that without; and its  
 wide hue  
 Waxed broad and waving, like a  
 banner free,  
 Then changed like to a bow that's  
 bent, and then  
 Forsook the dim eyes of those ship-  
 wrecked men.

It changed, of course; a heavenly  
 chameleon,  
 The airy child of vapor and the  
 sun,  
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in  
 vermilion,  
 Baptized in molten gold, and  
 swathed in dun,  
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's  
 pavilion,  
 And blending every color into one.  
 BYRON.

## THE CLOUD.

I SIFT the snow on the mountains  
 below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow  
 white,  
 While I sleep in the arms of the  
 blast.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire  
 laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-  
 like floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen  
 feet,

Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my  
 tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and  
 peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and  
 flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-  
 built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and  
 seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through  
 me on high  
 Are each paved with the moon and  
 these.

I am the daughter of earth and  
 water,  
 And the nursling of the sky;  
 I pass through the pores of the  
 ocean and shores;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when with never  
 a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams, with  
 their convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a  
 ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

## A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,  
 Shed from the bosom of the morn  
 Into the blowing roses,  
 (Yet careless of its mansion new,  
 For the clear region where 'twas  
 born,)
 Round in itself encloses  
 And, in its little globe's extent,  
 Frames, as it can, its native element.  
 How it the purple flower does  
 slight,  
 Scarce touching where it lies;  
 But gazing back upon the skies,  
 Shines with a mournful light,  
 Like its own tear,  
 Because so long divided from the  
 sphere.  
 Restless it rolls, and insecure,  
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;

Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
 And to the skies exhales it back  
 again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
 Of the clear fountain of eternal  
 day,  
 Could it within the human flower  
 be seen,  
 Remembering still its former  
 height,  
 Shuns the sweet leaves, and blos-  
 soms green,  
 And, recollecting its own light,  
 Does, in its pure and circling  
 thoughts, express  
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.  
 In how coy a figure wound,  
 Every way it turns away,  
 So the world excluding round,  
 Yet receiving in the day,  
 Dark beneath, but bright above,  
 Here disdaining, there in love.  
 How loose and easy hence to go;  
 How girt and ready to ascend;  
 Moving but on a point below,  
 It all about does upwards bend.  
 Such did the manna's sacred dew dis-  
 til,  
 White and entire, although congealed  
 and chill;  
 Congealed on earth; but does, dis-  
 solving, run  
 Into the glories of the almighty sun.

MARVELL.

## SMOKE.

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke! Icarian bird,  
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward  
 flight;  
 Lark without song, and messenger  
 of dawn,  
 Circling above the hamlets as thy  
 nest;  
 Or else, departing dream, and shad-  
 ovy form  
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy  
 skirts;  
 By night star-veiling, and by day  
 Darkening the light and blotting out  
 the sun;  
 Go thou, my incense, upward from  
 this hearth,  
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear  
 flame.

THOREAU.

## MIST.

LOW-ANCHORED cloud,  
 Newfoundland air,  
 Fountain-head and source of rivers,  
 Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,  
 And napkin spread by fays;  
 Drifting meadow of the air,  
 Where bloom the daisied banks and  
     violets,  
 And in whose fenny labyrinth  
 The bittern booms and heron wades;  
 Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers, —  
 Bear only perfumes and the scent  
 Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

THOREAU.

## HAZE.

WOOF of the fen, ethereal gauze,  
 Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,  
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,  
 Last conquest of the eye;  
 Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,  
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,  
 Ethereal estuary, frith of light,  
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,  
 Fine summer spray on inland seas;  
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,  
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,  
 From heath or stubble rising without  
     song, —

Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

THOREAU.

## AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,  
 For silence, and for sleep;

And when I was a child, I laid  
 My hands upon my breast, and prayed,  
 And sank to slumbers deep:  
 Childlike as then I lie to-night,  
 And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp  
 Shows how the vessel reels:  
 As o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
 And all her timbers strain and cramp  
 With every shock she feels.  
 It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
 And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow and slanting low,  
 It almost level lies;  
 And yet I know, while to and fro  
 I watch the seeming pendule go  
 With restless fall and rise,  
 The steady shaft is still upright,  
 Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!  
 O promise of my soul!  
 Though weak, and tossed, and ill at  
     ease,  
 Amid the roar of smiting seas,  
 The ship's convulsive roll,  
 I own with love and tender awe  
 Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,  
 My soul is filled with light:  
 The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,  
 The wild winds chant: I cross my  
     palms,

Happy as if to-night  
 Under the cottage roof again  
 I heard the soothing summer rain.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## II.

# HUMAN LIFE.

HOME. — WOMAN. — LOVE. — FRIENDSHIP. —  
MANNERS. — BEAUTY.

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"The privates of man's heart—  
They spoken and sound in his ear  
As though they loud winds were."—GOWER.





## HUMAN LIFE.

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### HOME.

'Tis not in battles that from youth  
we train  
The governor who must be wise and  
good,  
And temper with the sternness of  
the brain  
Thoughts motherly, and meek as  
womanhood.  
Wisdom doth live with children  
round her knees:  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and  
the talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the  
hourly walk  
Of the mind's business: these are  
the degrees  
By which true Sway doth mount;  
this is the stalk  
True Power doth grow on; and her  
rights are these.

WORDSWORTH.

### TO CORINNE.

HAPPY, happier far than thou  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth!

HEMANS.

### LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,  
Fling out your field of azure blue;  
Let star and stripe be westward cast,  
And point as Freedom's eagle  
flew!  
Strain home! O lithe and quivering  
spars!  
Point home, my country's flag of  
stars!

My mother, in thy prayer to-night  
There come new words and warm-  
er tears;  
On long, long darkness breaks the  
light,  
Comes home the loved, the lost for  
years.  
Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner!  
Fear not to-night, or storm or sea:  
The ear of Heaven bends low to  
her!  
He comes to shore who sails with  
me.  
The wind-tossed spider needs no  
token  
How stands the tree when light-  
nings blaze;  
And, by a thread from heaven un-  
broken,  
I know my mother lives and  
prays.

N. P. WILLIS.

### THE LAST FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye lofty spires  
That cheered the holy light!  
Farewell, domestic fires  
That broke the gloom of night!  
Too soon these spires are lost,  
Too fast we leave the bay,  
Too soon by ocean tost  
From hearth and home away,  
Far away, far away.

Farewell, the busy town,  
The wealthy and the wise,  
Kind smile and honest frown  
From bright, familiar eyes.  
All these are fading now;  
Our brig hastes on her way;  
Her unremembering prow  
Is leaping o'er the sea,  
Far away, far away.

Farewell, my mother fond,  
 Too kind, too good to me,  
 Nor pearl, nor diamond  
 Would pay my debt to thee;  
 But even thy kiss denies  
 Upon my cheek to stay.  
 The winged vessel flies,  
 And billows round her play,  
 Far away, far away.

Farewell, my brothers true,  
 My betters, yet my peers,  
 How desert without you  
 My few and evil years!  
 But though aye one in heart,  
 Together sad or gay,  
 Rude ocean doth us part,  
 We separate to-day,  
 Far away, far away.

Farewell I breathe again  
 To dim New England's shore:  
 My heart shall beat not when  
 I pant for thee no more.  
 In yon green palmy isle,  
 Beneath the tropic ray,  
 I murmur never while  
 For thee and thine I pray:  
 Far away, far away.  
 EMERSON.

### MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

MY mother, when I learned that  
 thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the  
 tears I shed?  
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrow-  
 ing son,—  
 Wretch even then, life's journey  
 just begun?  
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-  
 day;  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow  
 away;  
 And, turning from my nursery-win-  
 dow, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last  
 adieu!  
 But was it such? It was. Where  
 thou art gone,  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound  
 unknown;  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful  
 shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips  
 no more.  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at  
 my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick  
 return:  
 What ardently I wished, I long be-  
 lieved,  
 And, disappointed still, was still de-  
 ceived,—  
 By expectation every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of tomorrow even from a  
 child.  
 Thus many a sad tomorrow came  
 and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows  
 spent,  
 I learned at last submission to my  
 lot;  
 But, though I less deplored thee,  
 ne'er forgot.  
 Where once we dwelt, our name is  
 heard no more;  
 Children not thine have trod my  
 nursery floor;  
 And where the gardener Robin, day  
 by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public  
 way,—  
 Delighted with my bauble coach,  
 and wrapped  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet  
 cap,—  
 Could Time, his flight reversed, re-  
 store the hours  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tis-  
 sued flowers,—  
 The violet, the pink, the jessa-  
 mine,—  
 I pricked them into paper with a  
 pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself  
 the while—  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my  
 head, and smile,)  
 Could those few pleasant days again  
 appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I  
 wish them here?  
 But no! What here we call our life is  
 such,  
 So little to be loved, and thou so  
 much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to con-  
 strain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds  
 again.

COWPER.

# IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fail,  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale!

I miss thee, when, by Gunga's  
stream,  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale  
beam  
I miss thee from my side.

But when at morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, then on, where duty  
leads!  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly  
gates,  
Nor mild Malwah detain;  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright,  
they say,  
Across the dark blue sea;  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee!

HEBER.

# THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blows loud wi' an-  
gry sigh;

The short'ning winter-day is near  
a close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the  
pleugh;

The black'ning trains o' craws to  
their repose;

The toll-worn Cotter frae his labor  
goes,

This night his weekly toil is at  
an end,

Collects his spades, his mattocks,  
and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest  
to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his  
course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in  
view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged  
tree;

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin  
stacher thro',

To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin  
noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,  
His clane hearth-stane, his thriftie  
wife's smile,

The lispin infant prattling on his  
knee,

Does all his weary carking cares  
beguile,

An' makes him quite forget his  
labor an' his toil.

. . . . .

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sis-  
ters meet,

An' each for other's welfare kindly  
spiers:

The social hours, swift-winged, un-  
noticed fleet;

Each tells the uncos that he sees  
or hears;

The parents, partial, eye their hope-  
ful years,

Anticipation forward points the  
view.

The mother, wi' her needle and her  
shears,

Gars auld claes look anaist as  
weel's the new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition  
due.

Their master's an' their mistress's  
command,

The younkers a' are warnèd to  
obey;

And mind their labors wi' an eydent  
hand,

And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to  
jauk or play:

"And, oh! be sure to fear the Lord  
always,

And mind your duty, duly, morn  
and night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang  
astray,

Implore his counsel and assisting  
might:  
They never sought in vain that  
sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to  
the door;

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o'  
the same,  
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the  
moor,

To do some errands, and convoy  
her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious  
flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush  
her cheek;  
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, in-  
quires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to  
speak;  
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's  
nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings  
him ben;

A strappan youth; he takes the  
mother's eye;  
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill  
ta'en;

The father cracks of horses,  
pleughs, and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'er-  
flows wi' joy,

But, blate and laithfu', scarce can  
weel behave;  
The woman, wi' a woman's wiles,  
can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu'  
an' sae grave;  
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's re-  
spected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this  
is found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond  
compare!  
I've paced much this weary, mortal  
round,

And sage experience bids me this  
declare —

"If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly  
pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy  
vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, mod-  
est pair,

In other's arms breathe out the  
tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that  
scents the ev'ning gale!"

. . . . .

But now the supper crowns their  
simple board,  
The halesome parritch, chief o'  
Scotia's food:

The soupe their only hawkie does  
afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly  
chows her cood;  
The dame brings forth in compli-  
mental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd  
kebbuck, fell,  
And aft he's prest, and aft he calls it  
gude;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will  
tell  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin'  
lint was i' the bell.

The cheerful supper done, wi'  
serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a cir-  
cle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal  
grace,  
The big ha'-Bible, ance his  
father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an'  
bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in  
Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious  
care;

And "Let us worship God!" he  
says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in  
simple guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the  
noblest aim;

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling  
measures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy  
of the name;

Or noble "Elgin" beats the heav'n-  
ward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy  
lays:

Compar'd with these, Italian trills  
are tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire:  
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:  
How his first followers and servants sped;  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:  
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;  
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!  
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;  
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide;  
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"  
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;  
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace,  
and sweet content!

And, oh, may Heaven their simple  
lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak  
and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets  
be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the  
while,

And stand a wall of fire around their  
much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic  
tide

That stream'd thro' Wallace's un-  
daunted heart;

Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic  
pride,

Or nobly die, the second glorious  
part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou  
art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and  
reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the pa-  
triot-bard,

In bright succession raise, her orna-  
ment and guard!

BURNS.

### THE BABE.

NAKED on parents' knees, a newborn  
child,

Weeping thou sat'st when all around  
thee smiled:

So live, that, sinking to thy last long  
sleep,

Thou then mayst smile while all  
around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES:  
*Translated from Calidasa.*

### THE WOOD-FIRE.

THIS bright wood-fire,  
So like to that which warmed and  
lit

My youthful days, — how doth it  
fit

Back on the periods nigher!  
Re-lighting and re-warming with its  
glow

The bright scenes of my youth, — all  
gone out now.

How eagerly its flickering blaze doth  
catch

On every point now wrapped in  
time's deep shade!

Into what wild grotesqueness by its  
flash

And fitful checkering is the picture  
made!

When I am glad or gay,

Let me walk forth into the brilliant  
sun,

And with congenial rays be shone  
upon:

When I am sad, or thought-be-  
witched would be,

Let me glide forth in moonlight's  
mystery,

But never, while I live this change-  
ful life,

This past and future with all won-  
ders rife,

Never, bright flame, may be denied  
to me

Thy dear, life-imagining, close sympa-  
thy.

What but my hopes shot upwards  
e'er so bright?

What but my fortunes sank so low  
in night?

Why art thou banished from our  
hearth and hall,

Thou who art welcomed and beloved  
by all?

Was thy existence then too fanciful  
For our life's common light, who are

so dull?

Did thy bright gleam mysterious  
converse hold

With our congenial souls? secrets  
too bold?

Well, we are safe and strong; for now  
we sit

Beside a hearth where no dim sha-  
dows flit;

Where nothing cheers nor saddens,  
but a fire

Warms feet and hands, nor does to  
more aspire;

By whose compact, utilitarian heap,  
The present may sit down and go to

sleep,  
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim  
past walked,

And with us by the unequal light of  
the old wood-fire talked.

E. S. H.

## GIVE ME THE OLD.

## I.

OLD wine to drink!  
 Ay, give the slippery juice  
 That drippeth from the grape thrown  
     loose  
 Within the tun;  
 Plucked from beneath the cliff  
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
 And ripened 'neath the blink  
     Of India's sun!  
 Peat whiskey hot,  
 Tempered with well-boiled water!  
 These make the long night shorter,  
     Forgetting not  
 Good stout old English porter.

## II.

Old wood to burn!—  
 Ay, bring the hillside beech  
 From where the owlets meet and  
     screech,  
 And ravens croak;  
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;  
 Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
     Dug 'neath the fern;  
 The knotted oak,  
 A fagot too, perhaps,  
 Whose bright flame, dancing, wink-  
     ing,  
 Shall light us at our drinking;  
 While the oozing sap  
 Shall make sweet music to our think-  
     ing.

## III.

Old books to read!  
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,  
     Time-honored tomes!  
 The same my sire scanned before,  
 The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,  
 The same his sire from college bore,  
     The well-earned meed  
 Of Oxford's domes:  
 Old *Homer* blind,  
 Old *Horace*, rake *Anacreon*, by  
 Old *Tully*, *Plautus*, *Terence* lie;  
 Mort *Arthur's* olden minstrelsie,  
 Quaint *Burton*, quainter *Spenser*, ay!  
 And *Gervase Markham's* venerie—  
     Nor leave behind  
 The Holy Book by which we live  
     and die.

## IV.

Old friends to talk!  
 Ay, bring those chosen few,  
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
     So rarely found;  
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
 Him for my easel, distich, bud  
     In mountain walk!  
 Bring *Walter* good:  
 With soulful *Fred*; and learned *Will*,  
 And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still  
     For every mood).

R. H. MESSINGER.

## TO A CHILD.

I WOULD that thou might always be  
 As innocent as now,  
 That time might ever leave as free  
 Thy yet unwritten brow.  
 I would life were all poetry  
 To gentle measure set,  
 That nought but chastened melody  
 Might stain thine eye of jet,  
 Nor one discordant note be spoken,  
 Till God the cunning harp had broken.  
 I fear thy gentle loveliness,  
 Thy witching tone and air,  
 Thine eye's beseeching earnestness  
 May be to thee a snare.  
 The silver stars may purely shine,  
 The waters taintless flow;  
 But they who kneel at woman's  
     shrine  
 Breathe on it as they bow.  
     N. P. WILLIS.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
 When the night is beginning to  
     lower,  
 Comes a pause in the day's occupa-  
     tions  
 That is known as the children's  
     hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
 The patter of little feet,  
 The sound of a door that is opened,  
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-  
     light;  
 Descending the broad hall-stair,



Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning  
together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall:  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my  
chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me:  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses;  
Their arms about me intwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti!  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeons  
In the Round Tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, —  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away.

LONGFELLOW.

### WOMAN.

THERE in the fane a beauteous  
creature stands,  
The first best work of the Creator's  
hands,  
Whose slender limbs inadequately  
bear  
A full-orbed bosom and a weight of  
care;  
Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips  
like cherries, show,  
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as  
they glow.

JOHN WILSON:

*Translated from Calidasa.*

### TO SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand  
Circum-crost by thy pure hand;  
But when that is gone, again  
I, as others, am profane.

HERRICK.

### THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

#### I.

Lo, when the Lord made north and  
south,  
And sun and moon ordained, he,  
Forth bringing each by word of  
mouth  
In order of its dignity,  
Did man from the crude clay express  
By sequence, and, all else decreed,  
He formed the woman; nor might  
less  
Than Sabbath such a work suc-  
ceed.

#### II.

And still with favor singled out,  
Marred less than man by mortal  
fall,  
Her disposition is devout,  
Her countenance angelical.  
No faithless thought her instinct  
shrouds,  
But fancy checkers settled sense,  
Like alteration of the clouds  
On noonday's azure permanence.  
Pure courtesy, composure, ease,  
Declare affections nobly fixed,  
And impulse sprung from due de-  
grees  
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.  
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,  
The cestus clasping Venus' side,  
Is potent to deject the face  
Of him who would affront its pride.  
Wrong dares not in her presence  
speak,  
Nor spotted thought its taint dis-  
close  
Under the protest of a cheek  
Outragging Nature's boast, the  
rose.  
In mind and manners how discreet!  
How artless in her very art!  
How candid in discourse! how sweet  
The concord of her lips and heart!

How (not to call true instinct's bent  
And woman's very nature harm),  
How amiable and innocent  
Her pleasure in her power to  
charm!

How humbly careful to attract,  
Though crowned with all the soul  
desires,

Connubial aptitude exact,  
Diversity that never tires!  
COVENTRY PATMORE.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry  
skies;

And all that's best of dark and  
bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the  
less,  
Had half impaired the nameless  
grace

Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express

How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that  
brow,

So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that  
glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

BYRON.

### ANATHEMATA.

"O maiden! come into port bravely, or  
sail with God the seas."

WITH joys unknown, with sadness  
unconfessed,

The generous heart accepts the pass-  
ing year,

Finds duties dear, and labor sweet as  
rest,

And for itself knows neither care  
nor fear.

Fresh as the morning, earnest as the  
hour

That calls the noisy world to grate-  
ful sleep,

Our silent thought reveres the name-  
less power

That high seclusion round thy life  
doth keep:

So feigned the poets, did Diana love  
To smile upon her darlings while  
they slept;

Serene, untouched, and walking far  
above

The narrow ways wherein the many  
crept,

Along her lonely path of luminous air  
She glided, of her brightness un-  
aware.

Yet if they said she heeded not the  
hymn

Of shepherds gazing heavenward  
from the moor;

Or homeward sailors, when the wa-  
ters dim

Flashed with long splendors, widen-  
ing toward the shore;

Nor wondering eyes of children cared  
to see;

Or glowing face of happy lover, up-  
turned,

As late he wended from the trysting-  
tree,

Lit by the kindly lamp in heaven  
that burned;

And heard unmoved the prayer of  
wakeful pain,

Or consecrated maiden's holy vow,—  
Believe them not: they sing the  
song in vain;

For so it never was, and is not now.  
Her heart was gentle as her face was  
fair,

With grace and love and pity dwell-  
ing there.

F. B. SANBORN.

### HONORIA.

I WATCHED her face, suspecting  
germs

Of love: her farewell showed me  
plain

She loved, on the majestic terms  
That she should not be loved again.

She was all mildness; yet 'twas writ  
Upon her beauty legibly,

"He that's for heaven itself unfit,  
Let him not hope to merit me."

. . . . .

And though her charms are a strong  
law

Compelling all men to admire,  
They are so clad with lovely awe,  
None but the noble dares desire.

He who would seek to make her his,  
Will comprehend that souls of  
grace

Own sweet repulsion, and that 'tis  
The quality of their embrace

To be like the majestic reach  
Of coupled suns, that, from afar,  
Mingle their mutual spheres, while  
each

Circles the twin obsequious star:

And in the warmth of hand to hand,  
Of heart to heart, he'll vow to note  
And reverently understand  
How the two spirits shine remote;

And ne'er to numb fine honor's nerve,  
Nor let sweet awe in passion melt,  
Nor fail by courtesies to observe  
The space which makes attraction  
felt;

Nor cease to guard like life the sense  
Which tells him that the embrace  
of love  
Is o'er a gulf of difference  
Love cannot sound, nor death re-  
move.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

### DUCHESSE BLANCHE.

It happed that I came on a day  
Into a place, there that I say,  
Truly the fairest company  
Of ladies that ever man with eye  
Had seen together in one place, —  
Shall I clepe it hap or grace?  
Among these ladies thus each one  
Sooth to say I saw one  
That was like none of the rout,  
For I dare swear without doubt,  
That as the summer's Sunne bright  
Is fairer, clearer, and hath more light

Than any other planet in Heaven,  
The moone, or the starres seven,  
For all the world, so had she  
Surmounten them all of beauty,  
Of manner, and of comeliness,  
Of stature, and of well set gladnesse,  
Of goodly heed, and so well besey,<sup>1</sup> —  
Shortly what shall I more say,  
By God, and by his holowes<sup>2</sup> twelve,  
It was my sweet, right all herselfe.  
She had so stedfast countenance  
In noble port and maintenance,  
And Love that well harde my bone<sup>3</sup>  
Had espied me thus soone,  
That she full soone in my thought  
As, help me God, so was I caught  
So suddenly that I ne took  
No manner counsel but at her look,  
And at my heart for why her eyen  
So gladly I trow mine heart, seyen  
That purely then mine own thought  
Said, 'Twere better to serve her for  
nought

Than with another to be well.

I saw her dance so comely,  
Carol and sing so swetely,  
Laugh and play so womanly,  
And look so debonairly,  
So goodly speak, and so friendly,  
That certes I trow that evermore  
N'as seen so blissful a treasure,  
For every hair on her head,  
Sooth to say, it was not red,  
Nor neither yellow nor brown it n'as,  
Methought most like gold it was,  
And such eyen my lady had,  
Debonnaire, good, glad, and sad,  
Simple, of good mokel,<sup>4</sup> not too wide,  
Thereto her look was not aside,  
Nor overwhart, but beset so well  
It drew and took up every dell.  
All that on her 'gan behold  
Her eyen seemed anon she would  
Have mercy, — folly wenden<sup>5</sup> so,  
But it was never the rather do.  
It was no counterfeited thing  
It was her own pure looking  
That the goddess Dame Nature  
Had made them open by measure  
And close; for, were she never so  
glad

Her looking was not foolish sprad<sup>6</sup>  
Nor wildly, though that she played;  
But ever methought her eyen said

<sup>1</sup> Beseen, appearing.

<sup>2</sup> Saints.

<sup>3</sup> Boon, petition.

<sup>4</sup> Quantity.

<sup>5</sup> Thought.

<sup>6</sup> Spread.

By God my wrath is all forgive.  
 Therewith her list so well to live,  
 That dulness was of her adrad,  
 She n'as too sober ne too glad;  
 In all things more measure  
 Had never I trowe creature,  
 But many one with her look she hurt,  
 And that sat her full little at herte:  
 For she knew nothing of their  
 thought,

But whether she knew, or knew it not,  
 Alway she ne cared for them a stree;<sup>1</sup>  
 To get her love no near u'as he  
 That woned<sup>2</sup> at home, than he in Inde,  
 The foremost was always behinde;  
 But good folk over all other  
 She loved as man may his brother,  
 Of which love she was wonder large,  
 In skilful places that bear charge:  
 But what a visage had she thereto,  
 Alas! my heart is wonder wo  
 That I not can describen it;—  
 Me lacketh both English and wit  
 For to undo it at the full.

And eke my spirits be so dull  
 So great a thing for to devise,  
 I have not wit that can suffice  
 To comprehend her beauté,  
 But thus much I dare saine, that she  
 Was white, ruddy, fresh, and lifely  
 hued,

And every day her beauty newed.  
 And nigh her face was alderbest;<sup>3</sup>  
 For, certes, Nature had such lest  
 To make that fair, that truly she  
 Was her chief patron of beauté,  
 And chief example of all her worke  
 And moulter:<sup>4</sup> for, be it never soderke,  
 Methinks I see her evermo,  
 And yet, moreover, though all tho  
 That ever lived were now alive,  
 Not would have founde to describe  
 In all her face a wicked sign,—  
 For it was sad, simple, and benign.  
 And such a goodly sweet speech  
 Had that sweet, my life's leech,  
 So friendly, and so well y-grounded  
 Upon all reason, so well founded,  
 And so treatable to all good,  
 That I dare swear well by the rood,  
 Of eloquence was never found  
 So sweet a sounding faconde,<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor truer tongued nor scorned less,  
 Nor bét<sup>6</sup> could heal, that, by the Mass  
 I durst swear, though the Pope it sung,

There was never yet through her  
 tongue

Man or woman greatly harmed  
 As for her was all harm hid,  
 No lassie flattering in her worde,  
 That, purely, her simple record  
 Was found as true as any bond,  
 Or truth of any man's hand.

Her throat, as I have now memory,  
 Seemed as a round tower of ivory,  
 Of good greatness, and not too great,  
 And fair white she hete<sup>7</sup>  
 That was my lady's name right,  
 She was thereto fair and bright,  
 She had not her name wrong,  
 Right fair shoulders, and body long  
 She had, and armes ever lith  
 Fattish, fleshy, not great therewith,  
 Right fair hands and nailles red  
 Round breasts, and of good brede<sup>8</sup>  
 Her lippes were; a straight flat back,  
 I knew on her none other lack,  
 That all her limbs were pure snowing  
 In as far as I had knowing.

Thereto she could so well play  
 What that her list, that I dare say  
 That was like to torch bright  
 That every man may take of light  
 Enough, and it hath never the less  
 Of manner and of comeliness.  
 Right so fared my lady dear  
 For every wight of her mannere  
 Might catch enough if that he would  
 If he had eyes her to behold  
 For I dare swear well if that she  
 Had among ten thousand be,  
 She would have been at the best,  
 A chief mirror of all the feast  
 Though they had stood in a row  
 To men's eyes that could know,  
 For wherso men had played or  
 waked,

Methought the fellowship as naked  
 Without her, that I saw once  
 As a crown without stones.  
 Truly she was to mine eye  
 The solein<sup>9</sup> phoenix of Araby,  
 For there liveth never but one,  
 Nor such as she ne know I none.  
 To speak of goodness, truly she  
 Had as much debonnaire  
 As ever had Hester in the Bible,  
 And more, if more were possible;  
 And sooth to say therewithal  
 She had a wit so general,

<sup>1</sup> Straw.

<sup>2</sup> Lived.

<sup>3</sup> Best of all.

<sup>4</sup> Monster.

<sup>5</sup> Eloquence.

<sup>6</sup> Better.

<sup>7</sup> Was called.

<sup>8</sup> Breadth.

<sup>9</sup> Sole.

So well inclinèd to all good  
 That all her wit was set by the rood,  
 Without malice, upon gladness,  
 And thereto I saw never yet a less  
 Harmful than she was in doing.  
 I say not that she not had knowing  
 What harm was, or else she  
 Had known no good, so thinketh me:  
 And truly, for to speak of truth  
 But she had had, it had been ruth,  
 Therefore she had so much her dell  
 And I dare say, and swear it well  
 That Truth himself over all and all  
 Had chose his manor principal  
 In her that was his resting place;  
 Thereto she had the moste grace  
 To have stedfast perseverance  
 And easy attempre governance  
 That ever I knew or wist yet  
 So pure suffraunt was her wit.

CHAUCER.

## LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and  
 shower;  
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
 On earth was never sown;  
 This child I to myself will take;  
 She shall be mine, and I will make  
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
 Both law and impulse; and with me  
 The girl, in rock and plain,  
 In earth and heaven, in glade and  
 bower,  
 Shall feel an overseeing power  
 To kindle or restrain.

"The floating clouds their state shall  
 lend  
 To her; for her the willow bend:  
 Nor shall she fail to see,  
 Even in the motions of the storm,  
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's  
 form  
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward  
 round;  
 And beauty, born of murmuring  
 sound,  
 Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell:  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,  
 While she and I together live  
 Here in this happy dell."

WORDSWORTH.

## LOVE.

THOU art not gone, being gone,  
 where'er thou art  
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful  
 eyes, in him thy loving heart.

DONNE.

## TRUE LOVE.

I THINK not on my father,  
 And these great tears grace his re-  
 membrance more  
 Than those I shed for him. What  
 was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination  
 Carries no favor in it, but Ber-  
 tram's.

I am undone: there is no living,  
 none,

If Bertram be away. It were all  
 one,

That I should love a bright, particu-  
 lar star,

And think to wed it, he is so above  
 me:

In his bright radiance and collateral  
 light

Must I be comforted, not in his  
 sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues  
 itself.

The hind that would be mated by the  
 lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty,  
 though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and  
 draw

His archèd brows, his hawking eye,  
 his curls,

In our heart's table; heart, too capa-  
 ble

Of every line and trick of his sweet  
 favor:

But now he's gone, and my idola-  
 trous fancy

Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE QUEEN.

## I.

To heroism and holiness  
 How hard it is for man to soar,  
 But how much harder to be less  
 Than what his mistress loves him  
 for!  
 He does with ease what do he must,  
 Or lose her, and there's nought  
 debarred  
 From him who's called to meet her  
 trust,  
 And credit her desired regard.  
 Ah, wasteful woman! she that may  
 On her sweet self set her own  
 price,  
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay;  
 How has she cheapened paradise,  
 How given for nought her priceless  
 gift,  
 How spoiled the bread, and spilled  
 the wine,  
 Which, spent with due, respective  
 thrift,  
 Had made brutes men, and men  
 divine.

## II.

O queen! awake to thy renown,  
 Require what 'tis our wealth to  
 give,  
 And comprehend and wear the crown  
 Of thy despised prerogative!  
 I who in manhood's name at length  
 With glad songs come to abdicate  
 The gross regality of strength,  
 Must yet in this thy praise abate,  
 That through thine erring humble-  
 ness  
 And disregard of thy degree,  
 Mainly, has man been so much less  
 Than fits his fellowship with thee.  
 High thoughts had shaped the fool-  
 ish brow,  
 The coward had grasped the hero's  
 sword,  
 The vilest had been great, hadst  
 thou,  
 Just to thyself, been worth's re-  
 ward:  
 But lofty honors undersold  
 Seller and buyer both disgrace;  
 And favor that makes folly bold  
 Puts out the light in virtue's face.  
 COVENTRY PATMORE.

## I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray  
 That little world of thee  
 Be governed by no other sway  
 But purest monarchy:  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 And hold a synod in thy heart,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone:  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

But, if no faithless action stain  
 Thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword.  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
 As ne'er was known before;  
 I'll deck and crown thy head with  
 bays,  
 And love thee more and more.  
 MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

## TO LUCASTA.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
 That from the nunnery  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
 The first foe in the field;  
 And with a stronger faith embrace  
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
 As you too shall adore;  
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Loved I not honor more.  
 RICHARD LOVELACE.

APOLOGY FOR HAVING  
LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use  
 Of the grape's surprising juice,  
 To the first delicious cup  
 All their reason render up:

Neither do, nor care to, know,  
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,  
Sway'd by chance, nor choice or  
art,

To the first that's fair or kind,  
Make a present of their heart:  
Tis not she that first we love,  
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' evening  
made,  
Stars gave the first delight;  
Admiring in the gloomy shade  
Those little drops of light.

Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand  
Removed them from the skies,  
He gazing toward the east did stand,  
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,  
All those he 'gan despise;  
His wonder was determin'd there.  
And could no higher rise.

He neither might nor wished to  
know  
A more refulgent light;  
For that (as mine your beauties  
now),  
Employed his utmost sight.  
EDMUND WALLER.

### THE LADY'S YES.

"YES!" I answered you last night:  
"No!" this morning, sir, I say.  
Colors seen by candle-light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,  
Lamps above, and laughs below,  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
Fit for *Yes*, or fit for *No*!

Call me false; or call me free;  
Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on thy face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both:  
Time to dance is not to woo;  
Woos light makes fickle troth,  
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly as the thing is high,  
Bravely as for life and death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards;  
Point her to the starry skies;  
Guard her by your faithful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wives of yore,  
And her *Yes*, once said to you,  
*Shall* be *Yes* for evermore.  
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her my friend,  
she's not fickle; her love she  
has simply outgrown:  
One can read the whole matter,  
translating her heart by the  
light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you  
frankly? There is much that  
my heart would say;  
And you know we were children  
together, have quarrelled and  
"made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friend-  
ship, I venture to tell you the  
truth, —  
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly,  
as I might in our earlier  
youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed  
her, you stood on the self-  
same plane,  
Face to face, heart to heart, never  
dreaming your souls could be  
parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely,  
in the bloom of her life's early  
May;  
And it is not her fault, I repeat it,  
that she does not love you  
to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls  
either: they ever go up or  
go down;

And hers has been steadily soaring—but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired, grown purer and wiser each year:

The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,

Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but their vision is clearer as well:

Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked:

The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?

Have you looked upon evil unsullied? Have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on?

Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,

Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard; look back on the years that have fled:

Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover: her love like her soul, aspires;

He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth,

As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

### THE PORTRAIT.

Give place, ye ladies, and begone, Boast not yourselves at all:

For here at hand approacheth one Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks Excels the precious stone: I wish to have none other books To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes Smileth a naked boy: It would you all in heart suffice To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould Where she her shape did take; Or else I doubt if Nature could So fair a creature make.

In life she is Diana chaste, In truth Penelope; In word and eke in deed steadfast: What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far, Who could find such a wight? Her beauty twinkleth like a star Within the frosty night.

Her rosial color comes and goes With such a comely grace, More ruddier too, than in the rose Within her lovely face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,

Nor at no wanton play, Nor gazing in an open street, Nor gadding as astray.



The modest mirth that she doth use  
Is mixt with shamefastness;  
All vice she doth wholly refuse,  
And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see  
How virtue can repair  
And deck in her such honesty,  
Whom Nature made so fair!

How might I do to get a graffe  
Of this unspotted tree?  
For all the rest are plain but chaff,  
Which seem good corn to be.

HEYWOOD.

### THE TRIBUTE.

No splendor 'neath the sky's proud  
dome

But serves for her familiar wear;  
The far-fetch'd diamond finds its  
home

Flashing and smouldering in her  
hair;

For her the seas their pearls reveal;  
Art and strange lands her pomp  
supply

With purple, chrome, and cochineal,  
Ochre, and lapis lazuli;

The worm its golden woof presents;  
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or  
delves,

All doff for her their ornaments,  
Which suit her better than them-  
selves;

And all, by this their power to give  
Proving her right to take, pro-  
claim

Her beauty's clear prerogative  
To profit so by Eden's blame.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

### ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your  
light, —

You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the sun shall  
rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles  
known,

Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your  
own, —

What are you when the rose is  
blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's  
lays,

Thinking your voices understood  
By your weak accents, — what's  
your praise

When Philomel her voice shall  
raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,  
In form and beauty of her mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a  
queen,

Tell me if she was not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.  
SIR HENRY WOTTON.

### THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my  
Jeanie,

By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
And by a' the lowing stars in  
heaven,

That thou wad aye be mine!  
And I hae sworn by my God, my  
Jeanie,

And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick owre  
heaven,

That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad  
loose sic bands,  
And the heart that wad part sic luve!  
But there's nae hand can loose my  
band,

But the finger o' Him above.  
Though the wee wee cot maun be  
my bield,

And my clothing ne'er sa mean,  
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o'  
luve, —

Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for  
me

Fu' safter than the down;  
And Luve wad winnow owre us his  
kind kind wings,

An' sweetly I'd sleep an' sound.  
 Come here to me, thou lass o' my  
   luve!  
 Come here and kneel wi me!  
 The morn is fu' o' the presence o'  
   God,  
 And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the  
   beds o' new flowers,  
 The wee birds sing kindlie and hie;  
 Our gudeman leans o'er his kale  
   yard dyke,  
 And a blythe auld bodie is he.  
 The Beuk maun be ta'en when the  
   carle comes hame,  
 Wi the holy psalmodie;  
 And thou maun speak o' me to thy  
   God,  
 And I will speak o' thee.

CUNNINGHAM.

## VIRGINIA.

THIS knight a doughter hadde by  
   his wif.  
 No children had he mo in all his lif.  
 Faire was this maid in excellent  
   beautee  
 Aboven every wight that man may  
   see:  
 For nature hath with soveraine dili-  
   gence  
 Yformed hire in so gret excellence,  
 As though she wolde sayn, lo, I  
   Nature,  
 Thus can I forme and peint a crea-  
   ture,  
 Whan that me list; who can me  
   contrefete?  
 Pigmalion? not, though he ay forge  
   and bete,  
 Or grave, or peinte: for I dare wel  
   sain,  
 Apelles, Xeuxis, shulden werche  
   in vain,  
 Other to grave, or peinte, or forge,  
   or bete,  
 If they presumed me to contrefete.  
 For he that is the Former principal,  
 Hath maked me his vicaire general  
 To forme and peinten erthly crea-  
   tures  
 Right as me list, and eche thing in  
   my cure is  
 Under the mone, that may wane  
   and waxe.

And for my werk right nothing wol  
   I axe;  
 My lord and I ben ful of one accord.  
 I made her to the worship of my Lord.  
                                   CHAUCER.

## THE BRIDE.

Lo! where she comes along with  
   portly pace,  
 Like Phoebe from her chamber of  
   the east,  
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin  
   best.  
 So well it her beseems, that ye would  
   ween  
 Some angel she had been.  
 Her long, loose yellow locks, like  
   golden wire,  
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearlying  
   flowers atween,  
 Do like a golden mantle her attire;  
 And being crownèd with a garland  
   green,  
 Seem like some maiden queen.  
 Her modest eyes abashèd to behold  
 So many gazers as on her do stare,  
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;  
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too  
   bold,  
 But blush to hear her praises sung  
   so loud,  
 So far from being proud.  
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises  
   sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and  
   your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters,  
   did ye see  
 So fair a creature in your town be-  
   fore?  
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as  
   she,  
 Adorned with Beauty's grace and  
   Virtue's store?  
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires, shin-  
   ing bright,  
 Her forehead Ivory white,  
 Her cheeks like apples which the  
   sun hath rudded,  
 Her lips like cherries charming men  
   to bite.  
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream  
   uncruded,  
 Her paps like lilies budded,

Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;  
 And all her body like a palace fair,  
 Ascending up with many a stately stair  
 To Honor's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,  
 Upon her so to gaze,  
 Whilst ye forget your former lay to sing,  
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring.

SPENSER.

## THE BRIDE.

HER finger was so small the ring  
 Would not stay on which they did bring,—  
 It was too wide a peck;  
 And, to say truth,—for out it must,—  
 It looked like the great collar—just—  
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
 Like little mice stole in and out,  
 As if they feared the light;  
 But O, she dances such a way!  
 No sun upon an Easter day  
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
 No daisy makes comparison;  
 Who sees them is undone;  
 For streaks of red were mingled there,  
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,  
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,  
 Compared to that was next her chin,  
 Some bee had stung it newly;  
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
 I durst no more upon them gaze,  
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak  
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get;  
 But she so handled still the matter,  
 They came as good as ours, or better,  
 And are not spent a whit.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## VIOLA DISGUISED AND THE DUKE.

*Duke.*—Once more, Cesario,  
 Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,  
 That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Viola.*—But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.*—I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.*—Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; must she not, then, be answer'd?

*Duke.*—There is no woman's sides  
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer forfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
 And can digest as much: make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.*—Ay, but I know,—

*Duke.*—What dost thou know?

*Vio.*—Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a  
man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a  
woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.*—And what's her history?

*Vio.*—A blank, my lord. She  
never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'  
the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she  
pin'd in thought;  
And with a green and yellow melan-  
choly,

She sat like patience on a monu-  
ment,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love  
indeed?

We men may say more, swear more;  
but indeed

Our shows are more than will; for  
still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our  
love.

*Duke.*—But died thy sister of  
her love, my boy?

*Vio.*—I am all the daughters of  
my father's house,  
And all the brothers too.

SHAKESPEARE.

### OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend  
signiors,

My very noble and approved good  
masters,

That I have ta'en away this old  
man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married  
her;

The very head and front of my  
offending

Hath this extent, no more. Rude  
am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase  
of peace.

For since these arms of mine had  
seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted,  
they have used

Their dearest action in the tented  
field:

And little of this great world can I  
speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil  
and battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my  
cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by  
your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale  
deliver

Of my whole course of love; what  
drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty  
magic,

(For such proceeding I am charged  
withal,)

I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me, oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my  
life,

From year to year; the battles,  
sieges, fortunes,

That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my  
boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade  
me tell it:

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous  
chances,

Of moving accidents, by flood and  
field;

Of hairbreadth scapes in the immi-  
nent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemp-  
tion thence,

And portance in my travel's his-  
tory:

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts  
idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills  
whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was  
the process:

And of the Cannibals that each other  
eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose  
heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.  
These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would

draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste

despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a

greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which, I

observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found

good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently: I did consent;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore, — in faith, 'twas strange,  
 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wished she had not heard it;  
 yet she wished  
 That heaven had made her such a man;  
 she thank'd me;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:  
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used:  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

SHAKSPEARE.

## ATHULF AND ETHILDA.

*Athulf.* — Appeared  
 The princess with that merry child  
 Prince Guy:  
 He loves me well, and made her stop  
 and sit,  
 And sate upon her knee, and it so  
 chanced  
 That in his various chatter he denied  
 That I could hold his hand within  
 my own  
 So closely as to hide it: this being  
 tried  
 Was proved against him; he insisted  
 then  
 I could not by his royal sister's  
 hand

Do likewise. Starting at the random  
 word,  
 And dumb with trepidation, there I  
 stood  
 Some seconds as bewitched; then I  
 looked up,  
 And in her face beheld an orient  
 flush  
 Of half-bewildered pleasure: from  
 which trance  
 She with an instant ease resumed  
 herself,  
 And frankly, with a pleasant laugh,  
 held out  
 Her arrowy hand.  
 I thought it trembled as it lay in  
 mine,  
 But yet her looks were clear, direct,  
 and free,  
 And said that she felt nothing.  
*Sidroc.* — And what felt'st thou?  
*Athulf.* — A sort of swarming, curl-  
 ing, tremulous tumbling,  
 As though there were an ant-hill in  
 my bosom.  
 I said I was ashamed. — *Sidroc*, you  
 smile,  
 If at my folly, well! But if you  
 smile,  
 Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,  
 Wide is your error, and you never  
 loved.

HENRY TAYLOR.

## THE ECSTASY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,  
 A pregnant bank swelled up to  
 rest  
 The violet's declining head,  
 Sate we on one another's breast.  
 Our hands were firmly cemented  
 By a fast balin which thence did  
 spring,  
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did  
 thread  
 Our eyes upon one double string,  
 So to ingraft our hands as yet  
 Was all the means to make us one,  
 And pictures in our eyes to get  
 Was all our propagation.  
 As 'twixt two equal armies Fate  
 Suspends uncertain victory,  
 Our souls (which to advance our  
 state  
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her  
 and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate  
there,

We like sepulchral statues lay:  
All day the same our postures were,  
And we said nothing all the day.

If any, so by love refined,  
'That he soul's language understood,

And by good love were grown all  
mind,

Within convenient distance stood,  
He, (though he knew not which soul  
spoke,

Because both meant, both spoke  
the same,)

Might thence a new concoction take,  
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex,  
We said, and tell us what we love;

We see by this it was not sex,  
We see, we saw not what did  
move:

But as all several souls contain  
Mixture of things they know not  
what,

Love these mixed souls doth mix  
again,

And makes both one, each this  
and that.

A single violet transplant,  
The strength, the color, and the  
size

(All which before was poor and  
scant,)

Redoubles still and multiplies.  
When love with one another so  
Interanimates two souls,

That abler soul which thence doth  
flow

Defects of loveliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul,  
know

Of what we are composed and made:  
For the atoms of which we grow

Are soul, whom no change can  
invade.

But, O alas! so long, so far  
Our bodies why do we forbear?

They are ours, though not we.  
We are

The Intelligences, they the spheres:  
We owe them thanks, because  
they thus

Did us to us at first convey,  
Yielded their sense's force to us,

Nor are dross to us, but allay.  
On man Heaven's influence works  
not so,

But that it first imprints the Air;  
For soul into the soul may flow,  
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labors to beget  
Spirits as like souls as it can,

Because such fingers need to knit  
That subtle knot which makes us  
man:

So must pure lovers' souls descend  
To affections and to faculties,

Which sense may reach and ap-  
prehend;

Else a great Prince in prison lies.  
To our bodies turn we then, and so

Weak men on love revealed may  
look;

Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
But yet the body is the book.

And if some lover such as we  
Have heard this dialogue of one,

Let him still mark us, he shall see  
Small change when we're to  
bodies grown.

DONNE.

### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

SITTING in my window,  
Pointing my thoughts in lawn, I saw

a god,  
(I thought, but it was you,) enter  
our gates;

My blood flew out and back again,  
as fast

As I had prest it forth, and sucked  
it in,

Like breath; then was I called away  
in haste

To entertain you. Never was a  
man

Heaved from a sheepcot to a sceptre,  
raised

So high in thoughts as I: you left a  
kiss

Upon these lips, then, which I mean  
to keep

From you forever. I did hear you  
talk

Far above singing; after you were  
gone,

I grew acquainted with my heart,  
and searched

What stirred it so. Alas! I found  
it love.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:  
*Philaster.*

## MAUD.

## I.

A VOICE by the cedar-tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall!  
She is singing an air that is known  
to me,

A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call!  
Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of  
May,

Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death, for their native land.

## II.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the  
sunny sky,  
And feet like sunny gems on an  
English green;  
Maud in the light of her youth and  
her grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honor that  
cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so  
sordid and mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

## III.

Silence, beautiful voice,  
Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
A glory I shall not find.  
Still! I will hear you no more;  
For your sweetness hardly leaves me  
a choice  
But to move to the meadow, and fall  
before  
Her feet on the meadow grass, and  
adore,  
Not her, who is neither courtly nor  
kind,  
Not her, not her, but a voice.

TENNYSON.

## TO VENUS.

O DIVINE star of Heaven,  
Thou in power above the seven;  
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art  
Curer of each wounded heart,

Thou the fuel, and the flame;  
Thou in heaven, and here, the same;  
Thou the wooer, and the wooed;  
Thou the hunger, and the food;  
Thou the prayer, and the prayed;  
Thou what is or shall be said.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of selfsame color is her hair,  
Whether unfolded, or in twines:  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
Resembling Heaven by every wink;  
The Gods do fear whereas they glow,  
And I do tremble when I think

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing  
cloud

That beautifies Aurora's face,  
Or like the silver crimson shroud  
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth  
grace;

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses  
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,  
Within which bounds she balm en-  
closes

Apt to entice a deity:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower  
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glances every hour:  
From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,  
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly  
frame,

Where Nature moulds the dew of  
light

To feed perfection with the same:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
With marble white, with sapphire  
blue,

Her body every way is fed,  
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;  
The Gods are wounded in her sight;  
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,

And at her eyes his brand doth light:  
Heigho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I  
bemoan  
The absence of fair Rosaline,  
Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
Nor for her virtues so divine:  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;  
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that  
she were mine!

T. LODGE.

### SONG.

SEE the chariot at hand here of  
Love,  
Wherein my lady rideth!  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
And well the car Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty,  
And enamoured do wish so they  
might  
But enjoy such a sight;  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas,  
whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth:  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth:  
Do but mark, her forehead's smooth-  
er

Than words that soothe her.  
And from her arched brows such a  
grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good of the ele-  
ment's strife.

Have you seen a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall o' the  
snow  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of the Bea-  
ver?

Or Swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier?  
Or the Nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is  
she!

BEN JONSON.

### ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist con-  
fined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his  
crown  
His arms might do what this has done.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good and all that's  
fair:  
Give me but what this ribband  
bound,  
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.  
WALLER.

### SONNET.

How oft, when thou, my music, mu-  
sic play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose mo-  
tion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou  
gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear con-  
founds,  
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble  
leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy  
hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should  
that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee  
blushing stand!  
To be so tickled, they would change  
their state  
And situation with those dancing  
chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with  
gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more bless'd than  
living lips.  
Since saucy jacks so happy are in  
this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips  
to kiss.

SHAKSPEARE.

### GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all de-  
lights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.



Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the  
scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve;  
And she was there, my hope, my  
joy,  
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,  
The statue of the armèd knight;  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story, —  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest  
grace;  
For well she knew I could not  
choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand;  
And that for ten long years he  
wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!  
The deep, the low, the pleading  
tone  
With which I sang another's love  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest  
grace;  
And she forgave me that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely  
Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-  
woods,  
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage  
den,  
And sometimes from the darksome  
shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the  
face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than  
death  
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his  
knees;  
And how she tended him in vain,  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a  
cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay; —

His dying words, — but when I  
reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle  
hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes, long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love and virgin  
shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved: she stept aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept;  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace;

And, bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous bride.

COLERIDGE.

### THE LILY OF NITHSDALE.

SHE'S gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,

She's gane to dwell in heaven;  
Ye're ower pure, quoth the voice of God,

For dwelling out of heaven!

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?

O what'll she do in heaven? —  
She'll mix her ain thoughts with angels' sangs,

An' make them mair meet for heaven.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,

Low there thou lies;

A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,

Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, lassie,

Fu' soon I'll follow thee;

Thou left me nought to covet ahin',  
But took gudness' self wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,

I looked on thy death-cold face;  
Thou seemed a lillie new cut i' the bud,

An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,

I looked on thy death-shut eye;

An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven

Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,

Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
But gane was the holy breath of heaven

To sing the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine, lassie,

There's nought but dust now mine;

My saul's wi' thee in the cauld grave,  
An' why should I stay behin'?

CUNNINGHAM.

### THE PEASANT'S RETURN.

AND passing here through evening dew,

He hastened happy to her door,  
But found the old folk only two  
With no more footsteps on the floor  
To walk again below the skies  
Where beaten paths do fall and rise.

For she wer gone from earthly eyes  
To be a-kept in darksome sleep  
Until the good again do rise  
A joy to souls they left to weep.  
The rose were dust that bound her brow;

The moth did eat her Sunday cape;  
Her frock were out of fashion now;  
Her shoes were dried up out of shape.

WILLIAM BARNES.

### ARIADNE.

BUT I wol turne againe to Ariadne,  
That is with slepe for werinesse ytake,  
Ful sorrowfully her herté may awake.

Alas, for thee, mine herté hath pité;

Right in the dawning tho awaketh she,

And gropeth in the bed, and found right nought:

"Alas," (quoth she) "that ever I was wrought, —

I am betrayed," and her haire to rent,  
 And to the strandé barefote fast she went,  
 And cried: "Theseus, mine herté swete,  
 Where be ye, that I may not with you mete?  
 And mighte thus with beestes ben yslaine."

The hollow rockés answerede her againe,  
 No man she saw, and yet shone the Moone,  
 And hie upon a rocké she went soone,  
 And sawe his bargé sayling in the sea,

Cold woxe her herte, and righte thus said she:

"Meker then ye find I the beestes wilde."

Hath he not sinne, that he her thus begilde?

She cried, "O turne againe for routhe and sinne,

Thy bargé hath not all his meinie in,"

Her kercheffe on a pole sticked she,  
 Ascaunce he should it well ysee,  
 And him remembre that she was behind,

And turne againe, and on the stronde her find.

But all for nought, — his way he is ygone,

And down she fell a swone upon a stone,

And up she riste, and kissed in all her care

The steppés of his feete, there he hath fare,

And to her bed right thus she speketh tho:

"Thou bed," (quod she) "that hast received two,

Thou shalt answer of two, and not of one,

Where is the greater parte, away ygone?

Alas, where shall I wretched wight become?

For though so be that boté none here come,

Home to my countrey dare I not for drede.

I can my selfe in this case not yrede."

What should I tellé more her complaining,  
 It is so long, it were an heavy thing?

In her epistle, Naso telleth all,  
 But shortly to the endé tell I shall,  
 The goddes have her holpen for pité,

And, in the signe of Taurus, men may see

The stonés of her crowné shiné clere, —

I will no more speake of this matere.

CHAUCER.

## COMMON SENSE.

### SECOND THOUGHT.

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, — yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go, —  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;

And yet by Heaven, I think my love as rare

As any she belie'd with false compare.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SENTENCES

'Tis truth, (although this truth's a star

Too deep-enski'd for all to see),  
 As poets of grammar, lovers are

The well-heads of morality.

"Keep measure in love?" More  
light befall  
Thy sanctity, and make it less!  
Be sure I will not love at all  
Where I may not love with excess.

Who is the happy husband? He  
Who, scanning his unwedded life,  
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience  
free,  
'Twas faithful to his future wife.  
COVENTRY PATMORE.

## SONNET.

LET me not to the marriage of true  
minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not  
love  
Which alters when it alteration  
finds,  
Or bends with the remover to re-  
move;  
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never  
shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering  
bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although  
his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy  
lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass  
come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours  
and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of  
doom.  
If this be error, and upon me  
proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever  
loved.

SHAKSPEARE.

## THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

O'ER western tides the fair Spring  
Day  
Was smiling back as it withdrew,  
And all the harbor, glittering gay,  
Returned a blithe adieu;  
Great clouds above the hills and sea  
Kept brilliant watch, and air was  
free  
Where last lark firstborn star shall  
greet,—

When, for the crowning vernal sweet,  
Among the slopes and crags I meet  
The pilot's pretty daughter.

Round her gentle, happy face,  
Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,  
Danced with careless ocean grace  
Locks of auburn hair:  
As lightly blew the veering wind,  
They touched her cheeks, or waved  
behind,  
Unbound, unbraided, and unlooped;  
Or when to tie her shoe she stooped,  
Below her chin the half-curled  
drooped,  
And veiled the pilot's daughter.

Rising, she tossed them gayly back,  
With gesture infantine and brief,  
To fall around as soft a neck  
As the wild-rose's leaf.  
Her Sunday frock of lilac shade  
(That choicest tint) was neatly made,  
And not too long to hide from view  
The stout but noway clumsy shoe,  
And stockings' smoothly-fitting blue,  
That graced the pilot's daughter.

With look half timid and half droll,  
And then with slightly downcast  
eyes,  
And blush that outward softly stole,  
Unless it were the skies  
Whose sun-ray shifted on her cheek,  
She turned when I began to speak;  
But 'twas a brightness all her own  
That in her firm light step was  
shown,  
And the clear cadence of her tone;  
The pilot's lovely daughter.

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)  
To hand a pilot's oar and sail,  
Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh,  
Spangled with herring-scale;  
By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,  
And dawn-blow freshening the sea,  
With weary, cheery pull to shore,  
To gain my cottage home once more,  
And clasp, before I reach the door,  
My love, the pilot's daughter.

This element beside my feet  
Allures, a tepid wine of gold;  
One touch, one taste, dispels the  
cheat  
'Tis salt and nipping cold:  
A fisher's hut, the scene perforce

Of narrow thoughts and manners  
 coarse,  
 Coarse as the curtains that besee  
 With net-festoons the smoky beam,  
 Would never lodge my favorite  
 dream.  
 E'en with my pilot's daughter.

To the large riches of the earth,  
 Endowing men in their own spite,  
 The poor, by privilege of birth,  
 Stand in the closest right.  
 Yet not alone the palm grows dull  
 With clayey delve and watery pull:  
 And this for me, — or hourly pain.  
 But could I sink and call it gain?  
 Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain  
 To wed a pilot's daughter.

Like *her*, perhaps? — but ah! I said,  
 Much wiser leave such thoughts  
 alone.  
 So may thy beauty, simple maid,  
 Be mine, yet all thine own.  
 Joined in my free contented love  
 With companies of stars above;  
 Who, from their throne of airy  
 steep,  
 Do kiss these ripples as they creep  
 Across the boundless, darkening  
 deep. —  
 Low voiceful wave! hush soon to  
 sleep  
 The gentle pilot's daughter.  
 ALLINGHAM.

### SONNET.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed  
 key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-  
 locked treasure.  
 The which he will not every hour  
 survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of sel-  
 dom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and  
 so rare,  
 Since seldom coming, in the long  
 year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly  
 placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
 So is the time that keeps you, as my  
 chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe  
 doth hide,

To make some special instant special-  
 blest.  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd  
 pride.

Bless'd are you, whose worthi-  
 ness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being  
 lack'd, to hope.  
 SHAKESPEARE.

### SYMPATHY.

LATELY, alas! I knew a gentle boy,  
 Whose features all were cast in  
 Virtue's mould,  
 As one she had designed for Beauty's  
 toy,  
 But after manned him for her own  
 stronghold.

On every side he open was as day,  
 That you might see no lack of  
 strength within;  
 For walls and ports do only serve  
 away  
 For a pretence to feebleness and sin.

Say not that Caesar was victorious,  
 With toil and strife who stormed  
 the House of Fame,  
 In other sense this youth was  
 glorious,  
 Himself a kingdom whereso'er he  
 came.

No strength went out to get him  
 victory,  
 When all was income of its own  
 accord;  
 For where he went none other was  
 to see,  
 But all were parcel of their noble lord.

He forayed like the subtle haze of  
 summer,  
 That stilly shows fresh landscapes  
 to our eyes,  
 And revolutions works without a  
 murmur,  
 Or rustling of a leaf beneath the skies.

So was I taken unawares by this,  
 I quite forgot my homage to confess;  
 Yet now am forced to know, though  
 hard it is,  
 I might have loved him, had I  
 loved him less.

Each moment as we nearer drew to each,  
A stern respect withheld us further yet,  
So that we seemed beyond each other's reach,  
And less acquainted than when first we met.

We two were one while we did sympathize,  
So could we not the simplest bargain drive;  
And what avails it, now that we are wise,  
If absence doth this doubleness contrive?

Eternity may not the chance repeat;  
But I must tread my single way alone,  
In sad remembrance that we once did meet,  
And know that bliss irrevocably gone.

The spheres henceforth my elegy shall sing,  
For elegy has other subject none;  
Each strain of music in my ears shall ring  
Knell of departure from that other one.

Make haste and celebrate my tragedy;  
With fitting strain resound, ye woods and fields;  
Sorrow is dearer in such case to me  
Than all the joys other occasion yields.

Is't then too late the damage to repair?  
Distance, forsooth, from my weak grasp has reft  
The empty husk, and clutched the useless tare,  
But in my hands the wheat and kernel left.

If I but love that virtue which he is,  
Though it be scented in the morning air,  
Still shall we be truest acquaintances,  
Nor mortals know a sympathy more rare.

THOREAU.

## MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The orchard birds sang clear:  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine:  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morn;  
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round  
Of uneventful years:  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow:  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown,—  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond;  
The bird builds in the tree;  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems;  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:  
Does she remember mine?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours;  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!  
Our mossy seat is green;  
Its fringing violets blossom yet;  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and  
fern  
A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea, —  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee.

WHITTIER.

### DIVIDED.

#### I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;  
We two among them wading together,  
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,  
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our  
feet,  
Crowds of larks at their matins hang  
over,  
Thanking the Lord for a life so  
sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple  
favor,  
Gloweth the cleft with her golden  
ring,  
\*Twixt the two brown butterflies  
waver,  
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,  
And short dry grass under foot is  
brown,  
But one little streak at a distance  
lieth  
Green like a ribbon to prank the  
down.

#### II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,  
And God he knoweth how blithe  
we were!

Never a voice to bid us eschew it:  
Hey the green ribbon that showed  
so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled  
beside it,  
We parted the grasses dewy and  
sheen:

Drop over drop there filtered and  
slided  
A tiny bright beck that trickled  
between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,  
Light was our talk as of faëry  
bells;  
Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to  
us

Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand while the sun peered  
over,  
We lapped the grass on that young-  
ling spring;  
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its  
clover,  
And said, "Let us follow it west-  
ering."

#### III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,  
Circling above us the black rooks  
fly  
Forward, backward; lo their dark  
shadows  
Flit on the blossoming tapestry;

Flit on the beck; for her long grass  
parteth  
As hair from a maid's bright eyes  
blown back:  
And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth  
His flattering smile on her way-  
ward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious  
weather

Till one steps over the tiny strand,  
So narrow, in sooth, that still to-  
gether

On either brink we go hand in  
hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands  
must sever.

On either margin, our songs all done,  
We move apart, while she singeth  
ever,

Taking the course of the stooping  
sun.

He prays, "Come over," — I may  
not follow;

I cry, "Return," — but he cannot  
come:

We speak, we laugh, but with voices  
hollow;

Our hands are hanging, our hearts  
are numb.

## IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,  
A little talking of outward things:  
The careless beck is a merry dancer,  
Keeping sweet time to the air she  
sings.

A little pain when the beck grows  
wider;

"Cross to me now; for her wave-  
lets swell;"

"I may not cross," — and the voice  
beside her

Faintly reacheth, though heeded  
well.

No backward path; ah! no returning;  
No second crossing that ripple's  
flow:

"Come to me now, for the west is  
burning;

Come ere it darkens." — "Ah, no!  
ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms out-  
reaching,

The beck grows wider and swift  
and deep:

Passionate words as of one beseech-  
ing:

The loud beck drowns them: we  
walk, and weep.

## V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,  
A tired queen with her state  
oppressed,

Low by rushes and swordgrass  
stooping,

Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her  
sadness;

Her earth will weep her some  
dewy tears;

The wild beck ends her tune of  
gladness,

And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places  
On either marge of the moonlit  
flood,

With the moon's own sadness in our  
faces,

Where joy is withered, blossom  
and bud.

## VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring;  
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;  
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring;  
A cloud to the eastward snowy as  
curds.

Bare grassy slopes where kids are  
tethered,

Round valleys like nests all ferny-  
lined,

Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops  
feathered,

Swell high in their freckled robes  
behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a  
quiver,

When golden gleams to the tree-  
tops glide;

A flashing edge for the milk-white  
river,

The beck, a river — with still sleek  
tide.

Broad and white, and polished as  
silver

On she goes under fruit-laden  
trees:

Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,  
And 'plaineth of love's disloyal  
ties.



Glitters the dew, and shines the  
 river,  
 Up comes the lily and dries her  
 bell;  
 But two are walking apart forever,  
 And wave their hands for a mute  
 farewell.

## VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;  
 The river hasteth, her banks re-  
 cede.  
 Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding  
 Bear down the lily, and drown the  
 reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing  
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the  
 air),  
 And level sands for banks endowing  
 The tiny green ribbon that showed  
 so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails  
 shiver,  
 And clouds are passing, and banks  
 stretch wide,  
 How hard to follow, with lips that  
 quiver,  
 That moving speck on the far-off  
 side.

Farther, farther; I see it, know it —  
 My eyes brim over, it melts away:  
 Only my heart to my heart shall  
 show it  
 As I walk desolate day by day.

## VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting,  
 truly, —  
 A knowledge greater than grief  
 can dim, —  
 I know, as he loved, he will love me  
 duly, —  
 Yea better, e'en better than I  
 love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm  
 river,  
 The awful river so dread to see,  
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth  
 forever  
 Are bridged by his thoughts that  
 cross to me."

JEAN INGELow.

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay  
 With canvas drooping, side by side,  
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
 Are scarce, long leagues apart,  
 descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the  
 breeze,  
 And all the darkling hours they  
 plied,  
 Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal  
 Of those whom, year by year un-  
 changed,  
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
 Astounded, soul from soul es-  
 tranged?

At dead of night their sails were  
 filled,  
 And onward each rejoicing steered:  
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
 Or wist, what first with dawn ap-  
 peared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward  
 strain,  
 Brave barks! In light, in dark-  
 ness too,  
 Through winds and tides one com-  
 pass guides, —  
 To that, and your own selves, be  
 true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,  
 Though ne'er, that earliest part-  
 ing past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they  
 sought,  
 One purpose hold where'er they  
 fare, —

O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
 At last, at last, unite them there!  
 CLOUGH.

## SUNDERED.

I CHALLENGE not the oracle  
 That drove you from my board:  
 I bow before the dark decree  
 That scatters as I board.

You vanished like the sailing ship  
That rides far out at sea.  
I murmur as your farewell dies  
And your form floats from me;

Ah! ties are sundered in this hour:  
No tide of fortune rare  
Shall bring the heart I owned before,  
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,  
And leave their precious prize,  
Returning home they bear for  
freight  
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! When you come back to me,  
And come not as of yore,  
But with your alien wealth and peace,  
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,  
O you whom I adored!  
Love hath no ties, but Destiny  
Shall cut them with a sword.  
SIDNEY H. MORSE.

### LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blowing roses summer  
dews,  
Or morning's amber to the tree-top  
choirs,  
So to my bosom are the beams that  
use  
To rain on me from eyes that love  
inspires.  
Your love, — vouchsafe it, royal-  
hearted Few,  
And I will set no common price  
thereon,  
O, I will keep, as heaven his holy  
blue,  
Or night her diamonds, that dear  
treasure won.  
But aught of inward faith must I  
forego,  
Or miss one drop from truth's bap-  
tismal hand,  
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper  
prayers, and grow  
Less worthy trust, to meet your  
heart's demand, —  
Farewell! Your wish I for your sake  
deny:  
Rebel to love in truth to love am I.  
D. A. WASSON.

### INBORN ROYALTY.

O THOU goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself  
thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They  
are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the vio-  
let,  
Not wagging his sweet head: and  
yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the  
rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the  
mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale.  
'Tis wonderful  
That an invisible instinct should  
frame them  
To royalty unlearned; honor un-  
taught;  
Civility not seen from other; valor,  
That wildly grows in them, but  
yields a crop  
As if it had been sowed!  
SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline*.

### GENTILITY.

BUT for ye spoken of such gentil-  
lesse,  
As is descended out of old richesse,  
That therefore shullen ye be gentil-  
men, —  
Such arrogance n'is not worth an hen.  
Look who that is most virtuous  
always,  
Prive and apart, and most entendeth  
aye  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the greatest gentil-  
man.  
Christ wol we claime of him our  
gentillesse,  
Not of our elders for their old rich-  
esse:  
For though they gave us all their  
heritage,  
For which we claim to be of high  
parage,  
Yet may they not bequethen, for  
no thing,  
To none of us, their virtuous living,  
That made them gentlemen callèd to  
be,  
And bade us follow them in such  
degree.

"Wel can the wise poet of Florence,  
That highté Dant, speken of this sentence:  
Lo, in such maner rime is Dante's tale.

Ful selde upriseth by his branches smale  
Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse  
Will that we claime of him our gentillesse:

For of our elders may we nothing claime

But temporal thing, that man may hurt and maime.

"Eke every wight wot this as wel as I,

If gentillesse were planted naturally

Unto a certain linage down the line,  
Prive and apart, then wol they never fine

To don of gentillesse the faire office,

They mighten do no vilanie or vice.

"Take fire and beare it into the derkest hous

Betwixt this and the mount of Caucasus,

And let men shut the dorés, and go thenne,

Yet wol the fire as faire lie and brenne

As twenty thousand men might it behold;

His office naturel ay wol it hold,

Up peril of my lif, til that it die.

"Here may ye see wel, how that genterie

Is not annexed to possession,

Sith folk ne don their operation

Alway, as doth the fire, lo, in his kind,

For God it wot, men may full often find

A lordé's son do shame and vilanie.

And he that wol have prize of his genterie,

For he was boren of a gentil house,  
And had his elders noble and virtuous,

And n'ill himselfen do no gentil dedes,

Ne folwe his gentil auncestrie, that dead is,

He n'is not gentil, be he duke or erl;

For villains' sinful dedés make a churl.

For gentillesse n'is but the renomee  
Of thine auncestres, for their high bountée,

Which is a strange thing to thy persone:

Thy gentillesse cometh fro God alone.

Than cometh our very gentillesse of grace,

It was no thing bequethed us with our place.

CHAUCER.

## BEAUTY.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,

So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;

For of the soul the body form doth take;

For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold

A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,

Know this for certain, that the same doth hold

A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,

Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed;

For all that fair is, is by nature good;

That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind

Dwells in deformed tabernacle drowned,

Either by chance, against the course of kind,

Or through unaptnesse in the substance found,

Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,

That will not yield unto her form's direction,

But is perform'd with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls (aye me, the more to  
rue!)  
That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly  
born,  
Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue,  
Which doth the world with her de-  
light adorn,  
Made but the bait of sin, and sin-  
ners' scorn,  
Whilst every one doth seek and sue  
to have it,  
But every one doth seek but to de-  
prave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauty's  
blame,  
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:  
Nothing so good, but that through  
guilty shame  
May be corrupt, and wrested unto  
will:  
Nathelesse the soule is fair and  
beauteous still,  
However fleshe's fault it filthy make;  
For things immortal no corruption  
take.

SPENSER.

### UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome  
way,  
From her unhasty beast she did  
alight;  
And on the grass her dainty limbs  
did lay,  
In secret shadow far from all men's  
sight;  
From her fair head her fillet she un-  
dight,  
And laid her stole aside; her angel's  
face  
As the great eye of heaven shined  
bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady  
place;  
Did never mortal eye behold such  
heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
Hunting full greedy after savage  
blood.  
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran gree-  
dily,

To have at once devoured her tender  
corse;  
But to the prey when as he drew  
more nigh,  
His bloody rage assuagèd with re-  
morse,  
And with the sight amazed, forgot  
his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary  
feet,  
And licked her lily hands with fawn-  
ing tongue,  
As he her wrongèd innocence did  
weet.  
Oh! how can beauty master the  
most wrong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging  
strong!  
Whose yielded pride and proud sub-  
mission,  
Still dreading death, when she had  
marked long,  
Her heart 'gan melt in great com-  
passion,  
And drizzling tears did shed for pure  
affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in  
field,"  
Quoth she, "his princely puissance  
doth abate,  
And mighty proud to humble weak  
does yield  
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which  
late  
Him pricked, in pity of my sad es-  
tate:—  
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
How does he find in cruel heart to  
hate  
Her that him loved, and ever most  
adored  
As the god of my life? Why hath  
he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end  
of her plaint,  
Which softly echoed from the neigh-  
bor wood;  
And sad to see her sorrowful con-  
straint  
The kingly beast upon her gazing  
stood;  
With pity calmed, down fell his an-  
gry mood.  
At last, in close heart shutting up  
her pain,

Arose the virgin, born of heavenly  
brood,  
And to her snowy palfrey got again  
To seek her strayed champion if she  
might attain.

The lion would not leave her deso-  
late,  
But with her went along, as a strong  
guard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithful  
mate.  
Still, when she slept, he kept both  
watch and ward;  
And, when she waked, he waited  
diligent,  
With humble service to her will pre-  
pared:  
From her fair eyes he took com-  
mandment  
And ever by her looks conceived her  
intent.

SPENSER.

#### WHEN I DO COUNT THE CLOCK.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells  
the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hide-  
ous night;  
When I behold the violet past  
prime,  
And sable curls all silvered o'er with  
white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of  
leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the  
herd,  
And summer's green, all girded up  
in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and  
bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question  
make,  
That thou among the wastes of time  
must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do them-  
selves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others  
grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe  
can make defence,  
Save breed, to brave him when he  
takes thee hence.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### SONNET.

To me, fair friend, you never can be  
old,  
For as you were, when first your eye  
I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three  
winters cold  
Have from the forest shook three  
summers' pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow  
autumn turned,  
In process of the seasons have I  
seen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot  
Junes burned,  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet  
are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-  
hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace  
perceived;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks  
still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be  
deceived.  
For fear of which, hear this, thou  
age unbred,  
Ere you were born, was beauty's  
summer dead.

SHAKESPEARE.

TRUTH needs no color with his color  
fixed,  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to  
lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### HYMN TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, as some have told,  
Love I shall when I am old,  
O ye Graces! make me fit  
For the welcoming of it.  
Clean my rooms as temples be,  
To entertain that deity;  
Give me words wherewith to woo,  
Suppling and successful too;  
Winning postures, and withal,  
Manners each way musical;  
Sweetnesse to allay my sour  
And unsmooth behavior:  
For I know you have the skill  
Vines to prune, though not to kill;  
And of any wood ye see,  
You can make a Mercury.

HERRICK.

## SONG.

How near to good is what is fair,  
Which we no sooner see,  
But with the lines and outward air  
Our senses taken be.  
We wish to see it still, and prove  
What ways we may deserve;  
We court, we praise, we more than  
love,  
We are not grieved to serve.  
BEN JONSON.

## MY CHARMER.

SWEETNESS, truth, and every grace  
Which time and use are wont to  
teach,  
The eye may in a moment reach  
And read distinctly in her face.  
Some other nymphs with colors faint  
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,  
And a weak heart in time destroy;  
She has a stamp, and prints the boy.  
WALLER.

## THE POETRY OF DRESS.

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:—  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction,—

An erring lace, which here and there  
Inthralls the crimson stomacher,—  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly,—  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat,—  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility,—  
Do more bewitch me, than when art  
Is too precise in every part.  
HERRICK.

## FREEDOM IN DRESS.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powdered, still per-  
fumed,—  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not  
found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.  
Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my  
heart.

BEN JONSON.



•

### III.

## INTELLECTUAL.

MEMORY. — INSPIRATION. — IMAGINATION.  
FANCY. — MUSIC. — ART. — MOODS.

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“*Quotque aderant vates, rebar adesse Deos.*” — OVID.

“By pain of heart, now checked, and now impelled,  
The intellectual power from words to things  
Went sounding on, — a dim and perilous way.” — WORDSWORTH.





# INTELLECTUAL.

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## THOUGHT.

O MESSENGER, art thou the king,  
or I?

Thou dalliest outside the palace gate  
Till on thine idle armor lie the late  
And heavy dews: the morn's bright,  
scornful eye

Reminds thee; then, in subtle  
mockery,

Thou smilest at the window where I  
wait,

Who bade thee ride for life. In  
empty state

My days go on, while false hours  
prophecy

Thy quick return; at last, in sad  
despair,

I cease to bid thee, leave thee free  
as air;

When lo, thou stand'st before me  
glad and fleet,

And lay'st undreamed-of treasures  
at my feet.

Ah! messenger, thy royal blood to  
buy,

I am too poor. Thou art the king,  
not I.

H. H.

## QUESTIONINGS.

HATH this world, without me  
wrought,

Other substance than my thought?

Lives it by my sense alone,

Or by essence of its own,

Will its life, with mine begun,

Cease to be when that is done,

Or another consciousness

With the selfsame forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,

Hang by my permission there?

Are the clouds that wander by  
But the offspring of mine eye,  
Born with every glance I cast,  
Perishing when that is past?  
And those thousand, thousand eyes,  
Scattered through the twinkling  
skies,

Do they draw their life from mine,  
Or, of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,  
And creation disappears;

Yet if I but speak the word,  
All creation is restored.

Or—more wonderful—within,  
New creations do begin;

Hues more bright and forms more  
rare,

Than reality doth wear,  
Flash across my inward sense,  
Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!

Shall these glories pass away?

Will those planets cease to blaze

When these eyes no longer gaze?

And the life of things be o'er,

When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and  
lives,—

Life to all things living gives,—

Art thou not thyself, perchance,

But the universe in trance?

A reflection inly flung

By that world thou fanciedst sprung

From thyself,—thyself a dream,—

Of the world's thinking thou the  
theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth

From a source above the earth,—

Be thou matter, be thou mind,

In thee alone myself I find,

And through thee alone, for me,

Hath this world reality.  
 Therefore, in thee will I live,  
 To thee all myself will give,  
 Losing still, that I may find  
 This bounded self in boundless mind.

F. H. HEDGE.

### MEMORY.

IN sweet dreams softer than un-  
 broken rest  
 Thou ledest by the hand thine  
 infant Hope.  
 The eddying of her garments caught  
 from thee  
 The light of thy great presence; and  
 the cope  
 Of the half-attained futurity,  
 Though deep not fathomless,  
 Was cloven with the million stars  
 which tremble  
 O'er the deep mind of dauntless  
 infancy.

Sure she was nigher to heaven's  
 spheres,  
 Listening the lordly music flowing  
 from  
 The illimitable years.

TENNYSON.

### MEMORY.

TO —

I HEAR thy solemn anthem fall,  
 Of richest song, upon my ear,  
 That clothes thee in thy golden pall,  
 As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Away — 'tis Autumn in the land,  
 Though Summer decks the green  
 pine's bough,  
 Its spires are plucked by thy white  
 hand, —

I see thee standing by me now.

I dress thee in the withered leaves,  
 Like forests when their day is  
 done,  
 I bear thee as the wain its sheaves,  
 Which crisply rustle in the sun.

A thousand flowers enchant the gale  
 With perfume sweet as love's first  
 kiss,

And odors in the landscape sail,  
 And charm the sense with sudden  
 bliss.

But Fate, who metes a different way  
 To me, since I was falsely sold,  
 Hath gray-haired turned the sunny  
 day,  
 Bent its high form, and made it old.

Come Time, come Death, and blot  
 my doom  
 With feller woes, if they be thine;  
 Clang back thy gates, sepulchral  
 tomb,  
 And match thy barrenness with  
 mine.

O moaning wind along the shore,  
 How faint thy sobbing accents  
 come!  
 Strike on my heart with maddest roar,  
 Thou meet'st no discord in this  
 home.

Sear, blistering sun, these temple  
 veins;  
 Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes;  
 And drench me through, ye winter  
 rains, —  
 Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark deep orbs are meeting  
 mine,  
 That white hand presses on my  
 brow,  
 That soft, sweet smile I know, 'tis  
 thine, —  
 I see thee standing by me now.

CHANNING.

### FORESIGHT.

No man is the lord of any thing  
 Till he communicate his parts to  
 others,  
 Nor doth he of himself know them  
 for aught  
 Till he behold them formed in the  
 applause  
 Where they are extended, which,  
 like an arch, reverberates  
 The voice again; or like a gate of steel,  
 Fronting the sun, receives and ren-  
 ders back  
 His figure and his heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ODE TO HIMSELF.

WHERE dost thou careless lie  
 Buried in ease and sloth?  
 Knowledge that sleeps, doth die:  
 And this security,  
 It is the common moth  
 That eats on wits and arts, and so  
 destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs  
 Dried up? lies Thespia waste?  
 Doth Clarius' harp want strings?  
 That not a nymph now sings?  
 Or droop they as disgraced  
 To see their seats and bowers by  
 chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,  
 As 'tis too just a cause, —  
 Let this thought quicken thee;  
 Minds that are great and free  
 Should not on fortune pause;  
 'Tis crown enough to virtue still,  
 her own applause.

BEN JONSON.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR  
VERSE.

'Tis not every day that I  
 Fitted am to prophesy;  
 No, but when the spirit fills  
 The fantastic pannicles,  
 Full of fire, then I write  
 As the Godhead doth indite.  
 Thus enraged, my lines are hurled,  
 Like the Sibyl's through the world:  
 Look how next the holy fire  
 Either slakes, or doth retire;  
 So the fancy cools, till when  
 That brave spirit comes agen.

HERRICK.

## THE PRAISE OF HOMER.

O! 'TIS wondrous much  
 Though nothing prosed, that the right  
 virtuous touch  
 Of a well written soul to virtue  
 moves.  
 Nor have we souls to purpose, if  
 their loves

Of fitting objects be not so in-  
 flamed.

How much, then, were this king-  
 dom's main soul maimed

To want this great inflamer of all  
 powers

That move in human souls! All  
 realms but yours

Are honored with them, and hold  
 blest that State

That have his works to read and  
 contemplate,

In which humanity to her height is  
 raised;

Which all the world, yet none enough  
 hath praised.

Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in  
 verse comprise,

Outsuing the Muses, and did equal-  
 ize

Their King Apollo; being so far  
 from cause

Of princes' light thoughts, that their  
 gravest laws

May find stuff to be fashioned by his  
 lines.

Through all the pomp of kingdoms  
 still he shines,

And graceth all his gracera. Then  
 let lie

Your lutes and viols, and more  
 loftily

Make the heroics of your Homer  
 sung;

To drums and trumpets set his angel  
 tongue;

And, with the princely sport of  
 hawks you use,

Behold the kingly flight of his high  
 muse,

And see how, like the Phoenix, she  
 renews

Her age and starry feathers in your  
 sun,

Thousands of years attending; every  
 one

Blowing the holy fire, throwing in  
 Their seasons, kingdoms, nations,

that have been  
 Subverted in them; laws, religions,

all  
 Offered to change, and greedy

funeral,  
 Yet still your Homer lasting, living,

reigning,  
 And proves how firm Truth builds

in poets feigning.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

## SONNET.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP-  
MAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms  
of gold,  
And many goodly states and king-  
doms seen;  
Round many western islands have I  
been,  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been  
told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as  
his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud  
and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the  
skies  
When a new planet swims into his  
ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle  
eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, — and all  
his men  
Looked at each other with a wild  
surmise —  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

## SOCRATES.

NIGHT is fair Virtue's immemorial  
friend.  
The conscious moon through every  
distant age  
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let  
fall  
On Contemplation's eye her purging  
ray.  
The famed Athenian, he who wooed  
from heaven  
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with  
men,  
And form their manners, not inflame  
their pride;  
While o'er his head, as fearful to  
molest  
His laboring mind, the stars in si-  
lence slide,  
And seem all gazing on their future  
guest,  
See him soliciting his ardent suit,  
In private audience; all the livelong  
night

Rigid in thought and motionless he  
stands,  
Nor quits his theme or posture, till  
the sun  
Disturbs his nobler intellectual  
beam,  
And gives him to the tumult of the  
world.

YOUNG.

## MORNING.

SLEEP is like death, and after sleep,  
The world seems new begun,  
Its earnestness all clear and deep,  
Its true solution won:  
White thoughts stand luminous and  
firm,  
Like statues in the sun.  
Refreshed from supersensuous  
founts,  
The soul to purer vision mounts.

ALLINGHAM.

## INSPIRATION.

IF with light head erect I sing,  
Though all the Muses lend their force,  
From my poor love of any thing,  
The verse is weak and shallow as its  
source.

But if with bended neck I grope,  
Listening behind me for my wit,  
With faith superior to hope,  
More anxious to keep back than  
forward it;

Making my soul accomplice there  
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,  
Then will the verse forever wear, —  
Time cannot bend the line which  
God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,  
And sight, who had but eyes before;  
I moments live, who lived but years,  
And truth discern, who knew but  
learning's lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only now my prime of life,  
Of manhood's strength it is the  
flower,  
'Tis peace's end, and war's begin-  
ning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,  
By a gray wall, or some chance place,  
Unseasoning time, insulting June,  
And vexing day with its presuming  
face.

I will not doubt the love untold  
Which not my worth nor want hath  
bought,  
Which wooed me young, and wooed  
me old,  
And to this evening hath me  
brought.

THOREAU.

## THE POET.

THOU hast learned the woes of all  
the world  
From thine own longings and lone  
tears,  
And now thy broad sails are unfurled  
And all men hail thee with loud  
cheers.

The flowing sunlight is thy home,  
The billows of the sea are thine,  
To all the nations shalt thou roam,  
Through every heart thy love shall  
shine.

The subtlest thought that finds its  
goal  
Far, far beyond the horizon's verge,—  
Oh! shoot it forth on arrows bold  
The thoughts of men on, on, to urge.

Toil not to free the slave from  
chains,  
Think not to give the laborer rest, —  
Unless rich beauty fill the plains  
The free man wanders still unblest.

All men can dig and hew rude stone,  
But thou must carve the frieze above,  
And columned high through thee  
alone  
Shall rise our frescoed homes of love.

C. S. T.

## INSPIRATION.

THE Muse, nae poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,  
Adown some trotting burn's me-  
ander,

And no think lang;  
O sweet to stray and pensive ponder  
A heartfelt sang!

BURNS.

## THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and  
clean  
Are thy returns! even as the flowers  
in spring;

To which, besides their own de-  
mean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of  
pleasure bring.

Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my  
shrivelled heart  
Could have recovered greenness?  
It was gone

Quite underground; as flowers de-  
part

To see their mother root, when they  
have blown;

Where they together  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house un-  
known.

And now in age I bud again,  
After so many deaths I live and  
write;

I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing: O my only light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he

On whom thy tempests fell all night.

HERBERT.

## WRITING VERSES.

JUST now I've ta'en a fit of rhyme,  
My barmy noddle's working prime,  
My fancy yerkit up sublime

Wi' hasty summons:  
Hae ye a leisure moment's time  
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;  
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for  
needfu' cash;  
Some rhyme to court the countra  
clash,

An' raise a din;  
For me, an aim I never fash!  
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,  
Has fated me the russet coat,  
An' damned my fortune to the groat;  
But in requit,  
Has blessed me wi' a random shot  
O' countra wit.

BURNS.

## THE MUSE.

THE Muse doth tell me where to bor-  
row

Comfort in the midst of sorrow;  
Makes the desolatest place  
To her presence be a grace;  
And the blackest discontents  
Be her fairest ornaments.  
In my former days of bliss,  
Her divine skill taught me this,  
That, from every thing I saw,  
I could some invention draw;  
And raise pleasure to her height,  
Through the meanest object's sight.

By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustling,  
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,  
Shut, when Titan goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush, or tree,  
She could more infuse in me,  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.

By her help, I also now  
Make this churlish place allow  
Some things that may sweeten glad-  
ness,

In the very gall of sadness.  
The dull loneliness, the black shade,  
That these hanging vaults have  
made;

The strange music of the waves  
Beating on these hollow caves;  
This black den which rocks emboss  
Overgrown with eldest moss;  
The rude portals which give light  
More to terror than delight  
This my chamber of Neglect,  
Walled about with Disrespect;  
From all these, and this dull air,  
A fit object for despair,  
She hath taught me by her might  
To draw comfort and delight.  
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,  
I will cherish thee for this;

Poesy, thou sweet'st content,  
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,  
Though they as a trifle leave thee,  
Whose dull thoughts cannot con-  
ceive thee,  
Though thou be to them a scorn  
Who to nought but earth are born;  
Let my life no longer be  
Than I am in love with thee.

GEORGE WITHER.

## THE POET.

AND also, beau sire, of other things,  
That is, thou hasté no tidings  
Of Love's folk, if they be glade,  
Ne of nothing else that God made,  
And not only fro far countree,  
That no tidings come to thee,  
Not of thy very neighbors,  
That dwellen almost at thy dores,  
Thou hearest neither that ne this,  
For when thy labor all done is,  
And hast made all thy reckonings  
Instead of rest and of new things,  
Thou goest home to thine house  
anone,

And also dumbé as a stone,  
Thou sittest at another booke,  
Till fully dazed is thy looke,  
And livest thus as an hermite.

CHAUCER.

## PRAYER TO APOLLO.

GOD of science and of light,  
Apollo through thy greate night,  
This littell last booke now thou gie,\*  
Now that I will for maistrie,  
Here art potencial be shewde,  
But for the rime is light and lewde,  
Yet make it somewhat agreeable,  
Though some verse fayle in a sillable,  
And that I do no diligence,  
To shewe craft, but sentence,  
And if divine vertue thou  
Wilt helpe me to shewe now,  
That in my heed ymarked is,  
Lo, that is for to meaneen this,  
The House of Fame for to discrive,—  
Thou shalt see me go as blive†  
Unto the next laurel I see  
And kisse it, for it is thy tree,  
Now enter in my brest anon.

CHAUCER.

\* Guide.

† Quickly.

# THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

I CAME to a laund of white and green,  
So faire one had I never in been,  
The ground was green, ypowdred  
with daisie,  
The flowres and the grovés like hy,  
All greene and white, was nothing  
eles seene.

There sate I downe among the faire  
flowres,  
And saw the birds trip out of hir  
bows,  
There as they rested them all the  
night,  
They were so joyfull of the dayés  
light,  
They began of May for to done hon-  
ours.

They coud that service all by rote,  
There was many a lovely note,  
Some sung loud as they had plainèd,  
And some in other manner voice  
yfainèd,  
And some all out with the full throte.

They proyned hem, and made them  
right gay,  
And daunceden, and leapt on the  
spray,  
And evermore two and two in fere,  
Right so as they had chosen them to  
yere  
In Februere, upon saint Valentine's  
day.

And the river that I sate upon,  
It made such a noise as it ran,  
Accordaunt with the birdés har-  
mony.  
Methought it was the best melody  
That might ben yheard of any mon.

And for delite, I wote never how  
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,  
Not all asleepe, ne fully waking,  
And in that swow me thought I  
heard sing  
The sorry bird, the lewd cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,  
But who was then evil apaid but I?  
"Now God" (quod I) "that died  
on the crois

Yeve sorrow on thee, and on thy  
lewde vois,  
Full little joy have I now of thy  
cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan  
chide,  
I heard in the next bush beside  
A nightingale so lustely sing,  
That with her cleré voice she madé  
ring  
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale" (quoth I  
then)  
"A little hast thou ben too longé  
hen,\*  
For here hath been the lewd cuckow,  
And songen songs rather than hast  
thou,  
I pray to God evil fire her bren."

But now I wol you tell a wonder thing,  
As long as I lay in that swowning,  
Me thought I wist what the birds  
meant,  
And what they said, and what was  
their intent,  
And of their speech I had good  
knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,  
"Now, good cuckow, go somewhere  
away,  
And let us that can singen dwellen  
here,  
For every wight escheweth thee to  
hear,  
Thy songs be so elengé in good fay."

"What" (quod she) "what may  
thee ailen now,  
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,  
For my song is both true and plaine,  
And though I cannot crakell so in  
vaine,  
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot  
never how.

"And every wight may understandé  
mee,  
But nightingale so may they not  
done thee;  
For thou hast many a nice queint cry,  
I have thee heard saine, *ocy, ocy*,  
How might I know what that  
should be?"

\* Hence.



"Ah fool:", (quod she,) "wist thou  
not what it is  
When that I say, *ocy, ocy, ywis?*  
Then meané I that I would wonder  
faine

That all they were shamefully yslaine  
That meanen ought againé love amiss.

"And also I would that all tho were  
dede

That thinké not in love their life to  
lede,

For whoso that wol not the God of  
love serve,

I dare well say, he worthy is to sterve,  
And for that skill, *ocy, ocy, I grede.*"

CHAUCER.

### STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and means, on land and sea  
at war

With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged  
amiss!

Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er  
it mar

The loveliness of Nature, prove a  
bar

To the mind's gaining that pro-  
phetic sense

Of future change, that point of  
vision whence

May be discovered what in soul ye  
are.

In spite of all that beauty may dis-  
own

In your harsh features, Nature doth  
embrace

Her lawful offspring in man's art;  
and Time,

Pleased with your triumphs o'er his  
brother Space,

Accepts from your bold hands the  
proffered crown

Of hope, and smiles on you with  
cheer sublime.

WORDSWORTH.

### SCALE OF MINDS.

"HERE might I pause, and bend in  
reverence

To Nature, and the power of  
human minds;

To men as they are men within  
themselves.

How oft high service is performed  
within,

When all the external man is rude  
in show:

Not like a temple rich with pomp  
and gold,

But a mere mountain chapel that  
protects

Its simple worshippers from sun and  
shower!

Of these, said I, shall be my song;  
of these,

If future years mature me for the task,  
Will I record the praises, making verse

Deal boldly with substantial things,  
— in truth

And sanctity of passion speak of these,  
That justice may be done, obeisance  
paid

Where it is due. Thus haply shall  
I teach,

Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope;

my theme

No other than the very heart of man,  
As found among the best of those

who live,

Not unexalted by religious faith,  
Nor uninformed by books, good books,

though few,

In Nature's presence: thence may I  
select

Sorrow that is not sorrow, but  
delight,

And miserable love that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that

redounds

Therefrom to human kind, and  
what we are.

Be mine to follow with no timid step  
Where knowledge leads me; it shall

be my pride

That I have dared to tread this holy  
ground,

Speaking no dream, but things oracu-  
lar,

Matter not lightly to be heard by  
those

Who to the letter of the outward  
promise

Do read the invisible soul: by men  
adroit

In speech, and for communion with  
the world

Accomplished, minds whose facul-  
ties are then

Most active when they are most eloquent,  
 And elevated most when most admired.  
 Men may be found of other mould than these;  
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
 Encouragement, and energy, and will;  
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words,  
 As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
 There are, among the walks of homely life,  
 Still higher, men for contemplation framed;  
 Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase.  
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
 Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.  
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy:  
 Words are but under-agents in their souls;  
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength  
 They do not breathe among them; this I speak  
 In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts  
 For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,  
 When we are unregarded by the world."

WORDSWORTH.

#### UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
 The next in majesty; in both the last.  
 The force of Nature could no further go:  
 To make a third she joined the former two.

DRYDEN.

#### PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

As Memnon's marble harp renowned  
 of old  
 By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch  
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
 Consenting, sounded through the warbling air  
 Unbidden strains; e'en so did Nature's hand  
 To certain species of external things  
 Attune the finer organs of the mind;  
 So the glad impulse of congenial powers,  
 Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportioned form,  
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,  
 Thrills through imagination's tender frame,  
 From nerve to nerve; all naked and alive  
 They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul  
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,  
 To that harmonious movement from without,  
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain  
 Diffuses its enchantment; Fancy dreams  
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,  
 And vales of bliss; the Intellectual Power  
 Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,  
 And smiles; the passions gently soothed away,  
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy  
 Alone are waking; love and joy serene  
 As airs that fan the summer. O attend,  
 Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,  
 Whose candid bosom the refining love  
 Of nature warms; O, listen to my song,  
 And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,  
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Say, why was man so eminently  
 raised  
 Amid the vast creation; why ordained  
 Through life and death to dart his  
 piercing eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limits of  
 his frame,  
 But that the Omnipotent might send  
 him forth  
 In sight of mortal and immortal  
 powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre to run  
 The great career of justice; to exalt  
 His generous aim to all diviner  
 deeds;  
 To chase each partial purpose from  
 his breast;  
 And through the mists of passion  
 and of sense,  
 And through the tossing tide of  
 chance and pain,  
 To hold his course unfaltering, while  
 the voice  
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep  
 ascent  
 Of nature, calls him to his high  
 reward,  
 The applauding smile of heaven?  
 else wherefore burns,  
 In mortal bosoms, this unquenched  
 hope  
 That breathes from day to day sub-  
 limier things,  
 And mocks possession? wherefore  
 darts the mind,  
 With such resistless ardor to embrace  
 Majestic forms; impatient to be  
 free,  
 Spurning the gross control of wilful  
 might;  
 Proud of the strong contention of  
 her toils;  
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather  
 turns  
 To heaven's broad fire his uncon-  
 strained view,  
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen  
 flame?  
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his  
 laboring eye  
 Shoots round the wide horizon to  
 survey  
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his broad tide  
 Through mountains, plains, through  
 empires black with shade,  
 And continents of sand, — will turn  
 his gaze

To mark the windings of a scanty  
 rill  
 That murmurs at his feet? The  
 high-born soul  
 Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring  
 wing  
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of  
 earth  
 And this diurnal scene, she springs  
 aloft,  
 Through fields of air pursues the  
 flying storm;  
 Rides on the volleyed lightning  
 through the heavens;  
 Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the  
 northern blast,  
 Sweeps the long track of day. Then  
 high she soars  
 The blue profound, and hovering  
 o'er the sun  
 Beholds him pouring the redundant  
 stream  
 Of light: beholds the unrelenting  
 sway  
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
 The fated rounds of time. Thence  
 far effused  
 She darts her swiftness up the long  
 career  
 Of devious comets; through its burn-  
 ing signs  
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel  
 Of nature, and looks back on all the  
 stars,  
 Whose blended light, as with a milky  
 zone,  
 Invests the orient. Now amazed she  
 views  
 The empyreal waste, where happy  
 spirits hold,  
 Beyond this concave heaven, their  
 calm abode;  
 And fields of radiance, whose unfad-  
 ing light  
 Has travelled the profound six thou-  
 sand years,  
 Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal  
 things.

Nature's care, to all her children  
 just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler  
 state,  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the  
 city's pomp,  
 The rural honors his: whate'er  
 adorns

The princely dome, the column and  
 the arch,  
 The breathing marbles and the sculp-  
 tured gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's nar-  
 row claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him  
 the Spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken  
 gem  
 His lucid leaves unfolds; for him the  
 hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile  
 branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like  
 the morn.  
 Each passing Hour sheds tribute  
 from her wings,  
 And still new beauties meet his  
 lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him.

Look, then, abroad through Nature,  
 to the range  
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine  
 spheres,  
 Wheeling unshaken through the  
 Void immense,  
 And speak, O man! does this capa-  
 cious scene  
 With half that kindling majesty  
 dilate  
 Thy strong conception, as when  
 Brutus rose  
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's  
 fate,  
 Amid the crowd of patriots; and his  
 arm  
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,  
 When guilt brings down the thun-  
 der, called aloud  
 On Tully's name, and shook his  
 crimson steel,  
 And bade the Father of his Country,  
 hail!  
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the  
 dust,  
 And Rome again is free!

AKENSIDE.

## FAME.

HER house is all of Echo made  
 Where never dies the sound;  
 And as her brows the clouds invade,  
 Her feet do strike the ground.

BEN JONSON.

## ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king  
 By this still hearth, among these  
 barren crags,  
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete  
 and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and  
 know not me.  
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
 Life to the lees: all times I have  
 enjoyed  
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both  
 with those  
 That loved me, and alone; on shore,  
 and when  
 Through scudding drifts the rainy  
 Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a  
 name;  
 For always roaming with a hungry  
 heart  
 Much have I seen and known; cities  
 of men  
 And manners, climates, councils,  
 governments,  
 Myself not least, but honored of them  
 all;  
 And drunk delight of battle with my  
 peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy  
 Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met;  
 Yet all experience is an arch where-  
 through  
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose  
 margin fades  
 Forever and forever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an  
 end,  
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in  
 use!  
 As though to breathe were life. Life  
 piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me  
 Little remains: but every hour is  
 saved  
 From that eternal silence, something  
 more,  
 A bringer of new things; and vile it  
 were  
 For some three suns to store and  
 hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in  
 desire  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking  
 star

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —

Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and through soft degrees

Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark broad seas.  
My mariners,

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me, —

That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;

Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done

Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep

Moans round with many voices.  
Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order, smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Though much is taken, much abides; and though

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNISON.

## KING LEAR.

O Heavens,  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!

SHAKSPEARE.

RUMBLE thy belly-full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, called you children;

You owe me no subscription; why then, let fall

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,

A poor infirm, weak, and despised old man; —

But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters joined

Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head

So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

SHAKSPEARE.

## OUTLINE.

OF Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,

And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;

Of blessed consolations in distress;  
Of moral strength, and intellectual power;

Of joy in widest commonalty spread;  
 Of the individual Mind that keeps  
     her own  
 Inviolat retirement, subject there  
 To Conscience only, and the law  
     supreme  
 Of that Intelligence which governs  
     all—  
 I sing:—"fit audience let me find,  
     though few!"  
 So prayed, more gaining than he  
     asked, the Bard  
 In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need  
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if  
     such  
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest  
     heaven!  
 For I must tread on shadowy ground,  
     must sink  
 Deep, and, aloft ascending, breathe  
     in worlds  
 To which the heaven of heavens is  
     but a veil.  
 All strength, all terror, single or in  
     bands,  
 That ever was put forth in personal  
     form—  
 Jehovah, with his thunder, and the  
     choir  
 Of shouting Angels, and the empy-  
     real thrones,—  
 I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos,  
     not  
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy,  
     scooped out  
 By help of dreams, can breed such  
     fear and awe  
 As fall upon us often when we look  
 Into our Minds, into the Mind of  
     Man,—  
 My haunt, and the main region of  
     my song.  
 Beauty—a living Presence of the  
     earth,  
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms  
 Which craft of delicate Spirits doth  
     compose  
 From earth's materials—waits upon  
     my steps;  
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,  
 An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and  
     groves  
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields,—like  
     those of old  
 Sought in the Atlantic main,—why  
     should they be  
 A history only of departed things,

Or a mere fiction of what never was?  
 For the discerning intellect of Man,  
 When wedded to this goodly uni-  
     verse  
 In love and holy passion, shall find  
     these  
 A simple produce of the common  
     day.  
 I, long before the blissful hour ar-  
     rives,  
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the  
     spousal verse  
 Of this great consummation:—and,  
     by words  
 Which speak of nothing more than  
     what we are,  
 Would I arouse the sensual from  
     their sleep  
 Of Death, and win the vacant and  
     the vain  
 To noble raptures; while my voice  
     proclaims  
 How exquisitely the individual Mind  
 (And the progressive powers, per-  
     haps no less,  
 Of the whole species) to the exter-  
     nal World  
 Is fitted:—and how exquisitely,  
     too—  
 (Theme this but little heard of  
     among men—)  
 The external World is fitted to the  
     Mind;  
 And the creation (by no lower name  
 Can it be called) which they with  
     blended might  
 Accomplish:—this is our high argu-  
     ment.  
 Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I  
     oft  
 Must turn elsewhere, to travel near  
     the tribes  
 And fellowships of men, and see ill  
     sights  
 Of madd'ning passions mutually in-  
     flamed;  
 Must hear Humanity in fields and  
     groves  
 Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang  
 Brooding above the fierce confede-  
     rate storm  
 Of sorrow, barricaded evermore  
 Within the walls of cities,—may  
     these sounds  
 Have their authentic comment; that  
     even these  
 Hearing, I be not downcast or for-  
     lorn!

Descend, prophetic spirit! that inspir' st

The human Soul of universal earth,  
Dreaming on things to come; and  
dost possess

A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
Of mighty Poets: upon me bestow  
A gift of genuine insight; that my  
Song

With star-like virtue in its place  
may shine,  
Shedding benignant Influence, and  
secure,

Itself, from all malevolent effect  
Of those mutations that extend their  
sway

Throughout the nethersphere! And  
if with this

I mix more lowly matter; with the  
thing

Contemplated, describe the Mind  
and Man

Contemplating; and who, and what  
he was;—

The transitory Being that beheld  
This Vision; when and where, and  
how he lived;—

Be not this labor useless. If such  
theme

May sort with highest objects, then  
—dread Power!

Whose gracious favor is the primal  
source

Of all illumination, — may my Life  
Express the image of a better time,  
More wise desires, and simpler man-  
ners; nurse

My Heart in genuine freedom: — all  
pure thoughts

Be with me; — so shall thy unfailing  
love

Guide and support and cheer me to  
the end!

WORDSWORTH.

### COMUS, A MASK.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A  
WILD WOOD.

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or  
enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of  
Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immor-  
tal shapes

Of bright aerial spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene  
air,

Above the smoke and stir of this dim  
spot

Which men call Earth, and with  
low-thoughted care

Confined and pestered in this pinfold  
here,

Strive to keep up a frail and feverish  
being,

Unmindful of the crown that virtue  
gives,

After this mortal change, to her true  
servants,

Amongst the enthronèd Gods on  
sainted seats.

Yet some there be that by due steps  
aspire

To lay their just hands on that golden  
key

That opes the palace of eternity;  
To such my errand is; and, but for  
such,

I would not soil these pure ambro-  
sial weeds

With the rank vapors of this sin-  
worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides  
the sway

Of every salt flood, and each ebbing  
stream,

Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether  
Jove

Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That like to rich and various gems  
inlay

The unadornèd bosom of the deep;  
Which he, to grace his tributary  
Gods,

By course commits to several govern-  
ment,

And gives them leave to wear their  
sapphire crowns,

And wield their little tridents: but  
this Isle,

The greatest and the best of all the  
main,

He quarters to his blue-haired del-  
ties;

And all this tract that fronts the  
falling sun

A noble Peer of mickle trust and  
power

Has in his charge, with tempered  
awe to guide

An old and haughty nation proud in  
arms:

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way  
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that by quick command from sovereign Jove  
 I was despatched for their defence and guard;  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell: who knows not Circe,  
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?  
 This Nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks  
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named  
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,

Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste,  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
 The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore, when any favored of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: But first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.



*COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* — The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream;  
And the slope sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,  
Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
Rigor now has gone to bed,  
And Advice with scrupulous head,  
Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
We that are of purer fire  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who in their nightly watchful  
spheres  
Lead in swift round the months and  
years.  
The sounds and seas, with all their  
finny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering mor-  
rice move;  
And on the tawny sands and shelves  
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper  
elves.  
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
The wood-nymphs decked with dai-  
sies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes  
keep;  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove,  
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
Come, let us our rites begin,  
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er  
report.  
Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veil'd Cotyto! t'whom the  
secret flame  
Of midnight torches burns; myste-  
rious dame,

That ne'er art called, but when the  
dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest  
gloom,  
And makes one blot of all the air;  
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and  
befriend  
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end  
Of all thy dues be done, and none  
left out,  
Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep  
From her cabined loophole peep,  
And to the telltale sun descry  
Our concealed solemnity.  
Come, knit hands, and beat the  
ground  
In a light fantastic round.

#### THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the differ-  
ent pace  
Of some chaste footing near about  
this ground.  
Run to your shrouds, within these  
brakes and trees;  
Our number may affright: Some  
virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine  
art)  
Benighted in these woods. Now to  
my charms,  
And to my wily trains; I shall ere  
long  
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as  
grazed  
About my mother Circe. Thus I  
hurl  
My dazzling spells into the spongy  
air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with bleary  
illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest  
the place  
And my quaint habits breed aston-  
ishment,  
And put the damsel to suspicious  
flight,  
Which must not be, for that's against  
my course:  
I, under fair pretence of friendly  
ends,  
And well-placed words of glozing  
courtesy  
Baited with reasons not unpalatable,  
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,

And hug him into snares. When  
 once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic  
 dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless vil-  
 lager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his  
 country gear.  
 But here she comes; I fairly step  
 aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business  
 here.

## THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear  
 be true,  
 My best guide now; methought it  
 was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or game-  
 some pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered  
 hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and  
 granges full,  
 In wanton dance, they praise the  
 bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should  
 be loath  
 To meet the rudeness, and swilled  
 insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet O!  
 where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled  
 wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me  
 wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here  
 to lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these  
 pines,  
 Stepped, as they said, to the next  
 thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling  
 fruit  
 As the kind, hospitable woods pro-  
 vide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-  
 hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of  
 Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they  
 came not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts;  
 'tis likeliest

They had engaged their wandering  
 steps too far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they  
 could return,  
 Had stole them from me: else, O  
 thievish Night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some  
 felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up  
 the stars,  
 That Nature hung in heaven, and  
 filled their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due  
 light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may  
 guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud  
 mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening  
 ear,  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I  
 find.  
 What might this be? A thousand  
 fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning  
 shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's  
 names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert  
 wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but  
 not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks  
 attended  
 By a strong-siding champion, Con-  
 science.—  
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-  
 handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with  
 golden wings,  
 And thou, unblemished form of  
 Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t'whom  
 all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of ven-  
 geance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if  
 need were,  
 To keep my life and honor unas-  
 sailed.  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the  
 night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable  
 cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enlivened spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where.  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

*Enter COMUS.*

*Com.* — Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence:  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,

Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;  
 But such a sacred and homefelt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*Lady.* — Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is addressed to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my severed company,  
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Com.* — What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

*Lady.* — Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* — Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

*Lady.* — They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Com.* — By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lady.* — To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

*Com.* — And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

*Lady.* — They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Com.* — Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* — How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Com.* — Imports their loss beside  
the present need?

*Lady.* — No less than if I should  
my brothers lose.

*Com.* Were they of manly prime,  
or youthful bloom?

*Lady.* — As smooth as Hebe's their  
unrazed lips.

*Com.* — Two such I saw, what time  
the labored ox

In his loose traces from the furrow  
came,

And the swinked hedger at his sup-  
per sat;

I saw them under a green mantling  
vine

That crawls along the side of yon  
small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the ten-  
der shoots;

Their port was more than human,  
as they stood:

I took it for a faery vision  
Of some gay creatures of the ele-  
ment,

That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play i' the plighted clouds. I  
was awestruck,

And as I passed, I worshipped: if  
those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to  
heaven

To help you find them.

*Lady.* — Gentle Villager,  
What readiest way would bring me  
to that place?

*Com.* — Due west it rises from this  
shrubby point.

*Lady.* — To find that out, good  
shepherd, I suppose

In such a scant allowance of star-  
light,

Would overtask the best land-pilot's  
art,

Without the sure guess of well-  
practised feet.

*Com.* — I know each lane, and  
every alley green,

Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild  
wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to  
side,

My daily walks and ancient neigh-  
borhood;

And if your stray attendants be yet  
lodged

Or shroud within these limits, I  
shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted  
lark

From her thatched pallet rouse: if  
otherwise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be

safe

Till further quest.

*Lady.* — Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offered courte-  
sy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly  
sheds

With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry  
halls

And courts of princes, where it first  
was named,

And yet is most pretended: in a place  
Less warranted than this, or less

secure,

I cannot be, that I should fear to  
change it.

Eye me, blest Providence, and square  
my trial

To my proportioned strength. Shep-  
herd, lead on.

#### *Enter the TWO BROTHERS.*

1 *Br.* — Unmuffle, ye faint stars,  
and thou, fair moon,

That won'tst to love the traveller's  
benison,

Stoop thy pale visage through an  
amber cloud,

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns  
here

In double night of darkness and of  
shades;

Or if your influence be quite dammed  
up

With black usurping mists, some  
gentle taper,

Though a rush candle, from the  
wicker-hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long-levelled rule of

streaming light;

And thou shalt be our star of  
Arcady,

Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 *Br.* — Or if our eyes  
Be barred that happiness, might we

but hear  
The folded flocks penned in their  
wattled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten  
stops,

Or whistle from the lodge, or village  
cock  
Count the night watches to his  
feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some  
little cheering  
In this close dungeon of innumerable  
boughs.  
But O that hapless virgin, our lost  
sister!  
Where may she wander now, whither  
betake her  
From the chill dew, among rude  
burrs and thistles?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bol-  
ster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some  
broad elm  
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught  
with sad fears.  
What, if in wild amazement and  
affright,  
Or, while we speak, within the dire-  
ful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?  
1 Br. — Peace, brother, be not  
over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain  
evils;  
For grant they be so, while they rest  
unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date  
of grief,  
And run to meet what he would  
most avoid?  
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion!  
I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness  
bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and  
noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she  
is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her  
calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming  
plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue  
would  
By her own radiant light, though  
sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And  
Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse, Con-  
templation,

She plumes her feathers, and lets  
grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes  
impaired.  
He that has light within his own  
clear breast,  
May sit 'i' the centre, and enjoy  
bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul, and  
foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day  
sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.  
2 Br. — 'Tis most true,  
That musing meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men  
and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate house;  
For who would rob a hermit of his  
weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple  
dish,  
Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian  
tree  
Laden with blooming gold, had need  
the guard  
Of dragon watch with unenchanted  
eye,  
To save her blossoms, and defend  
her fruit  
From the rash hand of bold incon-  
tinence.  
You may as well spread out the un-  
sunned heaps  
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's  
den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjured in this wild surrounding  
waste.  
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me  
not;  
I fear the dread events that dog them  
both,  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt  
the person  
Of our unwowned sister.  
1 Br. — I do not, brother,  
Infer, as if I thought my sister's  
state  
Secure without all doubt or con-  
troversy;  
Yet where an equal poise of hope  
and fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature  
is

That I incline to hope rather than  
fear,

And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left,  
As you imagine; she has a hidden  
strength

Which you remember not.

2 Br. — What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heaven, if  
you mean that?

1 Br. — I mean that too, but yet a  
hidden strength

Which, if Heaven gave it, may be  
termed her own;

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.  
She that has that is clad in complete  
steel,

And like a quivered Nymph with  
arrows keen

May trace huge forests, and unhar-  
bored heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous  
wolds,

Where through the sacred rays of  
chastity,

No savage fierce, bandite, or moun-  
taineer

Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
Yea there, where very desolation  
dwells,

By grots, and caverns shagged with  
horrid shades,

She may pass on with unblenched  
majesty,

Be it not done in pride, or in pre-  
sumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks  
by night,

In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish  
fen,

Blue meagre hag, or stubborn un-  
laid ghost,

That breaks his magic chains at  
curfew time,

No goblin, or swart faery of the  
mine,

Hath hurtful power o'er true virgin-  
ity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of  
Greece

To testify the arms of chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her  
dread bow,

Fair silver-shafted queen, forever  
chaste,

Wherewith she tamed the brindled  
lioness

And spotted mountain pard, and set  
at nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods  
and men

Feared her stern frown, and she was  
queen o' the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon  
shield,

That wise Minerva wore, uncon-  
quered virgin,

Wherewith she freezed her foes to  
congealed stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dashed brute  
violence

With sudden adoration and blank  
awe?

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely  
so,

A thousand liveried angels lackey  
her,

Driving far off each thing of sin and  
guilt,

And in clear dream, and solemn vis-  
ion,

Tell her of things that no gross ear  
can hear,

Till oft converse with heavenly habi-  
tants

Begin to cast a beam on the outward  
shape,

The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's  
essence,

Till all be made immortal: but when  
lust,

By unchaste looks, loose gestures,  
and foul talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of  
sin,

Lets in defilement to the inward  
parts,

The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she  
quite lose

The divine property of her first be-  
ing.

Such are those thick and gloomy  
shadows damp

Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sep-  
ulchres,

Lingering and sitting by a new-made  
grave,

As loath to leave the body that it  
loved,

And linked itself by carnal sensual-  
ty

To a degenerate and degraded state,  
2 Br. — How charming is divine  
philosophy!

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools  
suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared  
sweets;

Where no crude surfeit reigns,

1 Br. — List, list, I hear  
Some far off halloo break the silent  
air.

2 Br. — Methought so too: what  
should it be?

1 Br. — For certain  
Either some one like us night-found-  
ered here,

Or else some neighbor woodman,  
or, at worst,  
Some roving robber calling to his  
fellows.

2 Br. — Heaven keep my sister.  
Again, again, and near!  
Best draw, and stand upon our  
guard.

1 Br. — I'll halloo:  
If he be friendly, he comes well; if  
not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven  
be for us.

*Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, hab-  
ited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know: what  
are you? speak;  
Come not too near, you fall on iron  
stakes else.

*Spir.* — What voice is that? my  
young Lord? speak again.

2 Br. — O brother, 'tis my father's  
shepherd, sure.

1 Br. — Thyrsis? Whose artful  
strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his mad-  
rigal,  
And sweetened every muskrose of  
the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain?  
hath any ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid  
lost his dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock  
forsook?

How couldst thou find this dark se-  
questered nook?

*Spir.* — O my loved master's heir,  
and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial  
toy

As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the  
stealth

Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy  
wealth

That doth enrich these downs is  
worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it  
brought.

But, O my virgin Lady, where is  
she?

How chance she is not in your com-  
pany?

1 Br. — To tell thee sadly, Shep-  
herd, without blame,  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we  
came.

*Spir.* — Aye me unhappy! then my  
fears are true.

1 Br. — What fears, good Thyrsis?  
Prithee briefly show.

*Spir.* — I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or  
fabulous,  
Though so esteemed by shallow ig-  
norance,

What the sage poets, taught by the  
heavenly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse,  
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted  
isles,

And rifted rocks whose entrance  
leads to Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is  
blind.

Within the navel of this hideous  
wood,

Immured in cypress shades a sorcer-  
er dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circé born, great  
Comus,

Deep skilled in all his mother's  
witcheries;

'And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful  
cup,

With many murmurs mixed, whose  
pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him  
that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a  
beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's  
mintage

Charactered in the face: this I have  
learnt

Tending my flocks hard by i' the  
   hilly crofts,  
 That brow this bottom-glade, whence  
   night by night,  
 He and his monstrous rout are heard  
   to howl,  
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at  
   their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
 In their obscured haunts of inmost  
   bowers.  
 Yet have they many baits, and guile-  
   ful spells,  
 T'inveigle and invite the unwary  
   sense  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the  
   way.  
 This evening late, by then the chew-  
   ing flocks  
 Had ta'en their supper on the sa-  
   vory herb  
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and  
   were in fold,  
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
 With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With flaunting honey-suckle, and  
   began,  
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melan-  
   choly,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a  
   close,  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the  
   woods,  
 And filled the air with barbarous  
   dissonance;  
 At which I ceased, and listened them  
   a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened  
   steeds,  
 That draw the litter of close-cur-  
   tained sleep;  
 At last a soft and solemu-breathing  
   sound  
 Rose like a stream of rich distilled  
   perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even  
   Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and  
   wished she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more,  
 Still to be so displaced. I was all  
   ear,  
 And took in strains that might  
   create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere  
   long

Too well I did perceive it was the  
   voice  
 Of my most honored Lady, your  
   dear sister.  
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief  
   and fear,  
 And O poor hapless nightingale  
   thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near  
   the deadly snare!  
 Then down the lawns I ran with  
   headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often  
   trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the  
   place,  
 Where that damned wizard, hid in  
   sly disguise,  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had  
   met  
 Already, ere my best speed could  
   prevent,  
 The aidless innocent Lady his  
   wished prey;  
 Who gently asked if he had seen  
   such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbor vil-  
   lager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I  
   guessed  
 Ye were the two she meant: with  
   that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found  
   you here,  
 But further know I not.  
   2 Br. — O night and shades,  
 How are ye joined with Hell in  
   triple knot,  
 Against the unarmed weakness of  
   one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless! Is this the con-  
   fidence  
 You gave me, brother?  
   1 Br. — Yes, and keep it still,  
 Lean on it safely; not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the  
   threats  
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this  
   I hold firm,  
 Virtue may be assailed, but never  
   hurt,  
 Surprised by unjust force, but not  
   intralled;  
 Yea even that which mischief meant  
   most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most  
   glory:



But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness,  
when at last  
Gathered like scum, and settled to  
itself,

It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this  
fail,

The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble.

But come, let's on.

Against the opposing will and arm  
of heaven

May never this just sword be lifted  
up;

But for that damned magician, let  
him be girt

With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the mon-  
strous forms

'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him  
out,

And force him to return his pur-  
chase back,

Or drag him by the curls to a foul  
death,

Cursed as his life.

*Spir.* — Alas! good vent'rous  
Youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold em-  
prise;

But here thy sword can do thee  
little stead;

Far other arms and other weapons  
must

Be those that quell the might of  
hellish charms:

He with his bare wand can unthread  
thy joints,

And crumble all thy sinews.

*Br.* — Why prithee, Shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself ap-  
proach so near,

As to make this relation?

*Spir.* — Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the Lady from sur-  
prisal,

Brought to my mind a certain shep-  
herd lad,

Of small regard to see to, yet well  
skilled

In every virtuous plant and healing  
herb,

That spreads her verdant leaf to the  
morning ray:

He loved me well, and oft would beg  
me sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender  
grass

Would sit, and hearken e'en to ecs-  
tasy,

And in requital ope his leathern  
scrip,

And show me simples of a thousand  
names,

Telling their strange and vigorous  
faculties:

Amongst the rest a small unsightly  
root,

But of divine effect, he culled me out:  
The leaf was darkish, and had

prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not  
in this soil:

Unknown, and like esteemed, and  
the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted  
shoon:

And yet more med'cinal is it than  
that moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses  
gave;

He called it hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovereign  
use

'Gainst all enchantments, mildew,  
blast, or damp,

Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I pursed it up, but little reck'ning  
made,

Till now that this extremity com-  
pelled:

But now I find it true; for by this  
means

I knew the foul enchanter though  
disguised,

Entered the very lime-twigs of his  
spells,

And yet came off: if you have this  
about you,

(As I will give you when we go) you  
may

Boldly assault the necromancer's  
hall;

Where if he be, with dauntless har-  
dihood,

And brandish blade rush on him,  
break his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the  
ground,

But seize his wand; though he and  
his cursed crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and men-  
ace high,

Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit  
smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but  
shrink.

1 Br. — Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll  
follow thee,  
And some good Angel bear a shield  
before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace,  
set out with all manner of delicious-  
ness; soft music, tables spread with  
all dainties. COMUS appears with  
his rabble, and the LADY set in an  
enchanted chair, to whom he offers  
his glass, which she puts by, and  
goes about to rise.*

Com. — Nay, Lady, sit; if I but  
wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chained up in  
alabaster,  
And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. — Fool, do not boast.  
Thou canst not touch the freedom  
of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this  
corporate rind  
Thou hast immancled, while heaven  
sees good.

Com. — Why are you vexed, Lady?  
why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger;  
from these gates  
Sorrow flies far: See, here be all the  
pleasures  
That fancy can beget on youthful  
thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively,  
and returns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose-  
season.

And first behold this cordial julep  
here,

That flames, and dances in his crys-  
tal bounds,

With spirits of balm, and fragrant  
syrops mixed.

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife  
of Thone

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as  
this,

To life so friendly, or so cool to  
thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to your-  
self,

And to those dainty limbs which  
nature lent

For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her  
trust,

And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on  
other terms;

Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty must  
subsist,

Refreshment after toil, ease after  
pain,

That have been tired all day without  
repast,

And timely rest have wanted; but,  
fair Virgin,

This will restore all soon.

Lady. — 'Twill not, false traitor,  
'Twill not restore the truth and  
honesty

That thou hast banished from thy  
tongue with lies.

Was this the cottage, and the safe  
abode

Thou told'st me of? What grim  
aspects are these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy  
guard me!

Hence with thy brewed enchant-  
ments, foul deceiver;

Hast thou betrayed my credulous  
innocence

With visored falsehood and base  
forgery?

And wouldst thou seek again to trap  
me here

With liquorish baits fit to insnare a  
brute?

Were it a draught for Juno when she  
banquets,

I would not taste thy treasonous  
offer; none

But such as are good men can give  
good things,

And that which is not good is not  
delicious

To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Com. — O foolishness of men! that  
lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic  
fur,

And fetch their precepts from the  
Cynic tub,

Praising the lean and sallow Absti-  
nence.

Wherefore did Nature pour her  
bounties forth

With such a full and unwithdrawing  
 hand,  
 Covering the earth with odors,  
 fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn  
 innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious  
 taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning  
 worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the  
 smooth-haired silk  
 To deck her sons; and that no cor-  
 ner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own  
 loins  
 She hatched the all worshipped ore,  
 and precious gems,  
 To store her children with: if all the  
 world  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed  
 on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing  
 wear but frieze,  
 The All-giver would be unthanked,  
 would be unpraised,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet  
 despised;  
 And we should serve him as a grudg-  
 ing master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his  
 wealth;  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not  
 her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with  
 her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fer-  
 tility;  
 The earth cumbered, and the winged  
 air darked with plumes,  
 The herds would over-multitude  
 their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and  
 the unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of  
 the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they  
 below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come  
 at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shame-  
 less brows.  
 List, Lady, be not coy, and be not  
 cozened  
 With that same vaunted name Vir-  
 ginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be  
 hoarded,

But must be current, and the good  
 thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken  
 bliss,  
 Unsavory in the enjoyment of  
 itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected  
 rose  
 It withers on the stalk with lan-  
 guished head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be  
 shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solem-  
 nities,  
 Where most may wonder at the  
 workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep  
 home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse  
 complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve  
 to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the house-  
 wife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip  
 for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the  
 morn?  
 There was another meaning in these  
 gifts,  
 Think what, and be advised, you are  
 but young yet.  
*Lady.* — I had not thought to have  
 unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallowed air, but that this  
 juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment,  
 as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in  
 reason's garb.  
 I hate when Vice can bolt her argu-  
 ments,  
 And Virtue has no tongue to check  
 her pride.  
 Impostor, do not charge most inno-  
 cent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should  
 be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good  
 cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the  
 good,  
 That live according to her sober  
 laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temper-  
 ance:  
 If every just man, that now pines  
 with want,

Had but a moderate and beseeeming  
 share  
 Of that which lewdly-pampered  
 luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast  
 excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well  
 dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumbered with  
 her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better  
 thanked,  
 His praise due paid; for swinish  
 gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his  
 gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.  
 Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him  
 that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with con-  
 temptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of  
 Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to  
 what end?  
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul to appre-  
 hend  
 The sublime notion, and high mys-  
 tery,  
 That must be uttered to unfold the  
 sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou  
 shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present  
 lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rheto-  
 ric,  
 That hath so well been taught her  
 dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself  
 convinced;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled  
 worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my  
 rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be moved  
 to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her  
 nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures reared  
 so high,  
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy  
 false head.

*Com.* — She fables not; I feel that  
 I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior  
 power:  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold  
 shuddering dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath  
 of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of  
 Erebus,  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must  
 dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come,  
 no more.  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foun-  
 dation;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but  
 the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all straight; one  
 sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in  
 delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be  
 wise, and taste. —

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords  
 drawn, wrest his glass out of his  
 hand, and break it against the  
 ground: his rout make sign of re-  
 sistance, but are all driven in. The  
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

*Spir.* — What, have you let the  
 false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have  
 snatched his wand,  
 And bound him fast: without his  
 rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of dissever-  
 ing power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits  
 here  
 In stony fetters fixed, and motion-  
 less:  
 Yet stay, be not disturbed: now I  
 bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may  
 be used,  
 Which once of Melibæus old I  
 learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that e'er  
 piped on plains.  
 There is a gentle nymph not far  
 from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the  
 smooth Severn stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
 Whilom she was the daughter of  
     Locrine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father  
     Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad  
     pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
 Commended her fair innocence to  
     the flood,  
 They stayed her flight with his cross-  
     flowing course.  
 The water-nymphs that in the bot-  
     tom played,  
 Held up their pearlèd wrists, and  
     took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus'  
     hall,  
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared  
     her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to  
     imbathe  
 In nectared lavers strewed with as-  
     phodel,  
 And through the porch and inlet of  
     each sense  
 Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she  
     revived,  
 And underwent a quick immortal  
     change,  
 Made Goddess of the river: still she  
     retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight  
     meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-  
     luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elf de-  
     lights to make,  
 Which she with precious vialled li-  
     quors heals;  
 For which the shepherds at their  
     festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic  
     lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths  
     into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffo-  
     dils,  
 And, as the old swain said, she can  
     unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the  
     numbing spell,  
 If she be right invoked in warbled  
     song;  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will  
     be swift

To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need; this will I  
     try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring  
     verse.

## SONG.

Sabrina fair,  
     Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent  
     wave,  
     In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-drop-  
     ping hair;  
     Listen for dear honor's sake,  
     Goddess of the silver lake,  
     Listen and save.  
 Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's  
     mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond  
     rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answered  
     have.

Listen and save.

*SABRINA rises, attended by water-  
 nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grow the willow and the osier  
     dank,  
     My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn  
     sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
     That in the channel strays;  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,  
 Thus I set my printless feet

O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread;  
Gentle Swain, at thy request  
I am here.

*Spir.* — Goddess dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true virgin here distressed,  
Through the force, and through the  
wile  
Of unblest enchanter vile.

*Sabr.* — Shepherd, 'tis my office  
best

To help ensnared chastity:  
Brightest Lady, look on me;  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops that from my fountain pure  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smeared with gums of glutinous  
heat,

I touch with chaste palms moist and  
cold:

Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste ere morning hour  
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY  
rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* — Virgin, daughter of Lo-  
crine,

Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:  
Summer drouth, or singed air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore;  
May thy lofty head be crowned  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while heaven lends  
us grace,

Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the sorcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste, or needless sound,  
Till we come to holier ground;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,

And not many furlongs thence  
Is your Father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wished presence, and beside  
All the swains that there abide,  
With jigs, and rural dance resort;  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and cheer;  
Come, let us haste, the stars grow  
high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the  
mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Lud-  
low town and the President's cas-  
tle; then come in country dancers,  
after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT,  
with the TWO BROTHERS, and the  
LADY.*

## SONG.

*Spir.* — Back, Shepherds, back,  
enough your play,  
Till next sunshine holiday;  
Here be without duck or nod  
Other trippings to be trod  
Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
As Mercury did first devise,  
With the mincing Dryades,  
On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to  
their Father and Mother.*

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight,  
Here behold so goodly grown  
Three fair branches of your own;  
Heaven hath timely tried their  
youth,  
Their faith, their patience, and  
their truth,  
And sent them here through hard  
assays  
With a crown of deathless praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance  
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epi-  
logizes.*

*Spir.* — To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky:

There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree:  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed  
 Hours,

Thither all their bounties bring;  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west-winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can show,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew,  
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, ad-  
 vanced,

Holds his dear Psyche sweet en-  
 tranced,  
 After her wandering labors long,  
 Till free consent the Gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth  
 bend,

And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue, she alone is free;  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime:  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

MILTON.

### MYTHOLOGY.

O NEVER rudely will I blame his faith  
 In the might of stars and angels!  
 'Tis not merely  
 The human being's Pride that peo-  
 ples space

With life and mystical predomi-  
 nance;  
 Since likewise for the stricken heart  
 of Love

This visible nature, and this common  
 world,

Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper im-  
 port

Lurks in the legend told my infant  
 years

Than lies upon that truth we live to  
 learn.

For fable is Love's world, his home,  
 his birthplace:

Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays  
 and talismans,

And spirits; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being himself divine.

The intelligible forms of ancient  
 poets,

The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the  
 majesty,

That had their haunts in dale, or  
 piny mountain,

Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly  
 spring,

Or chasms and watery depths; all  
 these have vanished;

They live no longer in the faith of  
 reason.

But still the heart doth need a lan-  
 guage, still

Doth the old instinct bring back the  
 old names,

And to yon starry world they now  
 are gone,

Spirits or gods, that used to share  
 this earth

With man as with their friend; and  
 to the lover

Yonder they move, from yonder  
 visible sky

Shoot influence down; and even at  
 this day

'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is  
 great,

And Venus who brings every thing  
 that's fair!

COLERIDGE: *Wallenstein*.

### KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
 But it was na to meet Duncraig's  
 men,  
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu' the cress flower round the spring —

The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,  
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel tree;

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',

And lang may she seek in the green-wood shaw;

Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
And lang, lang greet ere Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,  
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,

When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,

When the bedesman had prayed,  
and the dead-bell rung,

Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,

When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,

The wood was sere, the moon in the wane,

The reek of the cot hung over the plain —

Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;

When the ingle glowed with an eiry flame,

Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?

Long hae we sought baith holt and den —

By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree;  
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.

Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?

That bonny snood of the birk sae green?

And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,

But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;

As still was her look, and as still was her ee,

As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,

Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.

For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,

And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,

Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,

And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,

When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,

And a land where sin had never been —

A land of love and a land of light,  
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;

And lovely beings round were rife,  
Who erst had travelled mortal life;

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,

They kissed her cheek and they kemed her hair;

And round came many a blooming fere,

Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!

Oh, bonny Kilmeny, free frae stain,  
If ever you seek the world again —

That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear —

O, tell of the joys that are waiting here!

And tell of the signs you shall shortly see,

Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."

But to sing of the sights Kilmeny saw,

So far surpassing Nature's law,  
The singer's voice wad sink away,

And the string of his harp wad cease to play.

But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,

And all was love and harmony;  
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,

Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.



Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
 The friends she had left in her own  
     countrie;  
 With distant music soft and deep,  
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
 And when she awakened, she lay  
     her lane,  
 All happed with flowers in the green-  
     wood wene.  
 When seven long years had come  
 and fled;  
 When grief was calm, and hope was  
 dead;  
 When scarce was remembered Kil-  
     meny's name,  
 Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny  
     came hame!  
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her ee!  
 And oh, the words that fell from  
     her mouth  
 Were words of wonder and words  
     of truth!

It was na her home, and she could  
     na remain;  
 She left this world of sorrow and  
     pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought  
     again.

Hogg.

## DREAMS.

AGAIN returned the scenes of youth,  
 Of confident undoubting truth;  
 Again his soul he interchanged  
 With friends whose hearts were long  
     estranged:  
 They come, in dim procession led,  
 The cold, the faithful, and the dead;  
 As warm each hand, each brow as  
     gay,  
 As if they parted yesterday.

Scott.

## ROMEO'S PRESAGE.

*Romeo.* — If I may trust the flat-  
     tering eye of sleep,  
 My dreams presage some joyful news  
     at hand:  
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his  
 throne;  
 And all this day an unaccustomed  
     sprint

Lifts me above the ground with  
     cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found  
     me dead;

(Strange dream that gives a dead  
     man leave to think,)

And breathed such life with kisses  
     in my lips,

That I revived and was an emperor.  
 Ah, me! how sweet is love itself pos-  
     sessed

When but love's shadows are so rich  
     in joy.

SHAKSPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet.*  
     Act v. Sc. 1.

## SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea  
     More than fifty years ago:

None have yet come home to me,  
     But keep sailing to and fro.

I have seen them, in my sleep,  
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,  
 With tattered sails and battered  
     hulls,

While around them screamed the  
     gulls,

Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid

From me, sailing round the world;  
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid

That their sails will ne'er be  
     furled."

Great the treasures that they hold, —  
 Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;

While the spices which they bear  
 Fill with fragrance all the air,

As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port

Knows that I have ships at sea,  
 Of the waves and winds the sport;

And the sailors pity me.

Oft they come and with me walk,  
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,

Till I put my fears aside,  
 And contented watch the tide

Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,

Gazing for them down the bay,  
 Days and nights, for many years,

Till I turned heart-sick away,  
 But the pilots, when they land,

Stop and take me by the hand,

Saying, "You will live to see  
Your proud vessels come from sea,  
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,  
Nor let hope or courage fail;  
And some day, when skies are fair,  
Up the bay my ships will sail.  
I can buy then all I need,—  
Prints to look at, books to read,  
Horses, wines, and works of art,  
Every thing except a heart:  
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,  
Poorer, too, than I am now,  
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,  
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,  
There was one whose heart was mine;  
But she's something now divine,  
And though come my ships from sea,  
They can bring no heart to me,  
Evermore, evermore.  
R. B. COFFIN.

### THE WHITE ISLAND.

In this world, the Isle of Dreames,  
While we sit by Sorrow's streames,  
Teares and terrors are our themes,  
Reciting:

But when once from hence we flee,  
More and more approaching nigh  
Unto young eternitie,  
Uniting,

In that Whiter Island, where  
Things are evermore sincere;  
Candor here and lustre there,  
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an Horror call,  
To create, or cause at all,  
Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,  
We our eyes shall never steep,  
But eternall watch shall keep,  
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue  
Me immortalized and you;  
And fresh joys, as never to  
Have ending.  
HERRICK.

### FANTASY.

BREAK, Fantasy, from thy cave of  
cloud,  
And spread thy purple wings,  
Now all thy figures are allowed,  
And various shapes of things;  
Create of airy forms a stream,  
It must have blood, and nought of  
phlegm,  
And, though it be a waking dream,  
Yet let it like an odor rise  
To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear.  
BEN JONSON.

### PHENIX AND TURTLE DOVE.

LET the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feathered king;  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and  
tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

So they loved, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right

Flaming in the Phoenix' sight:  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either-neither,  
Simple was so well compounded:

That it cried, How true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the Phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

#### THRENOS.

BEAUTY, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.  
SHAKSPEARE.

#### COMPLIMENT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My gentle Puck, come hither, thou  
remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's  
back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious  
breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her  
song;

And certain stars shot madly from  
their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

That very time, I saw, but thou  
couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon and  
the earth,

Cupid all armed: a certain aim he  
took

At a fair vestal, throned by the  
west;

And loosed his love-shaft smartly  
from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thou-  
sand hearts:

But I might see young Cupid's fiery  
shaft

Quenched in the chaste beams of the  
watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cu-  
pid fell;

It fell upon a little western flower, —  
Before milk-white, now purple with

love's wound, —  
And maidens call it Love-in-idle-

ness.  
Fetch me that flower; the herb I  
showed thee once.

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids  
laid

Will make a man or woman madly  
dote

Upon the next live creature that it  
sees.

Fetch me this herb: and be thou here  
again,

Ere the Leviathan can swim a  
league.

Puck. — I'll put a girdle round  
about the earth

In forty minutes.

Oberon. — Hast thou the flower  
there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. — Ay, there it is.

Oberon. — I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank whereon the wild

thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding vio-

let grows,  
Quite over-canopied with lush wood-

bine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with  
eglantine:

There sleeps Titania, some time of  
the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances  
and delight;  
And there the snake throws her  
enamelled skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak  
her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fan-  
tasies.

SHAKESPEARE: *Midsummer Night's  
Dream.*

### QUEEN MAB.

O THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been  
with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife; and she  
comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-  
stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie  
asleep:  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spin-  
ners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grass-  
hoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's  
web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's  
watery beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the  
lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated  
gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little  
worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a  
maid:  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-hut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old  
grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-  
makers.  
And in this state she gallops night  
by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then  
they dream of love;  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on  
court'sies straight;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight  
dream on fees;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on  
kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blis-  
ters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweet-  
meats tainted are:  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a cour-  
tier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out  
a suit;  
And sometimes comes she with a  
tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies  
asleep,  
Then dreams he of another bene-  
fice:  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a sol-  
dier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting for-  
eign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish  
blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and  
then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts,  
and wakes,  
And, being thus frightened, swears a  
prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very  
Mab  
That plaits the manes of horses in  
the night,  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul slut-  
tish hairs,  
Which once untangled, much mis-  
fortune bodes.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet.*

### SONG FROM GYPSIES' META- MORPHOSES.

THE owl is abroad, the bat, the  
toad,  
And so is the cat-a-mountain;  
The ant and the mole sit both in a  
hole;  
And frog peeps out o' the fountain;  
The dogs they bay, and the timbrels  
play;  
The spindle now is a-turning;  
The moon it is red, and the stars are  
fled;  
But all the sky is a-burning.

THE faery beam upon you,  
And the stars to glisten on you,  
A moon of light  
In the noon of night,

Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you,  
The wheel of Fortune guide you,  
The Boy with the bow beside you  
Run aye in the way, till the bird of  
day,  
And the luckier lot betide you.

BEN JONSON.

### THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.\*

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy  
water,  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of  
repose,  
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's  
Love's lonely daughter  
If what the night-star her tale of

Whereupon it made this  
To the Phoenix and the death-note  
Co-supremes and stars of love;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

### THRENOS.

BEAUTY, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.  
SHAKESPEARE.

### COMPLIMENT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My gentle Puck, come hither, thou  
remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's  
back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious  
breath,

Then to the noblest princes fellow  
might he be.

WARTON: *Little Garden of Roses.*

### KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
Through caverns measureless to  
man,

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled  
round:

And here were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills,

Where blossomed many an incense-  
bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the  
hills,

Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep chasm which  
It feintly slanted

Before the green hill athwart a cedarn  
loover!

And made place! as holy and en-  
ness.

Fetch me that waning moon was  
showed thee

The juice of it on for her demon-  
laid

Will make a man of, with ceaseless  
dote

Upon the next live creature thick pants  
sees.

Fetch me this herb: and be gently was  
again,

Ere the Leviathan can stermtted  
league.

Puck. — I'll put a girdle like re-  
about the earth  
In forty minutes. thresh-

Oberon. — Hast thou the pucks at  
there? Welcome, wand

Puck. — Ay, there it is. sacred

Oberon. — I pray thee, give it  
I know a bank whereon the mazy  
thyme blows,

Where ox-lips and the nodding sacred  
let grows,

Quite over-canopied with lush wasure-  
bine,

With sweet musk-roses, and lifeless  
eglantine:

And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard  
from far  
Ancestral voices prophecy war!

The shadow of the dome of  
pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled  
measure  
From the fountain and the  
caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves  
of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould  
win me,

That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of  
ice!

And all who heard should see them  
there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Be-  
ware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair,  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

### ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly har-  
mony,

This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of the notes  
it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and  
quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded  
shell,  
His listening brethren stood  
around,  
And, wondering, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there  
could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise  
and quell?

DRYDEN.

### MUSIC.

WHEN whispering strains with  
creeping wind  
Distil soft passions through the  
heart;

And when at every touch we find  
Our pulses beat and bear a part;  
When threads can make  
A heartstring ache,  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny  
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine  
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,  
Which only thus we can explain  
By music of the heavenly host;  
Whose lays we think  
Make stars to wink,  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny  
Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air!  
My senses rock with wonder sweet;  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;  
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet!

Grief who needs fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

### ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did  
sing:

To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers,  
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art;  
 Killing care and grief of heart,  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.  
 SHAKSPEARE.

### MUSIC.

NORTHWARD he turneth through a  
 little door,  
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's  
 golden tongue  
 Flattered to tears this aged man and  
 poor.

KEATS.

### THE PASSIONS.

#### AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was  
 young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Thronged around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, faint-  
 ing,  
 Possessed beyond the Muse's paint-  
 ing:  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were  
 fired,  
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round,  
 They snatched her instruments of  
 sound;  
 And as they oft had heard apart,  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art.  
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
 Would prove his own expressive  
 power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
 And back recoiled, he knew not  
 why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had  
 made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,  
 In lightnings owned his secret  
 stings:  
 In one rude clash he struck the  
 lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the  
 strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief be-  
 guiled;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas  
 wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at dis-  
 tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-  
 long;

And from the rocks, the woods,  
 the vale,  
 She called on Echo still, through all  
 the song;

And, where her sweetest theme  
 she chose.

A soft responsive voice was heard  
 at every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and  
 waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;— but  
 with a frown

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stained sword,  
 in thunder down;

And with a withering look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full  
 of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat  
 The doubling drum, with furious  
 heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary  
 pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered  
 mien,

While each strained ball of sight  
 seemed bursting from his head.  
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought  
 were fixed;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
 Of differing themes the veering song  
 was mixed;

And now it called on Love, now  
 raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sate retired;  
 And from her wild sequestered seat,  
 In notes by distance made more  
 sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn  
her pensive soul:

And dashing soft from rocks  
around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;  
Through glades and glooms the  
mingled measure stole.

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with  
fond delay,

Round a holy calm diffusing,  
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its spright-  
lier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of  
healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morn-  
ing dew,

Blew an inspiring air that dale and  
thicket rung.

The hunter's call, to Faun and  
Dryad known;

The oak-crowned Sisters, and their  
chaste-eyed Queen,

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys  
green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;  
And Sport leaped up, and seized  
his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand  
address;

But soon he saw the brisk awaken-  
ing viol.

Whose sweet entrancing voice he  
loved the best;

They would have thought, who  
heard the strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale, her  
native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing.

While, as his flying fingers kissed  
the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay  
fantastic round:

Loose were her tresses seen, her  
zone unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic and his  
play,

As if he would the charming air  
repay,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy  
wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thine ancient lyre aside?  
As in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learned an all-commanding  
power,

Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard;  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording Sister's page:—  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest seed could more pre-  
vail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard  
age;

E'en all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound, —  
O bid our vain endeavors cease;  
Revive the just designs of Greece;  
Return in all thy simple state!  
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

### A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!  
And tell thy silent master's humble  
tale

In sounds that may prevail;  
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:  
Though so exalted she,  
And I so lowly be,  
Tell her, such different notes make  
all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:  
And, though the moving hand ap-  
proach not near,  
Themselves with awful fear  
A kind of numerous trembling make.  
Now all thy forces try;  
Now all thy charms apply;  
Revenge upon her ear the conquests  
of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only  
found

To cure, but not to wound,  
And she to wound, but not to cure.



Too weak, too, wilt thou prove  
My passion to remove;  
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourish-  
ment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!  
For thou canst never tell my humble  
tale

In sounds that will prevail,  
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;  
All thy vain mirth lay by,  
Bid thy strings silent lie,  
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let  
thy master die.

COWLEY.

## TO MUSIC.

EVER a current of sadness deep  
Through the streams of thy triumph  
is heard to sweep.

HEMANS.

## TO THE HARP.

THAT instrument ne'er heard  
Struck by the skilful bard  
It strongly to awake,  
But it the Infernals scared  
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetic strings  
Whose sounds with fiery wings  
Drove fiends from their abode,  
Touched by the best of kings,  
That sung the holy ode.

So his when women slew  
And it in Hebrus threw,  
Such sounds yet forth it sent,  
The banks to weep that drew  
As down the stream it went.

And diversely though strong,  
So anciently we sung  
To it, that now scarce known  
If first it did belong  
To Greece, or if our own.

The Druids imbrued  
With gore on altars rude  
With sacrifices crowned  
In hollow woods bedewed,  
Adored the trembling sound.

DRAYTON.

## ÆOLIAN HARP.

THE sea rolls vaguely, and the stars  
are dumb.

The ship is sunk full many a year.

Dream no more of loss or gain:

A ship was never here.

A dawn will never, never come.

Is it all in vain?

ALLINGHAM.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST: OR,  
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia  
won

By Philip's warlike son —

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were placed around,

Their brows with roses and with

myrtles bound

(So should desert in arms be

crowned);

The lovely Thais by his side

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride

In flower of youth and beauty's  
pride: —

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave

None but the brave

None but the brave deserves the  
fair!

Timotheus placed on high

Amid the tuneful choir

With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above —

Such is the power of mighty love!

A dragon's fiery form belied the god;

Sublime on radiant spheres he rode

When he to fair Olympa prest,

And while he sought her snowy  
breast;

Then round her slender waist he  
curled,

And stamped an image of himself, a  
sovereign of the world.

— The listening crowd admire the  
lofty sound!

A present deity! they shout around:

A present deity! the vaulted roofs  
rebound!

With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god;  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet  
musician sung, —  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever  
young:

The jolly god in triumph comes!  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
Flushed with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face:  
Now give the hautboys breath; he  
comes, he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king  
grew vain;  
Fought all his battles o'er again,  
And thrice he routed all his foes,  
and thrice he slew the slain!  
The master saw the madness rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And while he Heaven and Earth defied  
Changed his hand and checked his  
pride.

He chose a mournful Muse  
Soft pity to infuse:  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless  
victor sate,  
Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of Chance below;  
And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see  
That love was in the next degree;  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toll and trouble,  
Honor but an empty bubble,  
Never ending, still beginning;  
Fighting still, and still destroying;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee!

The many rend the skies with  
loud applause;  
So Love was crowned, but Music  
won the cause.

The prince unable to conceal his  
pain,

Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and  
looked,

Sighed and looked and sighed again:  
At length with love and wine at once  
oppress

The vanquished victor sunk upon  
her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
A louder yet, and yet a louder  
strain!

Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling peal  
of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head:  
As awaked from the dead  
And amazed he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise!  
See the snakes that they rear  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from  
their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band  
Each a torch in his hand!  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in  
battle were slain  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain:  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew!

Behold how they toss their torches  
on high,  
How they point to the Persian  
abodes

And glittering temples of their hos-  
tile gods.

The princes applaud with a fur-  
ious joy:

And the King seized a flambeau with  
zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fired  
another Troy!

Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
While organs yet were mute,  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre  
Could swell the soul to rage, or  
kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred  
store

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts  
unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies;  
She drew an angel down!

DRYDEN.

#### ART AND NATURE.

NATURE is made better by no  
mean,  
But Nature makes that mean: so  
over that Art  
Which you say adds to Nature is an  
Art  
That Nature makes. You see, sweet  
maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser  
kind  
By buds of nobler race. This is an  
Art  
Which does mend Nature, change it  
rather; but  
The Art itself is Nature.

SHAKESPEARE: *Winter's Tale*.

#### DÆDALUS.

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest!  
All that is tuneful in air or wave!  
Shapes whose beauty is truest and  
rarest,  
Haunt with your lamps and spells  
his grave!

Statues, bend your heads in sor-  
row,  
Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,  
That know not a past, nor expect a  
morrow  
On many a moonlight Grecian wold!

By sculptured cave and speaking  
river,  
Thee, Dædalus, oft the Nymphs re-  
call;  
The leaves with a sound of winter  
quiver,  
Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the  
grandest  
Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed  
eye,  
Though, Dædalus, thou no more com-  
mandest  
New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,  
Our loftier brothers, but one in  
blood;  
By bed and table they lord it o'er  
us,  
With looks of beauty and words of  
good.

Calmly they show us mankind vic-  
torious  
O'er all that's aimless, blind, and  
base;  
Their presence has made our nature  
glorious,  
Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!  
Stars and Sun, lament for him!  
Ages quake in strange commotion!  
All ye realms of Life be dim!

Wail for Dædalus, awful Voices,  
From earth's deep centre Mankind  
appall!  
Seldom ye sound, and then Death  
rejoices,  
For he knows that then the mighti-  
est fall.

JOHN STERLING.

## CATHEDRAL.

*Almeria.* — It was thy fear, or else  
 some transient wind  
 Whistling through hollows of this  
 vaulted aisle:  
 No, all is hushed and still as death.  
 'Tis dreadful!  
 How reverend is the face of this tall  
 pile,  
 Whose ancient pillars rear their  
 marble heads  
 To bear aloft its arched and ponder-  
 ous roof,  
 By its own weight made steadfast  
 and immovable,  
 Looking tranquillity! It strikes an  
 awe  
 And terror on my aching sight; the  
 tombs  
 And monumental caves of death  
 look cold,  
 And shoot a chillness to my trem-  
 bling heart.  
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear  
 thy voice;  
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let  
 me hear  
 Thy voice; — my own affrights me  
 with its echoes.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

## SONNET.

OH how much more doth beauty  
 beauteous seem  
 By that sweet ornament which truth  
 doth give!  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it  
 deem  
 For that sweet odor which doth in  
 it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep  
 a dye  
 As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their maskèd  
 buds discloses:  
 But, for their virtue only is their  
 show,  
 They live unwooded, and unrespected  
 fade;  
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do  
 not so;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest  
 odors made:  
 And so of you, beauteous and  
 lovely youth,  
 When that shall fade, by verse  
 distils your truth.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SONNET.

FROM you have I been absent in the  
 spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dressed in  
 all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of Youth in every  
 thing,  
 That heavy Saturn laughed and  
 leaped with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the  
 sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odor and in  
 hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story  
 tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them  
 where they grew:  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the  
 rose;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of  
 delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all  
 those.  
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you  
 away,  
 As with your shadow I with these  
 did play.

SHAKESPEARE.

## TO THE CRITIC.

## I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind  
 With thy shallow wit:  
 Vex not thou the poet's mind;  
 For thou canst not fathom it.

. . . . .

## II.

Dark-browed sophist, come not  
 anear;

. . . . .

Hollow smile and frozen sneer  
Come not here.

The flowers would faint at your  
cruel cheer.

In the heart of the garden the merry  
bird chants,  
It would fall to the ground if you  
came in.

TENNYSON.

### LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little,  
while as yet 'tis early morn :  
Leave me here, and when you want  
me, sound upon the bugle-  
horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as  
of old, the curlews call.

Dreary gleams about the moorland  
flying over Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance  
overlooks the sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring  
into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied  
casement, ere I went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping  
slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads,  
rising through the mellow  
shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tan-  
gled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered,  
nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and  
the long result of time ;

When the centuries behind me like a  
fruitful land reposed ;  
When I clung to all the present for  
the promise that it closed ;

When I dipt into the future far as  
human eye could see ;  
Saw the Vision of the world, and  
all the wonder that would  
be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes  
upon the robin's breast ;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing  
gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes  
on the burnished dove ;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of  
love.

Then her cheek was pale and thin-  
ner than should be for one so  
young.  
And her eyes on all my motions  
with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy,  
speak, and speak the truth to  
me,  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of  
my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead  
came a color and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing  
in the northern night.

And she turned — her bosom shaken  
with a sudden storm of sighs —  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the  
dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings,  
fearing they should do me  
wrong ;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cous-  
in ?" weeping, "I have loved  
thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and  
turned it in his glowing  
hands ;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran  
itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and  
smote on all the chords with  
might ;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trem-  
bling, passed in music out of  
sight.

Many a morning on the moorland  
did we hear the copses ring,  
And her whisper thronged my pulses  
with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did  
we watch the stately ships,  
And our spirits rushed together at  
the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O  
my Amy, mine no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O  
the barren, barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar  
than all songs have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and ser-  
vile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — hav-  
ing known me — to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a  
narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to  
his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing  
coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou  
art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will  
have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion  
shall have spent its novel  
force,  
Something better than his dog, a  
little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy:  
think not they are glazed with  
wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him:  
take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that  
his brain is overwrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies,  
touch him with thy lighter  
thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy  
things to understand —  
Better thou wert dead before me,  
though I slew thee with my  
hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden  
from the heart's disgrace,  
Rolled in one another's arms, and  
silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin  
against the strength of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp  
us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err  
from honest Nature's rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the  
strained forehead of the  
fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should blus-  
ter! Hadst thou less unwor-  
thy proved —

Would to God — for I had loved thee  
more than ever wife was  
loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish  
that which bears but bitter  
fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom,  
though my heart be at the  
root.

Never, though my mortal summers  
to such length of years should  
come

As the many-wintered crow that  
leads the clanging rookery  
home.

Where is comfort! in division of the  
records of the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love  
her, as I knew her kind?

I remember one that perished:  
sweetly did she speak and  
move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to  
look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love  
her for the love she bore?

No — she never loved me truly:  
love is love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils!  
this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is  
remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn  
it, lest thy heart be put to  
proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and  
when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and  
thou art staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers,  
and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee,  
pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillows,  
to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never,"  
whispered by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in  
the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking  
ancient kindness on thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow:  
get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace;  
for a tender voice will cry.  
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to  
drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my  
latest rival brings thee rest.  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press  
me from the mother's breast.

O, the child, too, clothes the father  
with a dearness not his due.  
Half is thine, and half is his: it  
will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted  
to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims  
preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the  
feelings—she herself was not  
exempt—  
Truly, she herself had suffered"—  
Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy!  
wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest  
I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to,  
lighting upon days like these?  
Every door is barred with gold, and  
opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors,  
all the markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is  
that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling  
on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are rolled in vapor,  
and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps  
the hurt that Honor feels,  
And the nations do but murmur,  
snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will  
turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O  
thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that  
I felt before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me,  
and the tumult of my life,

Yearning for the large excitement  
that the coming years would  
yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he  
leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky high-  
way near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London  
flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be  
gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in  
among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the work-  
ers, ever reaping something  
new:  
That which they have done but  
earnest of the things that they  
shall do:

For I dipped into the future, far as  
human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and  
all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,  
argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, drop-  
ping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting,  
and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling  
in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of  
the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples  
plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,  
and the battle-flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation  
of the world.

There the common sense of most  
shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber,  
lapped in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion  
sweeping through me left me dry,

Left me with the palsied heart, and  
left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all  
things here are out of joint:

Science moves, but slowly, slowly,  
creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a  
lion, creeping nigher,

Glares at one that nods and winks  
behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages  
one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not  
harvest of his youthful joys,  
Though the deep heat of existence  
beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,  
and I linger on the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the  
world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,  
and he bears a laden breast,

Full of sad experience, moving toward  
the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me,  
sounding on the bugle-horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion  
were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp  
on such a mouldered string?

I am shamed through all my nature  
to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness!  
woman's pleasure, woman's pain —

Nature made them blinder motions  
bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all  
thy passions, matched with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and  
as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens,  
nothing. Ah, for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient,  
where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell  
my father evil-starred; —

I was left a trampled orphan, and a  
selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there  
to wander far away,

On from island unto island at the  
gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mel-  
low moons and happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms  
in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats  
an European flag,

Slides the bird o'er lustrous wood-  
land, swings the trailer from  
the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower,  
hangs the heavy-fruited tree —  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-  
purple spheres of sea.



There methinks would be enjoyment  
more than in this march  
of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in  
the thoughts that shake man-  
kind.

There the passions cramped no longer  
shall have scope and breath-  
ing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she  
shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they  
shall dive, and they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and  
hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and  
leap the rainbows of the  
brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring  
over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy!  
but I *know* my words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower  
than the Christian child.

I to herd with narrow foreheads,  
vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures,  
like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage, — what  
to me were sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the  
foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men  
should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at  
gaze like Joshua's moon in  
Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons.  
Forward, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin forever  
down the ringing grooves of  
change.

Through the shadow of the globe we  
sweep into the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a  
cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not)  
help me as when life begun:

Rift the hills, and roll the waters,  
flash the lightnings, weigh the  
sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my  
spirit hath not set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well  
through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long  
farewell to Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither,  
now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin,  
blackening over heath and  
holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in  
its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with  
rain or hail, or fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring  
seaward, and I go.

TENNYSON.

### HURTS OF TIME.

OUT upon Time, who will leave no  
more

Of the things to come than the  
things before;

Out upon Time, who forever will  
leave

But enough of the past for the  
future to grieve,

Relics of things that have passed  
away,

Fragments of stone reared by crea-  
tures of clay.

For who the fool that doth not know  
How bloom and beauty come and go,

And how disease, and pain, and  
sorrow,

May chance to-day, may chance to-  
morrow,

Unto the merriest of us all?

BYRON.

### POET'S MOOD.

HENCE, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly!

There's nought in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see it,

But only melancholy;

Oh, sweetest melancholy!  
 Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
 A look that's fastened to the ground,  
 A tongue chained up, without a  
 sound!

Fountain-head and pathless groves,  
 Places which pale passion loves!  
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
 Are warmly housed, save bats and  
 owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
 These are the sounds we feed upon;  
 Then stretch our bones in a still  
 gloomy valley:  
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely  
 melancholy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### MOODS.

OUT upon it: I have loved  
 Three whole days together;  
 And am like to love three more,  
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings  
 Ere he shall discover  
 In the whole wide world again  
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise  
 Is due at all to me:  
 Love with me had made no stays,  
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
 And that very face,  
 There had been at least ere this  
 A dozen dozen in her place.  
 SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

### THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand;  
 Fear not to touch the best;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant:  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give them all the lie.

Go tell the Court it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Go tell the Church it shows  
 What's good, but does no good:

If Court and Church reply,  
 Give Court and Church the lie.

Tell Potentates they live  
 Acting, but oh! their actions;  
 Not loved, unless they give,  
 Nor strong but by their factions;  
 If Potentates reply,  
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
 That rule affairs of state,  
 Their purpose is ambition;  
 Their practice only hate:  
 And if they do reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most  
 They beg for more by spending,  
 Who in their greatest cost  
 Seek nothing but commending:  
 And if they make reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion;  
 Tell Love it is but lust;  
 Tell Time it is but motion;  
 Tell Flesh it is but dust:  
 And wish them not reply,  
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;  
 Tell Honor how it alters;  
 Tell Beauty that it blasteth;  
 Tell Favor that she falters:  
 And as they do reply,  
 Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles  
 In fickle points of niceness;  
 Tell Wisdom she entangles  
 Herself in over wiseness:  
 And if they do reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;  
 Tell Skill it is pretension;  
 Tell Charity of coldness;  
 Tell Law it is contention:  
 And if they yield reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;  
 Tell Nature of decay;  
 Tell Friendship of unkindness;  
 Tell Justice of delay:  
 And if they do reply,  
 Then give them still the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming;  
 Tell Schools they lack profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming:  
     If Arts and Schools reply,  
     Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city;  
 Tell how the country erreth;  
 Tell, Manhood shakes off pity;  
 Tell, Virtue least preferreth:  
     And if they do reply,  
     Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;  
 Although to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing:  
     Yet stab at thee who will,  
     No stab the Soul can kill!  
             SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

### RABIA.

RABIA, sick upon her bed,  
 By two saints was visited,—

Holy Malik, Hassan wise —  
 Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure,  
 Will God's chastisement endure."

Malik, from a deeper sense  
 Uttered his experience:

"He who loves his Master's choice  
 Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw some selfish will  
 In their maxims lingering still,

And replied, "O men of grace!  
 He who sees his Master's face

Will not, in his prayer, recall  
 That he is chastised at all."

*Trans. by J. F. CLARKE*

## IV.

# CONTEMPLATIVE.—MORAL. RELIGIOUS.

MAN.—VIRTUE.—HONOR.—TIME.—CHANGE.

FATE.—DEATH.—IMMORTALITY.

HYMNS.—HOLYDAYS.

... because

... maintenance there.

“By this day  
Ild a stately habi-

seans to dwell there-

a more stately hath  
een,  
man is Man? to whose  
on  
are in decay.

every thing,  
He is a tree, yet bears  
it;  
, yet is or should be more.  
and speech we only bring.  
may thank us, if they are  
ot mute,  
go upon the score.

or us the winds do blow,  
the earth doth rest, heaven move,  
and fountains flow;  
Nothing we see but means our good  
As our delight, or as our treasure;  
The whole is either our cupboard of  
food,  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;  
Night draws the curtain, which the  
sun withdraws.  
Music and light attend our head.  
All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being;—to our  
mind,  
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of Duty:  
Waters united are our navigation;  
Distinguished, our habitation;  
Below our drink: above our meat:  
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one  
such beauty?  
Then how are all things neat.



## CONTEMPLATIVE.—MORAL.—RELIGIOUS.

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### FROM HYPERION.

As Heaven and Earth are fairer,  
fairer far  
Than Chaos and blank Darkness,  
though once chiefs;  
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth  
In form and shape compact and beautiful,  
In will, in action free, companionship,  
And thousand other signs of purer life;  
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
A power more strong in beauty, born of us,  
And fated to excel us, as we pass  
In glory that old Darkness.

KEATS.

### MAN.

My God, I heard this day  
That none doth build a stately habitation  
But he that means to dwell therein.  
What house more stately hath there been,  
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation  
All things are in decay.

For man is every thing,  
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;  
A beast, yet is or should be more.  
Reason and speech we only bring.  
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,  
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,  
Full of proportions, one limb to another,  
And all to all the world besides;  
Each part may call the farthest brother;  
For head with foot hath private amity,  
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,  
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.  
His eyes dismount the highest star:  
He is in little all the sphere:  
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,  
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;  
Nothing we see but means our good  
As our delight, or as our treasure;  
The whole is either our cupboard of food,  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;  
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws.  
Music and light attend our head.  
All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being;—to our mind,  
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of Duty:  
Waters united are our navigation;  
Distinguished, our habitation;  
Below our drink: above our meat:  
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?  
Then how are all things neat.

More servants wait on Man  
 Than he'll take notice of. In every  
 path  
 He treads down that which doth  
 befriend him  
 When sickness makes him pale  
 and wan.  
 O mighty Love! Man is one world,  
 and hath  
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast  
 So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,  
 That it may dwell with thee at  
 last!  
 Till then afford us so much wit,  
 That as the world serves us, we may  
 serve thee,  
 And both thy servants be.

HERBERT.

## HONOR.

SAY, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest  
 sense  
 Of *justice* which the human mind  
 can frame,  
 Intent each lurking frailty to dis-  
 claim,  
 And guard the way of life from all  
 offence  
 Suffered or done.

We know the arduous strife, the  
 eternal laws  
 To which the triumph of all good is  
 given,  
 High sacrifice, and labor without  
 pause,  
 Even to the death: else wherefore  
 should the eye  
 Of man converse with immortality?

WORDSWORTH.

## ENGLISH CHANNEL.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I  
 stood;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and  
 air was clear,  
 The coast of France—the coast of  
 France how near!  
 Drawn almost into frightful neigh-  
 borhood.  
 I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood

Was like a lake, or river bright and  
 fair,  
 A span of waters; yet what power is  
 there!  
 What mightiness for evil and for  
 good!  
 Even so doth God protect us, if we be  
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow,  
 and waters roll  
 Strength to the brave, and Power,  
 and Deity;  
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One  
 decree  
 Spake laws to *them*, and said, that  
 by the soul  
 Only, the Nations shall be great and  
 free.

WORDSWORTH.

## THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing  
 by,  
 "Let us," said he, "pour on him all  
 we can;  
 Let the world's riches, which dis-  
 persed lie,  
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made away;  
 Then beauty flowed; then wisdom,  
 honor, pleasure.  
 When almost all was out, God made  
 a stay;  
 Perceiving that alone of all the treas-  
 ure  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,  
 "Bestow *this* jewel also on my crea-  
 ture,  
 He would adore my gifts instead of  
 me;  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of  
 Nature:  
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest;  
 But keep them, with repining rest-  
 lessness.  
 Let him be rich and weary; that, at  
 least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
 May toss him to my breast."

HERBERT.

## THE CHURCH PORCH.

THOU whose sweet youth and early  
hopes enhance

Thy rate and price, and mark thee  
for a treasure,

Hearken unto a Verser, who may  
chance

Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait  
of pleasure:

A verse may find him who a ser-  
mon flies

And turn delight into a sacri-  
fice.

When thou dost purpose aught  
(within thy power),

Be sure to do it, though it be but  
small;

Constance knits the bones, and  
makes us stowre,

When wanton pleasures beckon us  
to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, for-  
feiteth himself:

What nature made a ship, he  
makes a shelf.

By all means use sometimes to be  
alone.

Salute thyself: see what thy soul  
doth wear.

Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis  
thine own:

And tumble up and down what thou  
find'st there.

Who cannot rest till he good  
fellows finde,

He breaks up house, turns out  
of doores his minde.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse  
doth bear the bell,

Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop  
e'er gave.

Say not then, this with that lace will  
do well;

But, this with my discretion will be  
brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpet-  
ual wooing,

Nothing with labor, folly long a  
doing.

Entice all neatly to what they know  
best;

For so thou dost thyself and him a  
pleasure:

(But a proud ignorance will lose his  
rest,

Rather than show his cards) steal  
from his treasure

What to ask further. Doubts  
well raised do lock

The speaker to thee, and pre-  
serve thy stock.

When once thy foot enters the  
church, be bare.

God is more there than thou; for  
thou art there

Only by his permission. Then  
beware,

And make thyself all reverence and  
fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stock-  
ings; quit thy state;

Alles equal are within the churches'  
gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers  
most:

Praying's the end of preaching. O  
be drest;

Stay not for th' other pin: why thou  
hast lost

A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell  
doth jest

Away thy blessings, and ex-  
tremely flout thee,

Thy clothes being fast, but thy  
soul loose about thee.

Judge not the preacher; for he is  
thy judge:

If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st  
him not.

God calleth preaching folly. Do not  
grudge

To pick out treasures from an  
earthen pot.

The worst speak something  
good: if all want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth  
patience.

HERBERT.

## HUMILITY.

To me men are for what they  
are,

They wear no masks with me.

I never sickened at the jar

Of ill-tuned flattery;

I never mourned affection lent



In folly or in blindness;—  
The kindness that on me is spent  
Is pure, unasking kindness.

R. M. MILNES.

### THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth  
raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by  
praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors  
freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong  
retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers  
feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of  
lands;

And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

### WISDOM.

WOULD Wisdom for herself be wooed,  
And wake the foolish from his  
dream,

She must be glad as well as good,  
And must not only be, but seem:  
Beauty and joy are hers by right;  
And knowing this, I wonder less  
That she's so scorned, when falsely  
dight  
In misery and ugliness.

What's that which Heaven to man  
endears,

And that which eyes no sooner see  
Than the heart says, with floods of  
tears,

"Ah, that's the thing which I  
would be!"

Not childhood, full of frown and  
fret;

Not youth, impatient to disown  
Those visions high, which to forget  
Were worse than never to have  
known;

Not great men, even when they're  
good:

The good man whom the Lord  
makes great,

By some disgrace of chance or blood  
He fails not to humiliate:

Not these: but souls, found here  
and there,

Oases in our waste of sin,

Where every thing is well and fair,  
And God remits his discipline;

Whose sweet subdual of the world  
The worldling scarce can recog-  
nize,

And ridicule against it hurled,  
Drops with a broken sting, and  
dies;

Who nobly, if they cannot know  
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious  
field

Carries a falcon or a crow,  
Fancy a falcon on the shield;

Yet ever careful not to hurt  
God's honor, who creates success,  
Their praise of even the best desert  
Is but to have presumed no less;  
And should their own life plaudits  
bring,

They're simply vexed at heart  
that such

An easy, yea, delightful thing  
Should move the minds of men so  
much.

They live by law, not like the fool,  
But like the bard, who freely sings  
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
And finds in them not bonds, but  
wings.

They shine like Moses in the face,  
And teach our hearts, without the  
rod,

That God's grace is the only grace,  
And all grace is the grace of  
God.

Their home is home; their chosen  
lot  
A private place and private name,  
But, if the world's want calls, they'll  
not  
Refuse the indignities of fame.  
COVENTRY PATMORE.

## VIRTUE.

SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so  
bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-  
night. —  
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and  
brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave; —  
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and  
roses;  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My music shows ye have your  
closes; —  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But, though the whole world turn  
to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.  
HERBERT.

## HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty  
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that:  
Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea  
stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a'  
that.

What though on hamely fare we  
dine,  
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves  
their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show and a' that;  
The honest man though e'er sae  
poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a'  
that,  
Though hundreds worship at his  
word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that;  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a'  
that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his  
might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o'  
worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the  
earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that,  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that.  
When man to man, the world  
o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.  
BURNS.

## THE QUIP.

THE merry world did on a day  
With his train-bands and mates  
agree  
To meet together, where I lay,  
And all in sport to jeer at me.  
First, Beauty crept into a rose;  
Which when I plucked not — "Sir,"  
said she,  
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are  
those?"  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for  
me.

Then Money came; and, chinking  
still —

“What tune is this, poor man?”  
said he;

“I heard in music you had skill.”  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,  
In silks, that whistled — “Who but  
he?”

He scarce allowed me half an eye.  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversa-  
tion;

And he would needs a comfort be,  
And, to be short, make an oration.  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet, when the hour of thy design  
To answer these fine things shall  
come,  
Speak not at large; say I am thine;  
And then they have their answer  
home.

HERBERT.

### ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse  
below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose  
flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood  
strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome  
wing,

My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast  
seen

Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margin green,  
The paths of pleasure trace;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which inthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business  
bent,

Their murmuring labors ply  
'Gainst graver hours that bring con-  
straint

To sweeten liberty:  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare de-  
sery:

Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast:  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigor born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day:  
Yet see, how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful  
train!

Ah, show them where in ambush  
stand,  
To seize their prey, the murth'rous  
band!

Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that skulks behind;  
Or pining Love shall waste their  
youth,  
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall  
try,  
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to  
flow;  
And keen Remorse with blood  
defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen:  
This racks the joints, this fires the  
veins,  
That every laboring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy  
hand,  
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
Condemned alike to groan;  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah! why should they know  
their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies?  
Thought would destroy their para-  
dise.

No more; — where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

### LIFE.

ART is long, and time is fleeting;  
And our hearts, though stout and  
brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.

LONGFELLOW.

### ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of  
God!

O Duty! if that name thou love,  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set  
free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail  
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine  
eye  
Be on them; who, in love and  
truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad hearts! without reproach or  
blot;  
Who do thy work, and know it not:  
May joy be theirs while life shall  
last!  
And thou, if they should totter,  
teach them to stand fast!

. . . . .

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant  
grace;

Nor know we any thing so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face;  
Flowers laugh before thee on their  
beds;

And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from  
wrong,

And the most ancient heavens,  
through thee, are fresh and  
strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
 Oh! let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And, in the light of truth, thy bond-  
 man let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

### CONFESSION.

No screw, no piercer can  
 Into a piece of timber worke and  
 winde,  
 As God's afflictions into man,  
 When he a torture hath designed.  
 They are too subtle for the subtlest  
 hearts;  
 And fall, like rheumes, upon the  
 tenderest parts.

We are the earth; and they,  
 Like moles within us, heave, and  
 cast about:  
 And till they foot and clutch  
 their prey,  
 They never cool, much less give  
 out.  
 No smith can make such locks, but  
 they have keys;  
 Closets are halls to them; and  
 hearts, high-ways.

Only an open breast  
 Doth shut them out, so that they  
 cannot enter;  
 Or, if they enter, cannot rest,  
 But quickly seek some new  
 adventure.  
 Smooth open hearts no fastening  
 have; but fiction  
 Doth give a hold and handle to  
 affliction.

HERBERT.

### THE SHIELD.

THE old man said, "Take thou this  
 shield, my son,  
 Long tried in battle, and long tried  
 by age,  
 Guarded by this thy fathers did en-  
 gage,  
 Trusting to this the victory they  
 have won."

Forth from the tower Hope and  
 Desire had built,  
 In youth's bright morn I gazed upon  
 the plain,—  
 There struggled countless hosts,  
 while many a stain  
 Marked where the blood of brave  
 men had been spilt.

With spirit strong I buckled to the  
 fight,  
 What sudden chill rushes through  
 every vein?  
 Those fatal arms oppress me — all in  
 vain  
 My fainting limbs seek their accus-  
 tomed might.

Forged were those arms for men of  
 other mould;  
 Our hands they fetter, cramp our  
 spirits free:  
 I throw them on the ground, and  
 suddenly  
 Comes back my strength — returns  
 my spirit bold.

I stand alone, unarmed, yet not alone;  
 Who heeds no law but what within  
 he finds,  
 Trusts his own vision, not to other  
 minds,  
 He fights with thee — Father, aid  
 thou thy son.

S. G. W.

### THE CONSOLERS.

CONSOLERS of the solitary hours  
 When I, a pilgrim, on a lonely shore  
 Sought help, and found none, save  
 in those high powers  
 That then I prayed might never leave  
 me more!

There was the blue, eternal sky  
 above,  
 There was the ocean silent at my feet.  
 There was the universe — but nought  
 to love;  
 The universe did its old tale repeat.

Then came ye to me, with your heal-  
 ing wings,  
 And said, "Thus bare and branch-  
 less must thou be,  
 Ere thou couldst feel the wind from  
 heaven that springs."

And now again fresh leaves do bud  
for me, —  
Yet let me feel that still the spirit  
sings  
Its quiet song, coming from heaven  
free.

S. G. W.

### THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players:  
They have their exits and their en-  
trances;  
And one man in his time plays many  
parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first  
the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's  
arms:  
And then the whining schoolboy,  
with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping  
like snail  
Unwillingly to school: and then the  
lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful  
ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then  
a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded  
like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick  
in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth: and  
then the justice  
In fair round belly, with good capon  
lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of for-  
mal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern in-  
stances.  
And so he plays his part: the sixth  
age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloen,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch  
on side,  
His youthful hose well saved, a  
world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big  
manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish  
treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last  
scene of all

That ends this strange eventful  
history,  
Is second childishness, and mere ob-  
livion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,  
sans every thing.  
SHAKESPEARE: *As you like it.*

### SUN-DIAL.

THE shadow on the dial's face,  
That steals from day to day,  
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,  
Moments and months, and years  
away;  
This shadow, which, in every clime,  
Since light and motion first began,  
Hath held its course sublime;  
What is it? mortal man!  
It is the scythe of Time.  
Not only o'er the dial's face,  
This silent phantom, day by day,  
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,  
Steals moments, months, and years  
away;  
From hoary rock and aged tree,  
From proud Palmyra's mouldering  
walls,  
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the  
sea,  
From every blade of grass it falls;  
And still where'er a shadow sweeps,  
The scythe of time destroys,  
And man at every footstep weeps  
O'er evanescent joys.

MONTGOMERY.

### LIFE.

I MADE a posie while the day ran  
by:  
Here will I smell my remnant out,  
and tie  
My life within this band.  
But Time did beckon to the flowers,  
and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal  
away,  
And withered in my hand.  
My hand was next to them, and then  
my heart;  
I took, without more thinking, in  
good part  
Time's gentle admonition;

Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste  
convey,  
Making my mind to smell my fatal  
day,  
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your  
time ye spent,  
Fit, while you lived, for smell and  
ornament,  
And after death for cures.  
I follow straight without complaints  
or grief;  
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if  
It be as short as yours.

HERBERT.

### REVOLUTIONS.

LIKE as the waves make towards the  
pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their  
end;  
Each changing place with that which  
goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do con-  
tend.  
Nativity once in the main of light  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being  
crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory  
fight,  
And Time that gave, doth now his  
gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set  
on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's  
brow  
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's  
truth,  
And nothing stands but for his  
scythe to mow.  
And yet, to times in hope, my  
verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth, despite his  
cruel hand.

SHAKESPEARE.

### GOOD OMENS.

NOT mine own fears, nor the proph-  
etic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on  
things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love  
control,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined  
doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse  
endured,  
And the sad augurs mock their own  
presage;  
Uncertainties now crown themselves  
assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of end-  
less age.  
Now with the drops of this most  
balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me  
subscribes,  
Since spite of him, I'll live in this  
poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and  
speechless tribes.  
And thou in this shalt find thy  
monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs  
of brass are spent.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE SKEPTIC.

I CALLED on dreams and visions to  
disclose  
That which is veiled from waking  
thought; conjured  
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
To appear and answer. Then my  
soul  
Turned inward, to examine of what  
stuff  
Time's fetters are composed; and  
life was put  
To Inquisition, long and profitless.  
By pain of heart,—now checked,  
and now impelled,  
The Intellectual Power, through  
words and things,  
Went sounding on, a dim and peril-  
ous way!

WORDSWORTH.

### DESTINY.

THE Destiny, Minister General,  
That executeth in the world o'er all  
The purveiance that God hath seen  
before;  
So strong it is, that though the  
world had sworn

The contrary of a thing by Yea or  
Nay,  
Yet sometime it shall fallen on a day  
That falleth not eft in a thousand  
year.

For certainly our appetites here,  
Be it of war, or peace, or hate, or  
love, —  
All this is ruled by the sight above.

CHAUCER.

### FORECAST.

OR if the soul of proper kind,  
Be so perfect as men find,  
That it wot what is to come,  
And that he warneth all and some  
Of every of their adventures,  
By avisions, or by figures,  
But that our flesh hath no might  
To understande it aright,  
For it is warnèd too derkely,  
But why the cause is, not wot I.

CHAUCER.

### FORECAST.

THERE are points from which we  
can command our life,  
When the soul sweeps the future  
like a glass,  
And coming things, full-freighted  
with our fate,  
Jut out dark on the offing of the  
mind.

BAILEY: *Festus*.

### A POET'S HOPE.

LADY, there is a hope that all men  
have,  
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy  
place  
To rest in, and a flower-strewn,  
gentle grave;  
Another hope which purifies our  
race,  
That when that fearful bourn for-  
ever past,  
They may find rest, — and rest so  
long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever,  
My path is onward to the farthest  
shores, —

Upbear me in your arms, unceasing  
river,  
That from the soul's clear fountain  
swiftly pours,  
Motionless not, until the end is  
won,  
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt  
the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,  
'Mid throngs of light-winged angels  
sweeping far,  
And pore upon the realms unvisited,  
That tessellate the unseen unthought  
star,  
To be the thing that now I feebly  
dream  
Flashing within my faintest, deepest  
gleam.

Ah, caverns of my soul! how thick  
your shade,  
Where flows that life by which I  
faintly see, —  
Wave your bright torches, for I  
need your aid,  
Golden-eyed demons of my ances-  
try!  
Your son though blinded hath a  
light within,  
A heavenly fire which ye from suns  
did win.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in  
my arms,  
For I can soothe an infinite cold  
sorrow,  
And gaze contented on your icy  
charms,  
And that wild snow-pile which we  
call to-morrow;  
Sweep on, O soft, and azure-lidded  
sky,  
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze  
reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here  
delay;  
Hope's child, I summon infiniter  
powers;  
And laugh to see the mild and sunny  
day  
Smile on the shrunk and thin au-  
tumnal hours;  
I laugh, for hope hath happy place  
with me,  
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

CHANNING.



## THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When he, which can have learned  
the art  
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuff to work upon there is)  
Would love but as before.

But he, who loveliness within  
Hath found, all outward loathes;  
For he who color loves and skin,  
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do  
Virtue in women see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the he and she;

And if this love, though placed so,  
From profane men you hide,  
Who will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did,  
And a braver thence will spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

DONNE.

## CHARACTER.

How seldom, friends, a good great  
man inherits

Honor or wealth with all his worth  
and pains!

It sounds like stories from the land  
of spirits,

If any man obtain that which he  
merits,

Or any merit that which he obtains —  
For shame, dear friends, renounce  
this canting strain;

What wouldst thou have a good  
great man obtain?

Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain?  
Or throne of corpses which his sword  
hath slain?

Greatness and goodness are not  
*means*, but *ends*:

Hath he not always treasures, always  
friends,

The good great man? — three treas-  
ures, *Love* and *Light*,

And *Calm Thoughts* regular as in-  
fants' breath;

And three firm friends, more sure  
than day and night,

*Himself*, his *Maker*, and the angel  
*Death*.

COLERIDGE.

THAT EACH THING IS HURT  
OF ITSELF.

WHY fearest thou the outward foe,  
When thou thyself thy harm dost  
feed?

Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,  
Within each thing is sown the seed.

So fine was never yet the cloth,  
No smith so hard his iron did beat,  
But th' one consumed was with moth,  
Th' other with canker all to-freate.

The knotty oak and wainscot old  
Within doth eat the silly worm;

Even so a mind in envy rolled  
Always within itself doth burn.

Thus every thing that nature wrought,  
Within itself his hurt doth bear!

No outward harm need to be sought,  
Where enemies be within so near.

ANONYMOUS.

MY MIND TO ME A KING-  
DOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find

As far exceeds all earthly blisse  
That God or Nature hath assigned;

Though much I want that most  
would have,

Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay —  
I seek no more than may suffice.

I press to bear no haughty sway;  
Look, what I lack my mind sup-  
plies.

Lo! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth  
bring.

I see how plentie surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soonest fall;  
 I see that such as sit aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
 These get with toil, and keep with  
 fear;  
 Such cares my mind could never  
 bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,  
 No force to win the victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to win a lover's eye —  
 To none of these I yield as thrall;  
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they  
 crave;

I little have, yet seek no more.  
 They are but poor, though much  
 they have;

And I am rich with little store.  
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
 I grudge not at another's gaine;  
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;  
 I brook that is another's bane.  
 I feare no foe, nor fawn on friend;  
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;  
 I weigh not Croesus' wealth a  
 straw;

For care, I care not what it is;  
 I fear not fortune's fatal law;  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
 I wander not to seek for more;  
 I like the plain, I climb no hill;  
 ' In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toil in vain  
 To get what must be lost again.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;  
 I feign not love where most I hate;  
 I break no sleep to win my will;  
 I wait not at the mighty's gate.  
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;  
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;  
 Extremes are counted worst of all;  
 The golden mean betwixt them both  
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;

This is my choyce; for why, I find  
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect  
 ease;

My conscience clear my chief  
 defence;

I never seek by bribes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence.

Thus do I live, thus will I die;  
 Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

### AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

You that can look through Heaven,  
 and tell the stars,

Observe their kind conjunctions,  
 and their wars;

Find out new lights, and give them  
 where you please,

To these men honors, pleasures, to  
 those ease;

You that are God's surveyors, and  
 can show

How far, and when, and why the  
 wind doth blow;

Know all the charges of the dread-  
 ful thunder,

And when it will shoot over, or fall  
 under:

Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,  
 Yes, and by truth, what shall be-  
 come of me?

Find out my star, if each one, as  
 you say,

Have his peculiar Angel, and his  
 way:

Observe my fate, next fall into your  
 dreams,

Sweep clean your houses, and new  
 line your seams,

Then say your worst: or have I  
 none at all?

Or is it burnt out lately? or did  
 fall?

Or am I poor, not able, no full flame?  
 My star, like me, unworthy of a  
 name?

Is it, your art can only work on  
 those

That deale with dangers, dignities,  
 and cloathes?

With love, or new opinions? you all  
 lye,

A fishwife hath a fate, and so have I,

But far above your finding; He  
 that gives,  
 Out of his providence, to all that  
 lives;  
 He that made all the stars, you daily  
 read,  
 And from thence filch a knowledge  
 how to feed;  
 Hath hid this from you, your con-  
 jectures all  
 Are drunken things, not how, but  
 when they fall;  
 Man is his own star, and the soul  
 that can  
 Render an honest, and a perfect  
 man  
 • Commands all light, all influence,  
 all fate,  
 Nothing to him falls early or too  
 late.  
 Our acts our Angels are, or good, or  
 ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us  
 still,  
 And when the stars are laboring we  
 believe  
 It is not that they govern, but they  
 grieve  
 Our stubborn ignorance; all things  
 that are  
 Made for our general uses are at war,  
 Even we among ourselves, and from  
 the strife  
 Your first unlike opinions got a life.  
 O man, thou image of thy Maker's  
 good,  
 What canst thou fear, when breathed  
 into thy blood  
 His spirit is, that built thee? what  
 dull sense  
 Makes thee suspect, in need, that  
 providence?  
 Who made the morning, and who  
 placed the light  
 Guide to thy labors? who called up  
 the night,  
 And bid her fall upon thee, like sweet  
 showers  
 In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy  
 powers?  
 Who gave thee knowledge? who so  
 trusted thee,  
 To let thee grow so near himself, the  
 Tree?  
 Must he then be distrusted? shall  
 his frame  
 Discourse with him, why thus, and  
 thus I am?

He made the Angels thine, thy fel-  
 lows all,  
 Nay, even thy servants, when devo-  
 tions call.  
 Oh canst thou be so stupid then, so  
 dim,  
 To seek a saving influence, and lose  
 him?  
 Can Stars protect thee? or can pov-  
 erty,  
 Which is the light to Heaven, put  
 out his eye?  
 He is my star; in him all truth I  
 find,  
 All influence, all fate, and when my  
 mind  
 Is furnished with his fullnesse, my  
 poor story  
 Shall outlive all their Age, and all  
 their glory.  
 The hand of danger cannot fall  
 amiss,  
 When I know what, and in whose  
 power it is.  
 Nor want, the cause of man, shall  
 make me groan;  
 A holy hermit is a mind alone.  
 Doth not experience teach us all we  
 can  
 To work ourselves into a glorious  
 man?  
 Love's but an exhalation to best eyes  
 The matter's spent, and then the  
 fool's fire dyes?  
 Were I in love, and could that bright  
 star bring  
 Increase to wealth, honor, and every  
 thing:  
 Were she as perfect good as we can  
 aim, —  
 The first was so, and yet she lost the  
 Game.  
 My mistress then be knowledge and  
 faire truth;  
 So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.  
 And though to Time her lights and  
 laws she lends,  
 She knows no Age that to corruption  
 bends.  
 Friends' promises may lead me to  
 believe,  
 But he that is his own friend knows  
 to live.  
 Affliction, when I know it, is but  
 this,  
 A deep alloy whereby man tougher is  
 To bear the hammer; and the deeper  
 still, —

We still arise more image of his  
will.  
Sickness an humorous cloud 'twixt  
us and light,  
And Death, at longest but another  
night.  
Man is his own Star, and that soul  
that can  
Be honest is the only perfect man.  
JOHN FLETCHER.

## PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou  
dwell? I humbly crave,  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave;  
And asked, if Peace were  
there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer,  
"No!  
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow  
note:  
"Surely," thought I,  
"This is the lace of Peace's  
coat.  
I will search out the mat-  
ter."  
But, while I looked, the clouds im-  
mediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did  
spy  
A gallant flower, —  
The crown-imperial. "Sure,"  
said I,  
"Peace at the root must  
dwell."  
But, when I digged, I saw a worm  
devour  
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old  
man;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began: —  
"There was a prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good  
increase  
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness  
did not save  
His life from foes.

But, after death, out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks  
of wheat;  
Which many wondering at, got some  
of those  
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did  
soon disperse  
Through all the earth.  
For they that taste it do re-  
hearse,  
That virtue lies therein, —  
A secret virtue, bringing peace and  
mirth,  
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my  
garden grows,  
And grows for you:  
Make bread of it; and that re-  
pose  
And peace which every-  
where  
With so much earnestness you do  
pursue,  
Is only there."

HERBERT.

## JOY.

O Joy, hast thou a shape?  
Hast thou a breath?  
How fillest thou the soundless air?  
Tell me the pillars of thy house!  
What rest they on? Do they escape  
The victory of Death?  
And are they fair  
Eternally, who enter in thy house?  
O Joy, thou viewless spirit, canst  
thou dare  
To tell the pillars of thy house?

On adamant of pain  
Before the earth  
Was born of sea, before the sea,  
Yea, and before the light, my house  
Was built. None know what loss,  
what gain,  
Attends each travail birth.  
No soul could be  
At peace when it had entered in my  
house,  
If the foundations it could touch or  
see,  
Which stay the pillars of my house!  
H. H.

## ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM, (may his tribe  
increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream  
of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in the  
room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in  
bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben  
Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he  
said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision  
raised its head,  
And with a look made all of sweet  
accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who  
love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Adhem.  
"Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke  
more low,  
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray  
thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fel-  
low-men."  
The angel wrote and vanished; the  
next night  
He came again with a great waken-  
ing light,  
And showed their names whom love  
of God had blest,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all  
the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

## ORTHODOXY.

"NOUGHT loves another as itself,  
Nor venerates another so;  
Nor is it possible to thought,  
A greater than itself to know.

"And, Father, how can I love you,  
Or any of my brothers more?  
I love you like the little bird  
That picks up crumbs around the  
door."

The Priest sat by, and heard the  
child:  
In trembling zeal he seized his hair;  
He led him by his little coat,  
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,  
"Lo, what a fiend is here!" said  
he,  
"One who sets reason up for judge  
Of our most holy Mystery."

The weeping child could not be  
heard;  
The weeping parents wept in vain;  
They stript him to his little shirt,  
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burned him in a holy place,  
Where many had been burned  
before;  
The weeping parents wept in vain:  
Are such things done on Albion's  
shore?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none  
could tell,  
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand,  
And tested all things in the land  
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose  
From fair to foul, from foul to fair:  
The golden crown he did not spare,  
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,  
Were many changed to chips and  
clods;  
And even statues of the Gods  
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,  
"The loss outweighs the profit far;  
Our goods suffice us as they are:  
We will not have them tried."

And, since they could not so avail  
To check his unrelenting quest,  
They seized him, saying, "Let him  
test  
How real is our jail!"

But though they slew him with the  
sword,  
And in a fire his Touchstone burned,  
Its doings could not be o'erturned,  
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,  
 They strewed its ashes on the  
 breeze,  
 They little guessed each grain of  
 these  
 Conveyed the perfect charm.

ALLINGHAM.

### PRAYERS.

*Isabella.* — Hark, how I'll bribe  
 you,  
 Ay, with such gifts that Heaven  
 shall share with you.  
 Not with fond shekels of the tested  
 gold,  
 Or stones, whose rates are either  
 rich, or poor,  
 As fancy values them; but with true  
 prayers,  
 That shall be up at heaven, and enter  
 there,  
 Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved  
 souls,  
 From fasting maids, whose minds  
 are dedicate  
 To nothing temporal.  
 SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure.*

### SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou  
 begirt us round!  
 Parents first season us; then  
 schoolmasters  
 Deliver us to laws; they send us  
 bound  
 To rules of reason, holy messen-  
 gers —  
 Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dog-  
 ging sin;  
 Afflictions sorted; anguish of all  
 sizes;  
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us  
 in;  
 Bibles laid open; millions of sur-  
 prises;  
 Blessings beforehand; ties of grate-  
 fulness;  
 The sound of glory ringing in our  
 ears;  
 Without, our shame; within, our  
 consciences;  
 Angels and grace; eternal hopes  
 and fears —

Yet all these fences, and their whole  
 array,  
 One cunning bosom-sin blows  
 quite away.

HERBERT.

### WAYFARERS.

How they go by — those strange and  
 dreamlike men!  
 One glance on each, one gleam  
 from out each eye,  
 And that I never looked upon till  
 now,  
 Has vanished out of sight as in-  
 stantly.  
 Yet in it passed there a whole heart  
 and life,  
 The only key it gave that tran-  
 sient look;  
 But for this key its great event in  
 time  
 Of peace or strife to me a sealed  
 book.

E. S. H.

### THE STRANGERS.

EACH care-worn face is but a book  
 To tell of houses bought or sold;  
 Or filled with words that men have  
 took  
 From those who lived and spoke  
 of old.  
 I see none whom I know, for they  
 See other things than him they  
 meet;  
 And though they stop me by the way,  
 'Tis still some other one to greet.  
 There are no words that reach my  
 ear;  
 Those speak who tell of other  
 things  
 Than what they mean for me to hear,  
 For in their speech the counter  
 rings.  
 I would be where each word is true,  
 Each eye sees what it looks upon;  
 For here my eye has seen but few  
 Who in each act that act have  
 done.

JONES VERY.

## PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of Quiet,  
My staff of Faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of Joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My Gown of Glory, (Hope's true  
gage)  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,  
Travelleth towards the land of  
Heaven;  
No other balm will there be given.  
Over the silver mountains  
Where spring the nectar fountains,  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill,  
Upon every milken hill;  
My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## SLEEP.

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer,  
balmy sleep, —  
He, like the world, his ready visits  
pays  
Where fortune smiles: the wretched  
he forsakes,  
And lights on lids unsullied by a  
tear.

YOUNG.

## SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest  
subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! — O Sleep!  
O gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I  
frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my  
eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetful-  
ness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in  
smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies  
to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfumed chambers of  
the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest  
melody?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with  
the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the  
kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum  
bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy  
mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and  
rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious  
surge;

And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the  
top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and  
hanging them

With deafening clamors in the slip-  
pery clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself  
awakes?

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give  
thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so  
rude;

And, in the calmest and most still-  
est night,

With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy  
low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a  
crown.

SHAKESPEARE: *King Henry IV.*

## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the  
question: —

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to  
suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous  
fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of  
troubles,

And, by opposing, end them? — To  
die, — to sleep, —

No more; — and, by a sleep, to say  
we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand  
natural shocks

That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a con-  
summation

Devoutly to be wished. To die; —  
to sleep: —

To sleep! perchance to dream;— ay,  
there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what  
dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal  
coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the  
respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and  
scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud  
man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the  
law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the  
spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy  
takes,  
When he himself might his quietus  
make,  
With a bare bodkin? Who would  
fardels bear  
To grunt and sweat under a weary  
life;  
But that the dread of something  
after death,—  
The undiscovered country, from  
whose bourn  
No traveller returns,— puzzles the  
will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills  
we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not  
of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards  
of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and  
moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn  
awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft  
you, now!  
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy  
orisons  
Be all my sins remembered.

SHAKSPEARE.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

REASON thus with life,—  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep: a  
breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou  
keep'st,  
Hourly afflict. Thou art by no  
means valiant;  
For thou dost fear the soft and ten-  
der fork  
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is'  
sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st; yet  
grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more.  
SHAKSPEARE: *Measure for Measure*.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know  
not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to  
rot:  
This sensible warm motion to be-  
come  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted  
spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed  
ice;  
To be imprisoned in the viewless  
winds,  
And blown with restless violence  
round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse  
than worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain  
thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed  
worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and impris-  
onment  
Can lay on nature, is  $\bullet$ paradise  
To what we fear of death.  
SHAKSPEARE: *Measure for Measure*.

### INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glitter-  
ing in gold,  
The earth goes to the earth sooner  
than it would;  
The earth builds on the earth castles  
and towers,  
The earth says to the earth—All  
this is ours.



INSCRIPTION ON A WALL IN  
ST. EDMUND'S CHURCH IN  
LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

MAN, thee behoveth oft to have this  
in mind,  
That thou givest with thine hand,  
that thou shalt find;  
For widows be slothful, and children  
be unkind,  
Executors be covetous, and keep all  
that they find  
If anybody ask where the dead's  
goods became?  
So God help me and Halidam, he  
died a poor man.

INSCRIPTION IN MARBLE IN  
THE PARISH CHURCH OF  
FAVERSHAM, IN AGRO CAN-  
TIANO.

Whoso him bethoft  
Inwardly and oft,  
How hard it were to flit  
From bed unto the pit,  
From pit unto pain  
That ne'er shall cease again,  
He would not do one sin  
All the world to win.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice, before the rising  
morn  
Performed, my slaughtered lord have  
I required;  
And in thick darkness, amid shades  
forlorn,  
Him of the infernal gods have I de-  
sired:  
Celestial pity I again implore;—  
Restore him to my sight, great Jove,  
restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-  
dowed  
With faith, the suppliant heaven-  
ward lifts her hands;  
While, like the sun emerging from a  
cloud,  
Her countenance brightens—and  
her eye expands,

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her  
stature grows,  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?  
O joy!  
What doth she look on—whom doth  
she behold?  
Her hero slain upon the beach of  
Troy?  
His vital presence—his corporeal  
mould?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—  
'tis he!  
And a god leads him—winged Mer-  
cury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her  
with his wand  
That calms all fear: "Such grace  
hath crowned thy prayer,  
Laodamia, that at Jove's command  
Thy husband walks the paths of up-  
per air:  
He comes to tarry with thee three  
hours' space;  
Accept the gift; behold him face to  
face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen  
her lord to clasp;  
Again that consummation she es-  
sayed;  
But unsubstantial form eludes her  
grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was  
made.  
The phantom parts—but parts to  
re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her  
sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy  
voice:  
This is our palace,—yonder is thy  
throne;  
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on  
will rejoice.  
Not to appall me have the gods be-  
stowed  
This precious boon,—and blessed a  
sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not  
leave  
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though  
I be,

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive,  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain;  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die; but me the threat did not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes — bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
That then, when tens of thousands were depressed  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And He, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me, — no vain shadow this:  
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
To me, this day a second time thy bride!"  
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:  
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. — Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:  
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control  
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable love,  
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn" —

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force  
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb  
Alceste, a re-animated corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful — and they  
Yet further may relent: for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
Of magic, potent over sun and star,  
Is love — though oft to agony distressed;  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow" —  
"Peace!" he said —  
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;  
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive though a  
happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits  
feel  
In worlds whose course is equable  
and pure;  
No fears to beat away — no strife to  
heal —  
The past unsighed for, and the fu-  
ture sure;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pur-  
sued;

Of all that is most beauteous —  
imaged there  
In happier beauty; more pellucid  
streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal  
gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds  
the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to  
survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which  
hath earned  
That privilege by virtue. — "Ill,"  
said he,  
"The end of man's existence I dis-  
cerned,  
Who from ignoble games and  
revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted,  
vain delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime,  
day and night:

"And while my youthful peers,  
before my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar  
bent),  
Prepared themselves for glorious  
enterprise  
By martial sports, — or, seated in  
the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were  
detained;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay  
enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given: —  
I then revolved  
Our future course, upon the silent  
sea;

And, if no worthier led the way, re-  
solved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine  
should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the  
strand, —  
Mine the first blood that tinged the  
Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the  
pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved  
wife;  
On thee too fondly did my memory  
hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal  
life, —  
The paths which we had trod —  
these fountains — flowers;  
My new-planned cities, and un-  
finished towers.

"But should suspense permit the  
foe to cry,  
'Behold they tremble! haughty their  
array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to  
die?' —  
In soul I swept the indignity away:  
Old frailties then recurred: but lofty  
thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance  
wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love,  
art all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too  
slow;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blessed re-union in the shades  
below.  
The invisible world with thee hath  
sympathized;  
Be thy affections raised and sol-  
emnized.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to  
ascend,  
Seeking a higher object: — Love  
was given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for  
that end:  
For this the passion to excess was  
driven —  
That self might be annulled; her  
bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to  
love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes  
 re-appears!  
 Round the dear shade she would  
 have clung — 'tis vain:  
 The hours are past — too brief had  
 they been years;  
 And him no mortal effort can de-  
 tain:  
 Swift, toward the realms that know  
 not earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his  
 silent way —  
 And on the palace floor a lifeless  
 corse she lay.

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply  
 loved!  
 Her, who, in reason's spite, yet  
 without crime,  
 Was in a trance of passion thus re-  
 moved;  
 Delivered from the galling yoke of  
 time,  
 And these frail elements — to gather  
 flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading  
 bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are  
 due;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and  
 o'erthrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by  
 man alone,  
 As fondly he believes. — Upon the  
 side  
 Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-  
 tained)  
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
 From out the tomb of him for whom  
 she died;  
 And ever, when such stature they  
 had gained  
 That Ilium's walls were subject to  
 their view,  
 The trees' tall summits withered at  
 the sight;  
 A constant interchange of growth  
 and blight!

WORDSWORTH.

## TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay  
 and fall,  
 The vapors weep their burthen to  
 the ground,

Man comes and tills the field and  
 lies beneath,  
 And after many a summer dies the  
 swan.  
 Me only cruel immortality  
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine  
 arms,  
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
 A white-haired shadow roaming like  
 a dream  
 The ever silent spaces of the East,  
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls  
 of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a  
 man —  
 So glorious in his beauty and thy  
 choice,  
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he  
 seemed  
 To his great heart none other than a  
 God!  
 I asked thee, "Give me immortali-  
 ty."  
 Then didst thou grant mine asking  
 with a smile,  
 Like wealthy men who care not how  
 they give,  
 But thy strong Hours indignant  
 worked their wills,

And beat me down and marred and  
 wasted me,  
 And though they could not end me,  
 left me maimed  
 To dwell in presence of immortal  
 youth,  
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy  
 love,  
 Thy beauty, make amends, though  
 even now,  
 Close over us, the silver star, thy  
 guide,  
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that  
 fill with tears  
 To hear me? Let me go: take back  
 thy gift:  
 Why should a man desire in any way  
 To vary from the kindly race of men,  
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
 Where all should pause, as is most  
 meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart;  
 there comes  
 A glimpse of that dark world where  
 I was born.

Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals  
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,  
 And bosom beating with a heart renewed.

Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,  
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,  
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team  
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,  
 And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,  
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
 In silence, then before thine answer given  
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,  
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,  
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?  
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes  
 I used to watch—if I be he that watched—  
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw  
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;  
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood  
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all  
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,  
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm  
 With kisses balmy than half-opening buds  
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kissed

Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,  
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,  
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:  
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?  
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam  
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
 Of happy men that have the power to die,  
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;  
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:  
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn:  
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,  
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

### COME MORIR.

HE leaves the earth, and says,  
 enough and more  
 Unto thee have I given, oh Earth. —  
 For all  
 With hand free and ungrudging gave I up, —  
 But now I leave thy pale hopes and dear pains,  
 The rude fields where so many years I've tilled,  
 And where no other feeling gave me strength,  
 Save that from them my home was aye in view,  
 For only transient clouds could hide from me  
 My spirit's home, whence it came, where should go; —  
 Enough, more than enough, now let me rest.

S. G. W

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

YE sigh not when the sun, his  
course fulfilled,  
His glorious course, rejoicing earth  
and sky,  
In the soft evening, when the winds  
are stilled,  
Sinks where his islands of refresh-  
ment lie,  
And leaves the smile of his departure  
spread  
O'er the warm-colored heaven and  
ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who,  
having won  
The bound of man's appointed  
years, at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's  
labors done,  
Serenely to his final rest has  
passed;  
While the soft memory of his virtues  
yet  
Lingers like twilight hues, when the  
bright sun is set?

BRYANT.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty  
deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar now,  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the  
dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE  
CHURCHYARD OF RICH-  
MOND, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou  
wilt, let us make here three tabernacles,  
one for thee, one for Moses, and one for  
Elias." — ST. MATTHEW.

METHINKS it is good to be here,  
If thou wilt let us build, — but for  
whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;

But the shadows of eve that encom-  
pass with gloom  
The abode of the dead and the place  
of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!  
Affrighted, he shrinketh away, —  
For see, they would pin him below  
In a dark narrow cave, and, begirt  
with cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a fear and  
a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets  
The charms which she wielded be-  
fore,  
Nor knows the foul worm that he  
frets  
The skin that but yesterday fools  
could adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the  
tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,  
The trappings which dizen the  
proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside,  
And here's neither dress nor adorn-  
ment allowed,  
Save the long winding-sheet and the  
fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain;  
Who hide in their turns have been  
hid;  
The treasures are squandered again;  
And here in the grave are all metals  
forbid,  
Save the tinsel that shines on the  
dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can  
afford,  
The revel, the laugh and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board!  
But the guests are all mute at their  
pitiful cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller  
here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?  
Ah, no! They have withered and  
died,  
Or fled with the spirit above:  
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are  
laid side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none  
have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot  
grieve;  
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine  
ear,  
Which Compassion itself could re-  
lieve.  
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love,  
hope, or fear,  
Peace, peace! is the watchword, the  
only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs  
must bow?  
Ah, no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow!  
Beneath the cold head, and around  
the dark stone,  
Are the signs of a sceptre that none  
may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will  
build,  
And look for the sleepers around us  
to rise!  
The second to Faith, which insures  
it fulfilled;  
And the third to the Lamb of the  
great sacrifice,  
Who bequeathed us them both when  
he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

### THANATOPSIS.

. . . YET a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no  
more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold  
ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with  
many tears;  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall  
exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished  
thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth  
again;  
And lost each human trace, sur-  
rendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou  
go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the  
rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads  
upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and  
pierce thy mould.  
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst  
thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt  
lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world,  
— with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, — the  
wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages  
past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The  
hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,  
— the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness be-  
tween;  
The venerable woods, — rivers that  
move  
In majesty, and the complaining  
brooks  
That make the meadows green; and  
poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy  
waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The  
golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of  
heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of  
death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All  
that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the  
tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. . . .  
So live, that when thy summons  
comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that  
moves  
To that mysterious realm, where  
each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of  
death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave  
at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

### TO BE NO MORE.

To be no more — sad cure; for who would lose  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion?

MILTON.

### LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met,  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good-night, — but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good-morning.

BARBAULD.

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!



Let not ambition mock their useful  
toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful  
smile  
The short and simple annals of the  
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of  
power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth,  
e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the  
grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these  
the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle  
and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the  
note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent  
dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear  
of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with  
celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might  
have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her  
ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did  
ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble  
rage,  
And froze the genial current of  
the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of  
ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush  
unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the  
desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with  
dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields with-  
stood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here  
may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his  
country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to  
command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to  
despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a na-  
tion's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed  
alone  
Their growing virtues, but their  
crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter  
to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on  
mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious  
truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenu-  
ous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's  
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's igno-  
ble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned  
to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of  
their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to  
protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected  
nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless  
sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a  
sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the  
unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she  
strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to  
die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a  
prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er  
resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheer-  
ful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering  
look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul  
relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye  
requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of  
Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wont-  
ed fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the un-  
honed dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless  
tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation  
led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire  
thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may  
say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the  
peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews  
away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland  
lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nod-  
ding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic  
roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would  
he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bab-  
bles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as  
in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he  
would rove;  
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one  
forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in  
hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the  
accustomed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fa-  
vorite tree;

Another came; nor yet beside the  
rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood,  
was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad  
array,  
Slow through the church-way path  
we saw him borne: —  
Approach and read (for thou canst  
read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon  
aged thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of  
earth,  
A youth, to fortune and to fame  
unknown:  
Fair Science frowned not on his  
humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for  
her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul  
sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as large-  
ly send;  
He gave to misery (all he had) a  
tear,  
He gained from heaven ('twas all  
he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to dis-  
close,  
Or draw his frailties from their  
dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope  
repose.)  
The bosom of his Father and his  
God.

GRAY.

#### THE SKULL.

REMOVE yon skull from out the  
scattered heaps:  
Is that a temple where a god may  
dwell?  
Why even the worm at last disdains  
her shattered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined  
wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals  
foul:

Yes, this was once Ambition's airy  
hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace  
of the Soul:  
Behold through each lack-lustre,  
eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of Wisdom and of  
Wit,  
And Passion's host, that never  
brook'd control:  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever  
writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tene-  
ment refit?

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed,  
there be  
A land of souls beyond that sable  
shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sad-  
ducee,  
And sophists, madly vain of dubi-  
ous lore;  
How sweet it were in concert to  
adore  
With those who made our mortal  
labors light!  
To hear each voice we feared to  
hear no more!  
Behold each mighty shade revealed  
to sight,  
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all  
who taught the right!

BYRON: *Childe Harold*.

### THE IMMORTAL MIND.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering  
clay,  
Ah, whither strays the immortal  
mind?  
It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
But leaves its darkened dust be-  
hind.  
Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly  
way?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey?  
Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,  
Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
Each fainter trace that memory  
holds,

So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul be-  
holds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.  
Before creation peopled earth,  
Its eyes shall roll through chaos  
back;  
And where the farthest heaven had  
birth,  
The spirit trace its rising track.  
And where the future mars or  
makes,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
While sun is quenched or system  
breaks,  
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure:  
An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
Its years as moments shall endure.  
Away, away, without a wing,  
O'er all, through all, its thoughts  
shall fly;  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Forgetting what it was to die.

BYRON.

### CELINDA.

WALKING thus towards a pleasant  
grove,  
Which did, it seemed, in new delight  
The pleasures of the time unite  
To give a triumph to their love,—  
They staid at last, and on the  
grass  
Reposed so as o'er his breast  
She bowed her gracious head to  
rest,  
Such a weight as no burden was.  
Long their fixed eyes to heaven bent,  
Unchanged they did never move,  
As if so great and pure a love  
No glass but it could represent.  
"These eyes again thine eyes shall  
see,  
Thy hands again these hands in-  
fold,  
And all chaste pleasures can be told  
Shall with us everlasting be.  
Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,  
Much less your fairest mind invade;  
Were not our souls immortal made,  
Our equal loves can make them  
such."

LORD EDWARD HERBERT

## EUTHANASIA.

BUT souls that of his own good life  
partake,  
He loves as his own self; dear as his  
eye  
They are to him: He'll never them  
forsake:  
When they shall die, then God him-  
self shall die;  
They live, they live in blest eternity.  
HENRY MORE.

## THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white, celestial thought;  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back, at that short  
space  
Could see a glimpse of his bright  
face;  
When on some gilded cloud or  
flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity:  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,\*  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense;  
But felt through all this fleshly  
dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.  
O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track!  
That I might once more reach that  
plain  
Where first I left my glorious train,  
From whence the enlightened spirit  
sees  
That shady city of palm-trees.  
But ah! my soul with too much  
stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would  
move;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.  
HENRY VAUGHAN.

## IMMORTALITY,

"The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety."

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow,  
grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a  
dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of  
yore;—  
Turn whereso'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now  
can see no more.

## II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens  
are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory  
from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a  
joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought  
of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that  
thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets  
from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the  
season wrong;  
I hear the echoes through the  
mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the  
fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday;  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy  
shouts, thou happy shepherd-  
boy!

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard  
the call

Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your  
jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I  
feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
While the earth herself is  
adorning,

This sweet May-morning,  
And the children are culling  
On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and  
wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun  
shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his  
mother's arm: —

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
— But there's a tree, of many  
one,

A single field which I have looked  
upon,

Both of them speak of something  
that is gone:

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the  
dream?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a for-  
getting:

The soul that rises with us, our  
life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we  
come

From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our in-  
fancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to  
close

Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light, and  
whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;  
The youth, who daily farther from  
the east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceives it die  
away,

And fade into the light of common  
day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of  
her own;

Yearnings she hath in her own  
natural kind,

And, even with something of a  
mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her in-  
mate man,

Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he  
came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-  
born blisses,

A six years' darling of a pygmy  
size!

See, where 'mid work of his own  
hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's  
kisses,

With light upon him from his  
father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or  
chart,

Some fragment from his dream of  
human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-  
learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his  
song:

Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or  
strife;

But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the persons, down to pal-  
 sied age,  
 That Life brings with her in her  
 equipage:  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance  
 doth belie  
 Thy soul's immensity;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet  
 dost keep  
 Thy heritage; thou eye among the  
 blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the  
 eternal deep,  
 Haunted forever by the eternal  
 mind,—  
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to  
 find;  
 (In darkness lost, the darkness of  
 the grave;)  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a  
 slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in  
 the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy  
 being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost  
 thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
 strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her  
 earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a  
 weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as  
 life!

## IX.

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me  
 doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be  
 blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at  
 rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still flutter-  
 ing in his breast:—  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate question-  
 ings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our  
 mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-  
 prised:  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our  
 day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our see-  
 ing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have  
 power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in  
 the being  
 Of the eternal silence: truths that  
 wake,  
 To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad  
 endeavor,  
 Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that im-  
 mortal sea  
 Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the children sport upon the  
 shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling  
 evermore.

## X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a  
 joyous song!  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which  
 was once so bright  
 Be now forever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind,  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been, must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows,  
 hills, and groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight,  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
 Is lovely yet;  
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live;  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows  
 can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep  
 for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

## LOVE AND HUMILITY.

FAR have I clambered in my mind,  
 But nought so great as love I find:  
 Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,  
 Are nought compared to that good sprite.  
 Life of delight, and soul of bliss!  
 Sure source of lasting happiness!  
 Higher than heaven! lower than hell!  
 What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?

My mansion hight humility,  
 Heaven's vastest capability.  
 The further it doth downward bend,  
 The higher up it doth ascend;  
 If it go down to utmost nought,  
 It shall return with what it sought.

Could I demolish with mine eye  
 Strong towers; stop the fleet stars in sky,  
 Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,  
 Or turn black midnight to bright noon;  
 Though all things were put in my hand, —  
 As parched, as dry, as Libyan sand  
 Would be my life, if Charity  
 Were wanting. But Humility  
 Is more than my poor soul durst crave,  
 That lies entombed in lowly grave.  
 But if 'twere lawful up to send  
 My voice to heaven, this should it rend,  
 Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,  
 That thou mayst raise me with the just.

HENRY MORE.

## MY LEGACY.

THEY told me I was heir: I turned  
 in haste,  
 And ran to seek my treasure,  
 And wondered as, I ran, how it was placed, —

If I should find a measure  
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands  
And houses would be laid within my  
hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked  
at gates;  
I spoke to each wayfarer  
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits  
Me. Art not thou the bearer  
Of news? some message sent to me  
whereby  
I learn which way my new posses-  
sions lie?"

Some asked me in; nought lay be-  
yond their door;  
Some smiled, and would not tarry,  
But said that men were just behind  
who bore  
More gold than I could carry;  
And so the morn, the noon, the day,  
were spent,  
While empty handed up and down I  
went.

At last one cried, whose face I could  
not see,  
As through the mists he hasted;  
"Poor child, what evil ones have  
hindered thee,  
Till this whole day is wasted?  
Hath no man told thee that thou art  
joint heir  
With one named Christ, who waits  
the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for  
many days,  
In many places vainly;  
I heard men name his name in many  
ways;  
I saw his temples plainly;  
But they who named him most gave  
me no sign  
To find him by, or prove the heir-  
ship mine.

And when at last I stood before his  
face,  
I knew him by no token  
Save subtle air of joy which filled  
the place;  
Our greeting was not spoken;  
In solemn silence I received my  
share,  
Kneeling before my brother and  
"joint heir."

My share! No deed of hou.  
spreading lands,  
As I had dreamed; no measure  
Heaped up with gold; my el  
brother's hands  
Had never held such treasure.  
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests  
are fed:  
My brother had not where to lay his  
head.

My share! The right like him to  
know all pain  
Which hearts are made for knowing;  
The right to find in loss the surest  
gain;  
To reap my joy from sowing  
In bitter tears; the right with him  
to keep  
A watch by day and night with all  
who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief  
and death;  
I see the joy and life to-morrow;  
I thank my Father with my every  
breath,  
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;  
And through my tears I call to each  
"joint heir  
With Christ, make haste to ask him  
for thy share."

H. H.

### DIVINE LOVE.

Thou hidden love of God! whose  
height,  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man  
knows —  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pained; nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
Thesweetness of Thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I would; but though my will  
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions  
rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way —  
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast  
brought  
My mind to seek her peace in  
Thee!



Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.

O when shall all my wanderings  
end,  
And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart  
to share?

Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone —  
The Lord of every motion there!

Then shall my heart from earth be  
free,

When it hath found repose in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN:

*Trans. by John Wesley.*

### MORAVIAN HYMN.

O DRAW me, Father, after thee,  
So shall I run and never tire:  
With gracious words still comfort  
me;

Be thou my hope, my sole desire:  
Free me from every weight; nor  
fear

Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;  
Ere knew this beating heart to  
move,

Thy tender mercies me pursued;  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.

In suffering, be thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall  
cease,

My God! in that transcendent hour,  
In death as life be thou my guide,  
And bear me through death's  
whelming tide.

JOHN WESLEY.

### PSALM XCIII.

CLOTHED with state, and girt with  
might,

Monarch-like Jehovah reigns,  
He who earth's foundation pight\*—  
Pight at first, and yet sustains;

\* Pitched.

He whose stable throne disdains  
Motion's shock and age's flight;  
He who endless one remains  
One, the same, in changeless plight.

Rivers, — yea though rivers roar,  
Roaring though sea-billows rise,  
Vex the deep, and break the  
shore, —

Stronger art thou, Lord of skies!  
Firm and true thy promise lies  
Now and still as heretofore:

Holy worship never dies  
In thy house where we adore.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD in me there lieth nought  
But to thy search revealed lies;

For when I sit  
Thou markest it;

Nor less thou notest when I rise:  
Yea, closest closet of my thought  
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk;  
When to my bed for rest I go,  
I find thee there,

And everywhere;  
Not youngest thought in me doth  
grow,

No, not one word I cast to talk  
But, yet unuttered, thou dost  
know.

If forth I march, thou goest before;  
If back I turn, thou com'st behind;

So forth nor back  
Thy guard I lack;

Nay, on me too thy hand I find.  
Well I thy wisdom may adore,  
But never reach with earthly  
mind.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,  
O whether might I take my way?

To starry sphere?  
Thy throne is there:

To dead men's undelightsome  
stay?

There is thy walk, and there to lie  
Unknown, in vain should I assay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can  
match!

Suppose thy lightful flightful wings

Thou lend to me,  
And I could flee  
As far as thee the evening brings:  
Even led to west he would me catch,  
Nor should I lurk with western  
things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night!  
In sable veil to cover me:  
Thy sable veil  
Shall vainly fail:  
With day unmasked my night  
shall be,  
For night is day, and darkness light,  
O Father of all lights, to thee.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### SATAN.

BELOW the bottom of the great Abyss,  
There where one centre reconciles  
all things,  
The world's profound heart pants;  
there placed is  
Mischiefs old Master! close about  
him clings  
A curled knot of embracing snakes,  
that kiss  
His correspondent cheeks: these  
loathsome strings  
Hold the perverse prince in eternal  
ties,  
Fast bound since first he forfeited  
the skies.

Heaven's golden-winged herald late  
he saw  
To a poor Galilean virgin sent;  
How long the bright youth bowed,  
and with what awe  
Immortal flowers to her fair hand  
present:  
He saw the old Hebrew's womb  
neglect the law  
Of age and barrenness; and her Babe  
prevent  
His birth by his devotion, who be-  
gan  
Betimes to be a saint before a  
man!

Yet, on the other side, fain would  
he start  
Above his fears, and think it cannot  
be:  
He studies Scripture, strives to sound  
the heart

And feel the pulse of every prophecy,  
He knows, but knows not how, or  
by what art  
The heaven-expecting ages hope to  
see  
A mighty Babe, whose pure, un-  
spotted birth  
From a chaste virgin womb should  
bless the earth!

But these vast mysteries his senses  
smother,  
And reason, — for what's faith to  
him! — devour,  
How she that is a maid should prove  
a mother,  
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower;  
How God's eternal Son should be  
man's brother,  
Poseth his proudest intellectual  
power;  
How a pure spirit should incar-  
nate be,  
And life itself wear death's frail  
livery.

That the great angel-blinding light  
should shrink  
His blaze, to shine in a poor shep-  
herd's eye;  
That the unmeasured God so low  
should sink  
As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie;  
That from his mother's breast He  
milk should drink,  
Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair  
family;  
That a vile manger his low bed  
should prove  
Who in a throne of stars thunders  
above.

That He whom the sun serves, should  
faintly peep  
Through clouds of infant flesh: that  
He the old  
Eternal Word would be a child, and  
weep;  
That He who made the fire should  
feel the cold;  
That Heaven's high Majesty his  
court should keep  
In a clay-cottage, by each blast con-  
trolled:  
That Glory's self should serve our  
griefs and fears:  
And free Eternity submit to years.  
RICHARD CRASHAW.

## NARAYENA: SPIRIT OF GOD.

BLUE crystal vault and elemental  
fires  
That in the aerial fluid blaze and  
breathe!  
Thou tossing sea, whose snaky  
branches wreath  
This pensile orb with intertwined  
gyves;—  
Mountains whose lofty radiant spires  
Presumptuous rear their summits  
to the skies;  
Smooth meads and lawns that glow  
with vergant dyes  
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blos-  
soms bright!  
Hence! vanish from my sight:  
Delusive pictures! Unsubstantial  
shows!  
My soul absorbed, one only Being  
knows;  
Of all perceptions one abundant  
source;  
Whence every object every moment  
flows:  
Suns hence derive their force;  
Hence planets learn their course;  
But suns and fading worlds I view  
no more:  
God only I perceive; God only I adore.  
SIR WILLIAM JONES: *Translation.*

## PENITENCE.

GREAT God!  
Greater than greatest! better than  
the best!  
Kinder than kindest! with soft pity's  
eye  
Look down—  
On a poor breathing particle in  
dust!  
Or, lower,—an immortal in his  
crimes.  
His crimes forgive, forgive his vir-  
tues too!  
Those smaller faults, half converts  
to the right.

YOUNG.

## AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining  
frame,

Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous  
tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her  
burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to  
pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial  
ball?  
What though nor real voice nor  
sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine!"  
ADDISON.

TWO WENT UP INTO THE  
TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? Oh! rather say,  
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on  
high,  
Where the other dares not lend his  
eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod;  
The other to the altar's God.  
RICHARD CRASHAW.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,  
AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO  
GERMANY.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,  
That ship shall be my emblem of  
thy ark;  
What sea soever swallow me, that  
flood  
Shall be to me an emblem of thy  
blood.

Though thou with clouds of anger  
do disguise  
Thy face, yet through that mask I  
know those eyes,  
Which, though they turn away some-  
times, —  
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,  
And all whom I love here, and who  
love me:  
When I have put this flood 'twixt  
them and me,  
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins  
and thee.  
As the tree's sap doth seek the root  
below  
In winter, in my winter now I go  
Where none but thee, the eternal root  
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost con-  
trol  
The amorousness of an harmonious  
soul;  
But thou wouldst have that love  
thyself: as thou  
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous  
now.  
Thou lov'st not till from loving  
more thou free  
My soul: who ever gives, takes lib-  
erty;  
Oh! if thou car'st not whom I love,  
Alas, thou lov'st not me!

Seal, then, this bill of my divorce to  
all  
On whom those fainter beams of  
love did fall;  
Marry those loves, which in youth  
scattered be  
On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses),  
to thee.  
Churches are best for prayer that  
have least light;  
To see God only, I go out of sight;  
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose  
An everlasting night.

DONNE.

## THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see;  
And, what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,  
To run into an action;  
But still to make thee prepossessed,  
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass  
On it may stay his eye;  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with this tincture, *for thy*  
*sake,*  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
Makes that, and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold;  
For that which God doth touch and  
own  
Cannot for less be told.

HERBERT.

## SING UNTO THE LORD.

## PSALM XCVI.

SING, and let your song be new,  
Unto him that never endeth!  
Sing all earth, and all in you,  
Sing to God, and bless his name.  
Of the help, the health he sendeth,  
Day by day new ditties frame.

Make each country know his worth:  
Of his acts the wondered story  
Paint unto each people forth.  
For Jehovah great alone,  
All the gods for awe and glory,  
Far above doth hold his throne,

For but idols, what are they  
Whom besides mad earth adoreth?  
He the skies in frame did lay;  
Grace and honor are his guides;  
Majesty his temple storeth;  
Might in guard about him bides.

Kindreds come! Jehovah give, —  
O give Jehovah all together,  
Force and fame whereso you live.  
Give his name the glory fit;

Take your offerings, get you  
thither,  
Where he doth enshrined sit.

Go, adore him in the place  
Where his pomp is most displayed.  
Earth, O go with quaking pace,  
Go proclaim Jehovah king:  
Stayless world shall now be stayed;  
Righteous doom his rule shall bring.

Starry roof and earthy floor,  
Sea and all thy wideness yieldeth;  
Now rejoice, and leap, and roar.  
Leafy infants of the wood,  
Fields, and all that on you feed-  
eth,  
Dance, O dance, at such a good!

For Jehovah cometh, lo!  
Lo, to reign Jehovah cometh!  
Under whom you all shall go.  
He the world shall rightly guide;  
Truly, as a king becometh,  
For the people's weal provide.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### PSALM XVIII.

THE Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens high;  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain;  
And he as sovereign Lord and King  
Forevermore shall reign.

STERNHOLD.

### DEPENDENCE.

To keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl:  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream:  
It is not at our own command,  
But still derived from him.

Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone;  
And even an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide:  
This more exalts the King of kings  
Than all your works beside.

In Jesus is our store;  
Grace issues from his throne:  
Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

COWPER.

### PROVIDENCE.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste;  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his works in vain:  
God is his own interpreter;  
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

### PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, who from  
end to end  
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall  
I write,

And not of thee, through whom my  
fingers bend  
To hold my quill? shall they not do  
thee right?

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I  
here present,  
For me and all my fellows, praise to  
thee:  
And just it is that I should pay the  
rent,  
Because the benefit accrues to me.

Tempests are calm to thee: they  
know thy hand,  
And hold it fast, as children do  
their fathers,  
Which cry and follow. Thou hast  
made poore sand  
Check the proud sea, even when it  
swells and gathers.

How finely dost thou times and sea-  
sons spin,  
And make a twist checkered with  
night and day!  
Which as it lengthens, windes and  
windes us in,  
As bowls go on, but turning all the  
way.

Bees work for man; and yet they  
never bruise  
Their master's flower, but leave it,  
having done,  
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:  
So both the flower doth stay, and  
honey run.

Who hath the virtue to expresse the  
rare  
And curious virtues both of herbs  
and stones?  
Is there an herb for that? O that  
thy care  
Would show a root that gives ex-  
pressions!

The sea which seems to stop the  
traveller,  
Is by a ship the speedier passage  
made:  
The windes, who think they rule the  
mariner,  
Are ruled by him, and taught to  
serve his trade.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but  
gently spend  
Your honey drops; presse not to smell  
them here:

When they are ripe, their odor will  
ascend,  
And at your lodging with their  
thanks appeare.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts  
to man;  
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut  
alone  
Is clothing, meat, and trencher,  
drink and can,  
Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in  
one.

Each thing that is, although in use  
and name  
It go for one, hath many ways in  
store  
To honor thee; and so each hymn  
thy fame  
Extolleth many ways, yet this one  
more.

HERBERT.

### PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days:  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening  
dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous  
hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land:  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;  
Source whence all our blessings  
flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should  
fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy:

Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

### AFFLICTION.

WHEN first Thou didst entice to Thee  
my heart,  
I thought the service brave;  
So many joys I writ down for my  
part!

Besides what I might have  
Out of my stock of natural delights,  
Augmented with Thy gracious bene-  
fits.

I looked on Thy furniture so fine,  
And made it fine to me.  
Thy glorious household stuff did me  
intwine,  
And 'tice me unto Thee.

Such stars I counted mine: both  
heaven and earth  
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasure could I want, whose  
King I served?

Where joys my fellows were?  
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts  
reserved

No place for grief or fear:  
Therefore my sudden soul caught at  
the place,  
And made her youth and fierceness  
seek Thy face.

At first Thou gav'st me milk and  
sweetnesses;  
I had my wish and way:

My days were strewed with flowers  
and happiness:

There was no month but May:  
But with my years sorrow did twist  
and grow,  
And made a party unawares for woe.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather  
took

The way that takes the town;  
Thou didst betray me to a lingering  
book,

And wrap me in a gown.  
I was entangled in a world of strife,  
Before I had the power to change my  
life.

Yet lest perchance I should too hap-  
py be

In my unhappiness,  
Turning my purge to food, Thou  
throwest me

Into more sicknesses.  
Thus does Thy power cross-bias me,  
not making

Thine own gift good, yet me from  
my ways taking.

Now I am here; what Thou wilt do  
with me,

None of my books will show:  
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;

For sure then I should grow  
To fruit, or shade; at least some bird  
would trust

Her household to me, and I should  
be just.

Yet though Thou troublest me, I  
must be meek;

In weakness must be stout.  
Well, I will change the service, and  
go seek

Some other master out.  
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean  
forgot,

Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee  
not.

HERBERT.

### GRATEFULNESS.

THOU that hast given so much to me,  
Give one thing more,—a grateful  
heart.

See how Thy beggar works on Thee  
By art:

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,  
And says — If he in this be crost,  
All Thou hast given him heretofore  
Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first  
Thy word our hearts and hands did  
crave,  
What it would come to at the worst  
To save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,  
Tears sullyng Thy transparent  
rooms,  
Gift upon gift, much would have  
more,  
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st  
on,  
And didst allow us all our noise;  
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and  
groan,  
Thy joys.

Not that Thou hast not still above  
Much better tunes than groans can  
make,  
But that these country airs Thy love  
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;  
And in no quiet canst Thou be,  
Till I a thankful heart obtain  
Of Thee.

Not thankful when it pleases me, —  
As if Thy blessings had spai days, —  
But such a heart, whose praise may  
be

\* Thy praise.  
HERBERT.

### MATINS.

WHEN with the virgin morning  
thou dost rise,  
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacri-  
fice;  
First wash thy heart in innocence,  
then bring  
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure  
every thing.  
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and  
thence  
Give up thy soul in clouds of frank-  
incense.

Thy golden censers filled with odors  
sweet  
Shall make thy actions with their  
ends to meet.

HERRICK.

### BEFORE SLEEP.

THE night is come like to the  
day, —

Depart not thou, great God, away,  
Let not my sins, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.  
Keep still in my horizon; for to me  
The sun makes not the day, but  
thee.

Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,  
On my temples sentry keep;  
Guard me 'gainst those watchful  
foes

Whose eyes are open while mine  
close.

Let no dreams my head infest  
But such as Jacob's temples blest.  
While I do rest, my soul advance,  
Make my sleep a holy trance,  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought,  
And with as active vigor run  
My course, as doth the nimble sun,  
Sleep is a death; O make me try  
By sleeping, what it is to die:  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave, as now my bed.  
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again at least with thee;  
And thus assured, behold I lie  
Secure, or to awake or die.  
These are my drowsy days; in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again; —  
O come that hour, when I shall never  
Sleep again, but wake forever.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

### HYMN.

LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,  
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?  
For I have sought no other home,  
For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,  
Without some glimpses of thy face;  
And heaven without thy presence  
there  
Would be a dark and tiresome place.



When earthly cares engross the day,  
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,  
The shining hours of cheerful light  
Are long and tedious years to me.

And if no evening visit's paid  
Between my Saviour and my soul,  
How dull the night! how sad the shade!  
How mournfully the minutes roll!

My God! and can a humble child  
That loves thee with a flame so high,  
Be ever from thy face exiled,  
Without the pity of thy eye?

Impossible! for thine own hands  
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;  
And in thy book the promise stands  
That where thou art thy friends  
must be.

WATTS.

### HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,  
Where with the choir of saints for-  
evermore  
I shall be made thy music, as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the  
door,  
And what I must do then, think here  
before.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,  
Christ's cross and Adam's tree,  
stood in one place:  
Look, Lord, and find both Adams  
met in me;  
As the first Adam's sweat sur-  
rounds my face,  
May the last Adam's blood my soul  
embrace.

So, in his purple wrapped, receive  
me, Lord;  
By these his thorns give me his  
other crown;  
And as to others' souls I preached  
thy word,  
Be this my text, my sermon to  
mine own:  
Therefore, that he may raise, the  
Lord throws down.

DUNNE.

### LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and  
weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,  
Has or none or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill, —  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the Furies, in a shoal,  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what is said,  
Because my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears, and fright mine  
eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed;  
When to Thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!  
HERRICK.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude man-  
ger lies;  
Nature in awe to him  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sym-  
pathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty  
paramour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
She wooes the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with inno-  
cent snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white  
to throw;  
Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul  
deformities.

## III.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
She, crowned with olive green,  
came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds  
dividing;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through  
sea and land.

## IV.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were  
high uphung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the  
armed throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign  
Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth  
began:  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joys to the mild  
ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on  
the charmed wave.

## VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious  
influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer, that often warned them  
thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did  
glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake,  
and bade them go.

## VII.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his  
wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlightened world no  
more should need;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning  
axletree could bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic  
row;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them  
below;

Perhaps their loves, or else their  
sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts  
so busy keep.

## IX.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger  
strook,  
'Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringèd noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rap-  
ture took:  
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs  
each heavenly close.

## X.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region  
thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its  
last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in  
happier union.

## XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-  
faced night arrayed;  
The helmèd Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with  
wings displayed,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's  
new-born Heir.

## XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morn-  
ing sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on  
hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their  
oozy channel keep.

## XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our  
senses so;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of heaven's deep  
organ blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic  
symphony.

## XIV.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the  
age of gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from  
earthly mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to  
the peering day.

## XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like  
glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued  
clouds down steering:  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high  
palace hall.

## XVI.

But wisest Fate says, no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The babe yet lies in smiling in-  
fancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both himself and us to glorify;  
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must  
thunder through the deep,

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire, and smouldering  
clouds outbrake:

The aged earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;  
When at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air  
shall spread his throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for, from this happy day,  
The old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fall,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX.

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance or breathèd spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;  
And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud:  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest;  
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;  
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark  
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

## XXV.

He feels from Judah's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand;  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
Nor all the gods beside,  
Longer dare abide;  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,  
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

## XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,  
 Curtained with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient  
 wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fettered ghost slips to his  
 several grave:  
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving  
 their moon-loved maze.

## XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;  
 Time is our tedious song should  
 here have ending;  
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid  
 lamp attending;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order  
 serviceable.

MILTON.

## THE SHEPHERDS.

O THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer  
 night!  
 Night to best days, in which a sun  
 doth rise  
 Of which that Golden eye which  
 clears the skies  
 Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light!  
 And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,  
 Wild creatures in whose warm crib  
 now lies  
 That heaven-sent youngling, holy  
 maid-born wight,  
 'Midst, end, beginning of our  
 prophecies!  
 Blest cottage that hath flowers in  
 winter spread!  
 Though withered, — blessed grass,  
 that hath the grace  
 To deck and be a carpet to that place!  
 Thus sang unto the sounds of oaten  
 reed,  
 Before the Babe, the shepherds bowed  
 on knees;  
 And springs ran nectar, honey  
 dropped from trees.

DRUMMOND.

## THE ANGELS.

Run, shepherds, run where Bethle-  
 hem blest appears.  
 We bring the best of news; be not  
 dismayed:  
 A Saviour there is born more old  
 than years,  
 Amidst heaven's rolling height this  
 earth who stayed.  
 In a poor cottage inned, a virgin  
 maid  
 A weakling did him bear, who all  
 upbears;  
 There is he poorly swaddled, in  
 manger laid,  
 To whom too narrow swaddlings are  
 our spheres:  
 Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize  
 his birth.  
 This is that night — no, day, grown  
 great with bliss,  
 In which the power of Satan broken  
 is:  
 In heaven be glory, peace unto the  
 earth!  
 Thus singing, through the air the  
 angels swarm,  
 And cope of stars re-echoed the  
 same.

DRUMMOND.

## THE STAR SONG.

TELL us, thou clear and heavenly  
 tongue,  
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung?  
 Lies he the lily-banks among?  
 Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
 Sleeps, laid within some ark of  
 flowers,  
 Spangled with dew-light; thou canst  
 clear  
 All doubts, and manifest the where.  
 Declare to us, bright star, if we  
 shall seek  
 Him in the morning's blushing  
 cheek,  
 Or search the beds of spices through,  
 To find him out?

Star. — No, this ye need not do;  
 But only come and see Him rest,  
 A princely babe, in's mother's breast.  
 HERRICK.

## NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

BEHOLD a silly, tender Babe,  
In freezing winter night,  
In homely manger trembling lies;  
Alas! a piteous sight.

The inns are full; no man will yield  
This little Pilgrim bed;  
But forced he is with silly beasts  
In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there;  
First what he is inquire:  
An Orient pearl is often found  
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,  
Nor beasts that by him feed;  
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,  
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,  
The crib his chair of state;  
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,  
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire  
His royal liveries wear;  
The Prince himself is come from  
heaven:  
This pomp is praised there.

With joy approach, O Christian  
wight!  
Do homage to thy King;  
And highly praise this humble pomp,  
Which he from heaven doth bring.  
SOUTHWELL.

## THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night  
Stood shivering in the snow,  
Surprised I was by sudden heat  
Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye  
To view what fire was near,  
A pretty babe all burning bright,  
Did in the air appear;

Who, scorched with excessive heat,  
Such floods of tears did shed,  
As though his floods should quench  
his flames;  
Which with his tears were bred:

Alas, quoth he, but newly born,  
In fiery heats I fry,  
Yet none approach to warm their  
hearts  
Or feel the fire, but I

My faultless breast the furnace is;  
The fuel wounding thorns;  
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,  
The ashes shames and scorns.

The fuel justice layeth on,  
And mercy blows the coals;  
The metal in this furnace wrought  
Are men's defiled souls—

For which, as now on fire I am,  
To work them to their good,  
So will I melt into a bath,  
To wash them in my blood.

With this he vanished out of sight,  
And swiftly shrunk away,  
And straight I called unto mind  
That it was Christmas Day.  
SOUTHWELL.

## THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE minstrels played their Christ-  
mas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with  
leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural  
green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not  
freeze,  
Nor check, the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with stren-  
uous hand!

And who but listened?—till was  
paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim:  
The greeting given, the music  
played,  
In honor of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to  
all!

How touching, when, at midnight,  
 sweep  
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
 To hear, and sink again to sleep!  
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
 By blazing fire, the still suspense  
 Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod, — the grave dis-  
 guise  
 Of hearts with gladness brimming  
 o'er;  
 And some unbidden tears that rise  
 For names once heard, and heard no  
 more;  
 Tears brightened by the serenade  
 For infant in the cradle laid.

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,  
 Where they survive, of wholesome  
 laws;  
 Remnants of love whose modest  
 sense  
 Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,  
 And ye that guard them, Mountains  
 old!

WORDSWORTH.

### CHRISTMAS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
 The year is dying in the night —  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the  
 times:

Ring out, ring out my mournful  
 rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and  
 blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite:  
 Ring in the love of truth and  
 right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of  
 gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of  
 old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the  
 land, —  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

### EASTER.

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way;  
 I got me boughs off many a tree;  
 But thou wast up by break of day,  
 And brought'st Thy sweets along  
 with Thee.

The sun arising in the east, —  
 Though he give light, and the east  
 perfume;  
 If they should offer to contest  
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
 Though many suns to shine en-  
 deavor?  
 We count three hundred, — but we  
 miss:  
 There is but one, and that one ever.

HERBERT.

V.

HEROIC.

PATRIOTIC. — HISTORIC. — POLITICAL.

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" *Pallas*. — See yonder souls set far within the shade,  
Who in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,  
That for their living good now semi-gods are made,  
And went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep.  
These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain  
That Justice dare defend, and will the Age sustain."

BEN JONSON: *Golden Age Restored*.





# HEROIC.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

**AVENGE**, O Lord, thy slaughtered  
 saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine moun-  
 tains cold;  
 Even them who kept thy truth so  
 pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipped  
 stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their  
 groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their  
 ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese  
 that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the  
 rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills  
 they  
 To Heaven. Their marts own de-  
 and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italy trust, and to  
 still doth sw  
 The triple tyrann a singleness of  
 may grov  
 A hundredes not stoop, nor lie  
 learner  
 Early man honors, or for worldly  
 must follow; on whose  
 must fall,  
 ers of manna, if they come  
 all;  
 lowers shed round him in the  
 mmon strife,  
 Of ex-concerns of ordinary life,  
 sant influence, a peculiar  
 Is face;  
 o, if he be called upon to face

Then falls the power into the mighty  
 hands  
 Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,  
 Who listens only to himself, knows  
 nothing  
 Of stipulations, duties, reverences,  
 And, like the emancipated force of  
 fire,  
 Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches  
 them,  
 Their fine-spun webs.  
 COLERIDGE'S *Translation of "Wal-*  
*enstein."*  
 thought of in  
 with a toward or un-  
 lot,  
 prosperous or adverse, to his wish  
 or not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life,  
 that one  
 Where what he most doth value  
 must be won;  
 Whom neither shape of danger can  
 dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness be-  
 tray;  
 Who, not content that former worth  
 stand fast,  
 Looks forward persevering to the  
 last,  
 From well to better, daily self-sur-  
 passed:  
 Who, whether praise of him must  
 walk the earth  
 Forever, and to noble deeds give  
 birth,  
 Or he must go to dust without his  
 fame,  
 And leave a dead, unprofitable  
 name, —

All being brought into a sum,  
What place or person calls for, he  
doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,  
To use in any thing a trick, or  
sleight;  
For above all things he abhors de-  
ceit.

His words and works, and fashion  
too,  
All of a piece; and all are clear and  
straight.

Who never melts or thaws  
At close temptations. When the  
day is done,  
His goodness sets not, but in dark  
can run.

The sun to others writeth laws,  
And is their virtue: virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat  
With sick folks, women, those whom  
passions sway,  
Allows for that, and keeps his con-  
stant way;

Whom others' faults do not de-  
feat;  
But, though men fail him, yet his  
part doth play

Whom r  
Wh

And never but for doing wrong be  
sorry;  
That, by commanding first thyself,  
thou mak'st  
Thy person fit for any charge thou  
tak'st;  
That Fortune never make thee to  
complain,  
But what she gives, thou dar'st give  
her again!  
That, whatsoever face thy Fate puts  
on,  
Thou shrink or start not, but be  
always one:  
That thou think nothing great, but  
what is good;  
And from that thought strive to be  
understood.  
These take, and now go seek thy  
peace in war:  
Who falls for love of God shall rise  
a star.

BEN JONSON.

### THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is  
he  
That every man in arms should  
wish to be?  
It is the generous spirit, who, when  
brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath  
wrought  
on the plan that pleased his  
childish thought:  
Whose endeavors are an inward

path before him al-  
it;

al instinct to dis-

perform, is dili-

and stops not

g his prime

pany with

iserable

gain:

power

high-

Controls them and subdues, trans-  
 mutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their  
 good receives;  
 By objects which might force the  
 soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compas-  
 sionate;  
 Is placable, — because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacri-  
 fice;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even  
 more pure,  
 As tempted more; more able to en-  
 dure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and  
 distress;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tender-  
 ness.  
 — 'Tis he whose law is reason; who  
 depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of  
 friends;  
 Whence, in a state where men are  
 tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation  
 rest,  
 He fixes good on good alone, and  
 owes  
 To virtue every triumph that he  
 knows;  
 — Who, if he rise to station of com-  
 mand,  
 Rises by open means; and there will  
 stand  
 On honorable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own de-  
 sire;  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to  
 the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of  
 aim;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie  
 in wait  
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly  
 state:  
 Whom they must follow; on whose  
 head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come  
 at all;  
 Whose powers shed round him in the  
 common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar  
 grace;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven  
 has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human  
 kind,  
 Is happy as a lover; and attired  
 With sudden brightness like a man  
 inspired;  
 And, through the heat of conflict,  
 keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he  
 foresaw;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the  
 need:  
 — He who, though thus endued as  
 with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbu-  
 lence,  
 Is yet a soul whose master bias  
 leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle  
 scenes;  
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er  
 he be,  
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve;  
 More brave for this, that he hath  
 much to love:  
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted  
 high,  
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought of in obscurity, —  
 Who, with a toward or untoward  
 lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish  
 or not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life,  
 that one  
 Where what he most doth value  
 must be won;  
 Whom neither shape of danger can  
 dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness be-  
 tray;  
 Who, not content that former worth  
 stand fast,  
 Looks forward persevering to the  
 last,  
 From well to better, daily self-sur-  
 passed:  
 Who, whether praise of him must  
 walk the earth  
 Forever, and to noble deeds give  
 birth,  
 Or he must go to dust without his  
 fame,  
 And leave a dead, unprofitable  
 name, —

Finds comfort in himself and in his  
 cause;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's  
 applause:  
 This is the happy warrior: this is  
 he  
 That every man in arms should  
 wish to be.

WORDSWORTH.

## CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepared against all ills to  
 come,  
 That dares to dead the fire of martyr-  
 dom;  
 That sleeps at home, and sailing  
 there at ease,  
 Fears not the fierce sedition of the  
 seas;  
 That's counterproof against the  
 farm's mishaps;  
 Undreadful too of courtly thunder-  
 claps;  
 That wears one face, like heaven,  
 and never shows  
 A change, when fortune either comes  
 or goes;  
 That keeps his own strong guard, in  
 the despite  
 Of what can hurt by day, or harm by  
 night;  
 That takes and re-delivers every  
 stroke  
 Of chance, as made up all of rock  
 and oak;  
 That sighs at other's death, smiles  
 at his own  
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion;  
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we  
 grant  
 Him to be here our Christian mili-  
 tant.

HERRICK.

## THE PRAYER.

AH God, for a man with heart, head,  
 hand,  
 Like some of the simple great ones  
 gone  
 For ever and ever by,

One still strong man in a blatant  
 land,  
 Whatever they call him, what care I,  
 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—  
 one  
 Who can rule, and dare not lie!  
 TENNYSON.

## ROYALTY.

THAT regal soul I reverence, in  
 whose eyes  
 Suffices not all worth the city  
 knows  
 To pay that debt which his own  
 heart he owes;  
 For less than level to his bosom  
 rise  
 The low crowd's heaven and stars:  
 above their skies  
 Runneth the road his daily feet have  
 pressed;  
 A loftier heaven he beareth in his  
 breast,  
 And o'er the summits of achieving  
 hies  
 With never a thought of merit or of  
 meed;  
 Choosing divinest labors through a  
 pride  
 Of soul, that holdeth appetite to  
 feed  
 Ever on angel-herbage, nought be-  
 side;  
 Nor praises more himself for hero-  
 deed  
 Than stones for weight, or open seas  
 for tide.

D. A. WASSON.

## THE MASTER SPIRIT.

GIVE me a Spirit that on life's rough  
 sea  
 Loves to have his sails filled with a  
 lusty wind,  
 Even till his sailyards tremble, his  
 masts crack,  
 And his rapt ship run on her side so  
 low  
 That she drinks water, and her keel  
 ploughs air:  
 There is no danger to a man that  
 knows

Where life and death is; there's not  
 any law  
 Exceeds his knowledge, neither is it  
 needful  
 That he should stoop to any other  
 law;  
 He goes before them, and commands  
 them all,  
 That to himself is a law rational.  
 GEORGE CHAPMAN.

## CHIVALRY.

THE house of Chivalry decayed,  
 Or rather ruined seems, her build-  
 ings laid  
 Flat with the Earth, that were the  
 pride of Time;  
 Those obelisks and columns broke  
 and down,  
 That strook the stars, and raised the  
 British Crown  
 To be a constellation.  
 When to the structure went more  
 noble names  
 Than to the Ephesian Temple lost  
 in flames,  
 When every stone was laid by virtu-  
 ous hands.

BEN JONSON.

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

*Samson.* — O DARK, dark, dark, amid  
 the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day!  
 O first created beam, and thou great  
 Word,  
 "Let there be light, and light was  
 over all;"  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime  
 decree?  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night,  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

*Chorus.* — This, this is he; softly a  
 while,

Let us not break in upon him;  
 O change beyond report, thought, or  
 belief!

See how he lies at random, carelessly  
 diffused,  
 With languished head unpropped,  
 As one past hope, abandoned,  
 And by himself given over;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soiled;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? can  
 this be he,  
 That heroic, that renowned,  
 Irresistible Samson? whom unarmed  
 No strength of man or fiercest wild  
 beast could withstand;  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears  
 the kid,  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in  
 iron,  
 And, weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the  
 forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the ham-  
 mered cuirass,  
 Chalybean tempered steel, and frock  
 of mail  
 Adamantean proof;  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot ad-  
 vanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and  
 warlike tools,  
 Spurned them to death by troops.  
 The bold Ascalonite  
 Fled from his lion ramp; old war-  
 riors turned  
 Their plated backs under his heel,  
 Or, grovelling, soiled their crested  
 helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came  
 to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of  
 bone,  
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower  
 of Palestine  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:  
 Then by main force pulled up, and  
 on his shoulders bore  
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy  
 bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of  
 giants old,  
 No journey of a Sabbath day, and  
 loaded so;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear  
 up heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark?

Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!

The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,  
Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,  
Imprisoned now indeed,  
In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light,  
T' incorporate with gloomy night.

Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving

To the spirits of just men long oppressed,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer

Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,

The brute and boisterous force of violent men,

Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue

The righteous, and all such as honor truth!

He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigor armed;  
Their armories and magazines contents,

Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes

His errand on the wicked, who surprised

Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

*Officer.* — Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;

Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,

And now some public proof thereof require

To honor this great feast and great assembly;

Rise therefore with all speed and come along,

Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad

T' appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

*Sams.* — Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,  
Our law forbids at their religious rites

My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Chor.* — How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

*Sams.* — Be of good courage, I begin to feel

Some rousing motions in me, which dispose

To something extraordinary my thoughts.

I with this messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor

Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarete.

If there be aught of presage in the mind,

This day will be remarkable in my life

By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* — In time thou hast resolved; the man returns.

*Off.* — Samson, this second message from our lords

To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,

Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,

And dar'st thou at our sending and command

Dispute thy coming? come without delay;

Or we shall find such engines to assail

And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,

Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

*Sams.* — I could be well content to try their art,

Which to no few of them would prove pernicious;

Yet knowing their advantages too many,

Because they shall not trail me through their streets

Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

*Manoah.* — O what noise!

Mercy of heaven, what hideous noise was that!

Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Chor.* — To our wish I see one  
hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our  
tribe.

*Messenger.* — Gaza yet stands, but  
all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and  
fallen.

Occasions drew me early to this city,  
And as the gates I entered with sun-  
rise,

The morning trumpets festival pro-  
claimed

Through each high-street. Little I  
had despatched

When all abroad was rumored, that  
this day

Samson should be brought forth to  
show the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats  
and games;

I sorrowed at his captive state, but  
minded

Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theatre,

Half-round, on two main pillars  
vaulted high,

With seats, where all the lords and  
each degree

Of sort might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the  
throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky  
might stand;

I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and  
sacrifice

Had filled their hearts with mirth,  
high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turned.  
Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant  
brought.

In their state livery clad; before him  
pipes

And timbrels, on each side went  
armed guards,

Both horse and foot, before him and  
behind

Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,  
and spears.

At sight of him the people with a  
shout

Rifted the air, clamoring their God  
with praise,

Who had made their dreadful enemy  
their thrall.

He patient, but undaunted, where  
they led him,

Came to the place, and what was set  
before him,

Which without help of eye might be  
assayed,

To heave, pull, draw, or break, he  
still performed

All with incredible stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they  
led him

Between the pillars; he his guide  
requested,

For so from such as nearer stood we  
heard,

As over-tired to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two  
massy pillars,

That to the archèd roof gave main  
support.

He unobtrusive led him; which  
when Samson

Felt in his arms, with head awhile  
inclined,

And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one  
who prayed,

Or some great matter in his mind  
revolved:

At last with head erect thus cried  
aloud,

“Hitherto, lords, what your com-  
mands imposed

I have performed, as reason was,  
obeying,

Not without wonder or delight be-  
held:

Now of my own accord such other  
trial

I mean to show you of my strength,  
yet greater,

As with amaze shall strike all who  
behold.”

This uttered, straining all his nerves  
he bowed;

As with the force of winds and  
waters pent,

When mountains tremble, those two  
massy pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugged, he shook, till down they  
came, and drew

The whole roof after them, with  
burst of thunder

Upon the heads of all who sat be-  
neath,



Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors,  
 or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not  
 only  
 Of this, but each Phillstian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this  
 feast.  
 Samson, with these immixt, inevitably  
 Pulled down the same destruction  
 on himself;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood  
 without.

2. *Semi-chorus.* — But he, though  
 blind of sight,  
 Despised and thought extinguished  
 quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 Not as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their  
 heads.

So virtue given for lost,  
 Depressed, and overthrown, as  
 seemed,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods imbostr'd,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay ere while a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now  
 teemed,  
 Revives, refLOURISHES, then vigorous  
 most  
 When most unactive deemed;  
 And though her body die, her fame  
 survives,

A secular bird, ages of lives.  
*Man.* — Come, come, no time for  
 lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause: Samson hath  
 quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath  
 finished  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully revenged.

MILTON.

### ARIADNE'S FAREWELL.

THE daughter of a king, how should  
 I know  
 That there were tinsels wearing face  
 of gold,

And worthless glass, which in the  
 sunlight's hold  
 Could shameless answer back my  
 diamond's glow  
 With cheat of kindred fire? The  
 currents slow,  
 And deep, and strong, and stainless,  
 which had rolled  
 Through royal veins for ages, what  
 had told  
 To them that hasty heat and lie  
 could show

As quick and warm a red as theirs?  
 Go free!

The sun is breaking on the sea's blue  
 shield  
 Its golden lances; by their gleam I  
 see  
 Thy ship's white sails. Go free, if  
 scorn can yield  
 Thee freedom!

Then, alone, my love and I, —  
 We both are royal; we know how to  
 die.

H. H.

### CORONATION.

At the king's gate the subtle noon  
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;  
 Into the drowy snare too soon  
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unques-  
 tioned then,  
 A beggar went, and laughed,  
 "This brings  
 Me chance, at last, to see if men  
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his  
 crown,  
 Propping his face with listless hand;  
 Watching the hour-glass sifting down  
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou  
 have of me?"  
 The beggar turned, and pitying,  
 Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,  
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head  
 Shook off the crown, and threw it  
 by.  
 "O man! thou must have known,"  
 he said.  
 "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned  
then,  
Went king and beggar hand in  
hand.

Whispered the king, "Shall I know  
when  
Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in  
haste  
Were wiping from the king's hot  
brow

The crimson lines the crown had  
traced.

"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon  
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;  
Out of their sleep in terror soon  
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man  
seen

The king?" The cry ran to and  
fro;

Beggar and king, they laughed, I  
ween,  
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew  
gray;

The king came not. They called  
him dead;

And made his eldest son one day  
Slave in his father's stead.

H. H.

### JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God—Oh!  
my sire!

Demand that thy daughter expire;  
Since thy triumph was bought by thy  
vow,

Strike the bosom that's bared for  
thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no  
more:

If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be  
sure,  
That the blood of thy child is as  
pure

As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes  
me below.

Though the virgins of Salem la-  
ment,

Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for  
thee,

And my father and country are  
free!

When this blood of thy giving hath  
gushed,

When the voice that thou lovest is  
hushed,

Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

BYRON.

### SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the  
shaft or sword

Pierce me in leading the host of the  
Lord,

Heed not the corse, though a king's,  
in your path:

Bury your steel in the bosoms of  
Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler  
and bow,

Should the soldiers of Saul look  
away from the foe,

Stretch me that moment in blood at  
thy feet!

Mine be the doom which they dared  
not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we  
part,

Heir to my royalty, son of my heart:  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the  
sway,

Or kingly the death, which awaits  
us to-day!

BYRON.

### CASSIUS.

WELL, honor is the subject of my  
story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other  
men

Think of this life; but, for my single self

I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?*" Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roared, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,

Cæsar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*"

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend  
his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain;

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their color fly;

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, "*Give me some drink, Titinius,*"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man,

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

SHAKESPEARE.

# ANTONY OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CÆSAR.

*Antony.* — FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal;

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason! — bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood:

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, Unto their issue.

*Citizen.* — We'll hear the will; Read it, Mark Antony.

*Citizen.* — The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Antony.* — Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad: •

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

*Cit.* — Read the will; we will hear it, Antony,

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

*Antony.* — Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men, Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

*Cit.* — They were traitors: Honorable men!

*Cit.* — The will! the testament!

*Cit.* — They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

*Ant.* — You will compel me then to read the will,

Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

*Cit.* — Come down.

*Ant.* — Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Cit.* — Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* — If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii: — Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:

And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all. For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep! and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

. . . . .

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is, But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend: and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an  
 Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put  
 a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that  
 should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and  
 mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE.

#### SPEECH OF THE DAUPHIN.

*Dauphin.* — Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
 I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 Or useful serving-man and instrument,  
 To any sovereign state throughout  
 the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead  
 coal of wars,  
 Between this châtised kingdom and  
 myself,  
 And brought in matter that should  
 feed this fire;  
 And now 'tis far too huge to be  
 blown out  
 With that same weak wind which  
 enkindled it.  
 You taught me how to know the  
 face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this  
 land,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my  
 heart;  
 And come you now to tell me, John  
 hath made  
 His peace with Rome? What is that  
 peace to me?  
 I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land  
 for mine;  
 And, now it is half conquered, must  
 I back,  
 Because that John hath made his  
 peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny  
 hath Rome borne,  
 What men provided, what munition  
 sent,  
 To underprop this action? Is't not I,  
 That undergo this charge? Who  
 else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain  
 this war?

Have I not heard these islanders  
 shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have banked their  
 towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for  
 the game,  
 To win this easy match played for a  
 crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded  
 set?  
 No, on my soul, it never shall be  
 said.  
 Outside or inside, I will not re-  
 turn  
 Till my attempt so much be glori-  
 fied  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I drew this gallant head of  
 war,  
 And culled these fiery spirits from  
 the world,  
 To outlook conquest, and to win re-  
 nown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of  
 death.

SHAKSPEARE: *King John.*

#### HOTSPUR'S QUARREL WITH HENRY IV.

*Hotspur.* — The king is kind; and  
 well we know, the king  
 Knows at what time to promise, when  
 to pay.  
 My father, and my uncle, and my-  
 self,  
 Did give him that same royalty he  
 wears:  
 And, — when he was not six and  
 twenty strong,  
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched  
 and low,  
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking  
 home, —  
 My father gave him welcome to the  
 shore:  
 And, — when he heard him swear,  
 and vow to God,  
 He came but to be Duke of Lancas-  
 ter,  
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace;  
 With tears of innocency, and terms  
 of zeal, —  
 My father in kind heart and pity  
 moved,  
 Swore him assistance, and performed  
 it too.

Now when the lords and barons of  
 the realm  
 Perceived Northumberland did lean  
 to him,  
 The more and less came in with cap  
 and knee,  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in  
 lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffered him  
 their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs as pages; fol-  
 lowed him,  
 Even at the heels, in golden multi-  
 tudes.  
 He presently, — as greatness knows  
 itself, —  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood  
 was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravens-  
 purg;  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to  
 reform  
 Some certain edicts, and some  
 strait decrees,  
 That lie too heavy on the common-  
 wealth:  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to  
 weep  
 Over his country's wrongs; and by  
 this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he  
 win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle  
 for.  
 Proceeded farther; cut me off the  
 heads  
 Of all the favorites, that the absent  
 king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal in the Irish  
 war.

Then to the point. —  
 In short time after, he deposed the  
 king;  
 Soon after that, deprived him of his  
 life:  
 And, in the neck of that, tasked the  
 whole state;  
 To make that worse, suffered his  
 kinsman, March,  
 (Who is, if every owner were well  
 placed,  
 Indeed his king), to be incaged in  
 Wales,  
 There without ransom to lie for-  
 feited:

Disgraced me in my happy victo-  
 ries;  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
 Rated my uncle from the council-  
 board;  
 In rage dismissed my father from  
 the court;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed  
 wrong on wrong,  
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek  
 out  
 This head of safety; and, withal, to  
 pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance.  
 SHAKESPEARE: *King Henry IV.*

## HOTSPUR.

*King Henry.* — Send us your pris-  
 oners, or you'll hear of it.  
 | *Erit.*

*Hotspur.* — And if the devil come  
 and roar for them,  
 I will not send them: — I will after  
 straight,  
 And tell him so: for I will ease my  
 heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my  
 head.  
 Not speak of Mortimer?  
 Zounds, I will speak of him; and let  
 my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with  
 him:  
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these  
 veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by  
 drop in the dust  
 But I will lift the down-trod Morti-  
 mer  
 As high in the air as this unthankful  
 king,  
 As this ingrate and cankered Boling-  
 broke.  
 He will, forsooth, have all my prisou-  
 ers,  
 And when I urged the ransom once  
 again,  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek  
 looked pale;  
 And on my face he turned an eye of  
 death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mor-  
 timer.  
 . . . I cannot blame his cousin  
 king,

That wished him on the barren  
mountains starved,  
But shall it be, that you, — that set  
the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
And, for his sake, wear the detested  
blot

Of murderous subornation, — shall it  
be,

That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second  
means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hang-  
man rather? —

(O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To show the line, and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle  
king, —)

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in  
these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power,  
Did gage them both in an unjust be-  
half, —

As both of you, God pardon it! have  
done, —

To put down Richard, that sweet  
lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker,  
Bolingbroke?

Send danger from the east unto the  
west,

So honor cross it from the north to  
south,

And let them grapple; O! the blood  
more stirs

To rouse a lion than to start a hare.  
By heaven, methinks, it were an  
easy leap,

To pluck bright Honor from the pale-  
faced moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch  
the ground,

And pluck up drownèd honor by the  
locks;

So he that doth redeem her thence,  
might wear,

Without corrival, all her dignities:  
But out upon this half-faced fellow-  
ship!

*Worcester.* — Those same noble  
Scots,

That are your prisoners, —

*Hot.* — I'll keep them all;  
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot  
of them:

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he  
shall not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.  
I will; that's flat: —

He said he would not ransom Morti-  
mer;

Forbade my tongue to speak of Mor-  
timer;

But I will find him when he lies  
asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla — "Morti-  
mer!"

Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to  
speak

Nothing but Mortimer, and give it  
him,

To keep his anger still in motion.  
All studies here I solemnly defy,

Save how to gall and pinch this Bol-  
lingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler  
Prince of Wales, —

But that I think his father loves him  
not,

And would be glad he met with  
some mischance,

I'd have him poisoned with a pot of  
ale.

Why, look you, I am whipped and  
scourged with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires,  
when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
In Richard's time, — What do you  
call the place?

A plague upon't! it is in Gloucester-  
shire; —

'Twas where the madcap duke his  
uncle kept;

His uncle York; — where I first  
bowed my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bol-  
lingbroke,

When you and he came back from  
Ravenspurge.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did  
proffer me!

Look, — *when his infant fortune came  
to age,*

And, — *gentle Harry Percy,* — and  
*kind cousin,* —

The devil take such cozeners! —  
Heaven forgive me! —

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have  
done.

SHAKESPEARE: *King Henry IV.*



HENRY V.'S AUDIENCE OF  
FRENCH AMBASSADORS.

*Henry V.* — Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.  
 [*Exit an ATTENDANT. The KING ascends his throne.*]  
 Now are we well resolved: and, —  
     by God's help,  
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power, —  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to  
     our awe,  
 Or break it all to pieces: or there  
     we'll sit,  
 Ruling in large and ample empery,  
 O'er France, and all her almost  
     kingly dukedoms,  
 Orlay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
 Tombless, with no remembrance  
     over them:  
 Either our history shall, with full  
     mouth,  
 Speak freely of our acts; or else our  
     grave,  
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a  
     tongueless mouth,  
 Not worshipped with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter AMBASSADORS OF FRANCE.*  
 Now are we well prepared to know  
     the pleasure  
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we  
     hear  
 Your greeting is from him, not from  
     the king.  
 [*And as the Dauphin sends us tennis-balls,*]  
 We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant  
     with us:  
 His present, and your pains, we  
     thank you for:  
 When we have matched our rackets  
     to these balls,  
 We will, in France, by God's grace,  
     play a set,  
 Shall strike his father's crown into  
     the hazard:  
 Tell him, he hath made a match  
     with such a wrangler,  
 That all the courts of France will be  
     disturbed  
 With chaces. And we understand  
     him well,  
 How he comes o'er us with our wild-  
     er days,  
 Not measuring what use we made  
     of them.

We never valued this poor seat of  
     England;  
 And therefore, living hence, did give  
     ourselves  
 To barbarous license; as 'tis ever  
     common,  
 That men are merriest when they  
     are from home.  
 But tell the Dauphin, — I will keep  
     my state;  
 Be like a king, and show my sail of  
     greatness,  
 When I do rouse me in my throne  
     of France:  
 For that I have laid by my majesty,  
 And plodded like a man for working-  
     days;  
 But I will rise there with so full a  
     glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of  
     France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to  
     look on us.  
 And tell the pleasant prince, — this  
     mock of his  
 Hath turned his balls to gun-stones;  
     and his soul  
 Shall stand sore chargèd for the  
     wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them: for many  
     a thousand widows  
 Shall this his mock mock out of their  
     dear husbands:  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock  
     castles down;  
 And some are yet ungotten, and un-  
     born,  
 That shall have cause to curse the  
     Dauphin's scorn.  
 But this lies all within the will of  
     God.  
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose  
     name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming  
     on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put  
     forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallowed  
     cause.  
 So get you hence in peace; and tell  
     the Dauphin,  
 His jest will savor but of shallow  
     wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than  
     did laugh at it. —  
 Convey them with safe conduct. —  
     Fare you well.

SHAKESPEARE

# BATTLE ON ST. CRISPIAN'S DAY.

*Westmoreland.* — O that we now  
had here

(*Enter KING HENRY*)

But one ten thousand of those men  
in England

That do no work to-day!

*K. Henry.* — What's he that wishes  
so?

My cousin Westmoreland? — No,  
my fair cousin:

If we are marked to die, we are  
enough

To do our country loss; and if to  
live,

The fewer men, the greater share of  
honor.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not  
one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my  
cost;

It yearns me not, if men my gar-  
ments wear:

Such outer things dwell not in my  
desires:

But, if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man  
from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so  
great an honor,

As one man more, methinks, would  
share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not  
wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland,  
through my host,

That he who hath no stomach to  
this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall  
be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his  
purse:

We would not die in that man's  
company,

That fears his fellowship to die with  
us.

This day is called — the feast of  
Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes  
safe home,

Will stand on tip-toe when this day is  
named,

And rouse him at the name of  
Crispian:

He that shall live this day, and see  
old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his  
friends,

And say — To-morrow is Saint  
Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeves, and  
show his scars,

And say, these wounds I had on  
Crispian's day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be  
forgot,

But he'll remember, with advan-  
tages,

What feats he did that day: then  
shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as house-  
hold words, —

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and

Gloster, —

Be in their flowing cups freshly re-  
membered:

This story shall the good man teach  
his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go  
by,

From this day to the ending of the  
world,

But we in it shall be remembered:  
We few, we happy few, we band of

brothers;

For he, to-day, that sheds his blood  
with me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so  
vile,

This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England, now

abed,

Shall think themselves accursed  
they were not here,

And hold their manhood cheap,  
while any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint  
Crispian's day.

SHAKSPEARE.

## KING RICHARD'S SOLILOQUY.

*Richard III.* — Now is the winter  
of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this son  
of York;

And all the clouds, that lowered  
upon our house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean  
buried.

Now are our brows bound with  
victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for mon-  
uments;  
Our stern alarms changed to merry  
meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful  
measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed  
his wrinkled front;  
And now, — instead of mounting  
barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adver-  
saries, —  
He capers nimbly in a lady's cham-  
ber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, — that am not shaped for  
sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous look-  
ing-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamped, and want  
love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling  
nymph,  
I, that am curtailed of this fair  
proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling  
nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before  
my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce  
half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashion-  
able  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by  
them; —  
Why I, in this weak piping time of  
peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the  
time;  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity;  
And therefore, since I cannot prove  
a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken  
days, —  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these  
days, —  
Plots have I laid, inductions danger-  
ous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and  
dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence, and the  
king  
In deadly hate the one against the  
other:

And, if King Edward be as true and  
just  
As I am subtle, false, and treacher-  
ous,  
This day should Clarence closely be  
mewed up;  
About a prophecy, which says —  
that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer  
shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:  
here Clarence comes.

SHAKESPEARE.

## BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish: write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt, —  
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,  
Tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground:  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the  
prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with  
wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow:  
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;  
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians! pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
Empire is on us bestowed,  
Shame and ruin wait for you.

COWPER.

### BONDUCA.

[Bonduca the British queen, taking occasion from a defeat of the Romans to impeach their valor, is rebuked by Caratac.]

QUEEN BONDUCA, I do not grieve  
your fortune.

If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of  
your fortunes;

You put too much wind to your sail:  
discretion

And hardy valor are the twins of  
honor,

And nursed together, make a con-  
queror;

Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,  
That Rome has fled before us twice,  
and routed;—

A truth we ought to crown the gods  
for, lady,

And not our tongues.

You call the Romans fearful, fleeing  
Romans,

And Roman girls:—

Does this become a doer? are they  
such?

Where is your conquest then?

Why are your altars crowned with  
wreaths of flowers,

The beast with gilt horns waiting  
for the fire?

The holy Druids composing songs  
Of everlasting life to Victory?

Why are these triumphs, lady? for  
a May-game?

For hunting a poor herd of wretched  
Romans?

Is it no more? shut up your temples,  
Britons,

And let the husbandman redeem his  
heifers;

Put out our holy fires; no timbrel  
ring;

Let's home and sleep; for such great  
overthrows

A candle burns too bright a sacrifice;  
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame.

You say, I doat upon these Ro-  
mans;—

Witness these wounds, I do; they  
were fairly given:

I love an enemy, I was born a sol-  
dier;

And he that in the head of 's troop  
defies me,

Rending my manly body with his  
sword,

I make a mistress. Yellow-tressèd  
Hymen

Ne'er tied a longing virgin with  
more joy,

Than I am married to that man that  
wounds me:

And are not all these Roman? Ten  
struck battles

I sucked these honored scars from,  
and all Roman.

Ten years of bitter nights and heavy  
marches,

When many a frozen storm sung  
through my cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that  
or I

Were the more stubborn metal,  
have I wrought through,

And all to try these Romans. Ten  
times a night

I have swum the rivers, when the  
stars of Rome

Shot at me as I floated, and the bil-  
lows

Tumbled their watery ruins on my  
shoulders,

Charging my battered sides with  
troops of agues,

And still to try these Romans;  
whom I found

As ready, and as full of that I  
brought,

(Which was not fear nor flight,) as  
valiant,

As vigilant, as wise, to do and  
suffer,

Ever advanced as forward as the  
Britons;

Have I not seen these Britons

Run, run, Bonduca?— not the quick  
rack swifter;

The virgin from the hated ravisher

Not half so fearful;—not a flight  
 drawn home,  
 A round stone from a sling, a lover's  
 wish,  
 E'er made that haste they have. By  
 heavens!  
 I have seen these Britons that you  
 magnify,  
 Run as they would have out-run  
 time, and roaring,—  
 Basely for mercy, roaring; the light  
 shadows,  
 That in a thought scour o'er the  
 fields of corn,  
 Halted on crutches to them. Yes,  
 Bonduca,  
 I have seen thee run too, and thee,  
 Nennius;  
 Yea, run apace, both; then when  
 Penyus,  
 The Roman girl, cut through your  
 armed carts,  
 And drove them headlong on ye  
 down the hill;—  
 Then when he hunted ye like  
 Britain foxes,  
 More by the scent than sight: then  
 did I see  
 These valiant and approvèd men of  
 Britain,  
 Like boding owls, creep into tods of  
 ivy,  
 And hoot their fears to one another  
 nightly.  
 I fled too,  
 But not so fast; your jewel had  
 been lost then,  
 Young Hengo there; he trasht me,  
 Nennius;  
 For when your fears outrun him,  
 then stept I,  
 And in the head of all the Romans'  
 fury  
 Took him, and, with my tough belt  
 to my back,  
 I buckled him;—behind him, my  
 sure shield;—  
 And then I followed. If I say I  
 fought  
 Five times in bringing off this bud of  
 Britain,  
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had ye  
 heard  
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child  
 more,  
 But that the son of Virtue, Penyus,  
 Seeing me steer through all these  
 storms of danger,

My helm still on my head, my  
 sword my prow,  
 Turned to my foe my face, he cried  
 out nobly,  
 "Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp  
 off safely;  
 Thy manly sword has ransomed  
 thee: grow strong,  
 And let me meet thee once again  
 in arms:  
 Then if thou stand'st, thou art  
 mine." I took his offer,  
 And here I am to honor him.

There's not a blow we gave since  
 Julius landed,  
 That was of strength and worth, but  
 like records  
 They file to after-ages. Our Registers  
 The Romans are, for noble deeds of  
 honor;  
 And shall we burn their mentions  
 with upbraidings?  
 Had we a difference with some petty  
 Isle,  
 Or with our neighbors, lady, for  
 our landmarks,  
 The taking in of some rebellious  
 Lord,  
 Or making a head against commo-  
 tions,  
 After a day of blood, peace might  
 be argued:  
 But where we grapple for the  
 ground we live on,  
 The Liberty we hold as dear as life,  
 The gods we worship, and next  
 those, our honors,  
 And with those swords that know no  
 end of battle:  
 Those men beside themselves allow  
 no neighbor;  
 Those minds that, where the day is,  
 claim inheritance;  
 And where the sun makes ripe the  
 fruits, their harvest;  
 And where they march, but measure  
 out more ground  
 To add to *Rome*, and here in the  
 bowels on us;  
 It must not be; no, as they are our  
 foes,  
 And those that must be so until we  
 tire 'em,  
 Let's use the peace of Honor, that's  
 fair dealing;  
 But in our ends, our swords.  
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

## THE BARD.

## I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!  
Confusion on thy banners wait;  
Though fanned by Conquest's crim-  
son wing,

They mock the air with idle state.  
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall  
avail

To save thy secret soul from night-  
ly fears,

From Cambria's curse, from Cam-  
bria's tears!"

Such were the sounds that o'er the  
crested pride

Of the first Edward scattered wild  
dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's  
shaggy side

He wound with toilsome march  
his long array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in  
speechless trance:

"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and  
couched his quivering lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming  
flood,

Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
Streamed, like a meteor, to the trou-  
bled air),

And with a master's hand, and  
prophet's fire,

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant-oak, and  
desert cave,

Sighs to the torrent's awful voice  
beneath!

O'er thee, oh King! their hundred  
arms they wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser mur-  
murs breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal  
day,

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft  
Llewellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hushed the stormy main:

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy  
bed:

Mountains! ye mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song

Made huge Plinlimmon bow his  
cloud-topped head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they  
lie,

Smeared with gore, and ghastly  
pale:

Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens  
sail;

The famished eagle screams, and  
passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful  
art,

Dear as the light that visits these  
sad eyes,

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm  
my heart,

Ye died amidst your dying coun-  
try's cries—

No more I weep. They do not  
sleep.

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit, they linger yet,

Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they  
join,

And weave with bloody hands the  
tissue of thy line.

## II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the  
woof,

The winding sheet of Edward's race.

Give ample room, and verge  
enough

The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,

When Severn shall re-echo with  
affright

The shrieks of death, through Berk-  
ley's roof that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelent-  
ing fangs,

That tear'st the bowels of thy  
mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy  
country hangs

The scourge of heaven. What ter-  
rors round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight  
combined,

And sorrow's faded form, and solt-  
itude behind.

## II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable warrior fled?  
 Thy son is gone. He rests among  
 the dead.  
 The swarm, that in thy noontide  
 beam were born?  
 Gone to salute the rising morn.  
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the  
 zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure  
 realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel  
 goes;  
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure  
 at the helm;  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirl-  
 wind's sway,  
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects  
 his evening prey.

## II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare;  
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share  
 the feast:  
 Close by the regal chair  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled  
 guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
 Long years of havoc urge their  
 destined course,  
 And through the kindred squadrons  
 mow their way.  
 Ye towers of Julius, London's  
 lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight  
 murder fed,  
 Revere his consort's faith, his  
 father's fame,  
 And spare the meek usurper's holy  
 head.  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 Twined with her blushing foe, we  
 spread:  
 The bristled boar in infant-gore  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the ac-  
 cursed loom,  
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and  
 ratify his doom.

## III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is  
 spun.)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
 (The web is wove. The work is  
 done.)  
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblest, unpitied, here  
 to mourn:  
 In yon bright track, that fires the  
 western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh! what solemn scenes on  
 Snowdon's height  
 Descending slow their glittering  
 skirts unroll?  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching  
 sight!  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my  
 soul!  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we  
 bewail.  
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britan-  
 nia's issue, hail!

## III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold,  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
 And gorgeous dames, and states-  
 men old  
 In bearded majesty, appear.  
 In the midst a form divine!  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-  
 line;  
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding  
 face,  
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble  
 in the air,  
 What strains of vocal transport  
 round her play  
 Hear from the grave, great Talies-  
 sin, hear;  
 They breathe a soul to animate  
 thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as  
 she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of heaven her  
 many-colored wings.

## III. 3.

"The verse adorn again  
 Fierce war, and faithful love.  
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction  
 drest.

In buskined measures move  
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,  
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing  
breast.

A voice, as of the cherub-choir,  
Gales from blooming Eden bear;  
And distant warblings lessen on my  
ear,

That lost in long futurity expire.  
Fond impious man, think'st thou  
yon sanguine cloud,

Raised by thy breath, has quenched  
the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden  
flood,

And warms the nations with re-  
doubled ray.

Enough for me; with joy I see  
The different doom our fates  
assign.

Be thine despair, and sceptred care;  
To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the  
mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged  
to endless night.

GRAY.

### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD. — LOCHIEL.

*Wizard.* — Lochiel! Lochiel, be-  
ware of the day

When the Lowlands shall meet thee  
in battle array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on  
my sight,

And the clans of Culloden are scat-  
tered in flight:

They rally, they bleed, for their  
kingdom and crown;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample  
them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insult-  
ing the slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are  
trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing  
lightning of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic  
and far?

'Tis thine, Oh Glenullin! whose  
bride shall await,

Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all  
night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider  
is there;

But its bridle is red with the sign of  
despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity  
led!

Oh weep! but thy tears cannot num-  
ber the dead:

For a merciless sword on Culloden  
shall wave,

Culloden! that reeks with the blood  
of the brave.

*Lochiel.* — Go, preach to the cow-  
ard, thou death-telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful ap-  
pear,

Draw, dotard, around thy old waver-  
ing sight!

This mantle, to cover the phantoms  
of fright.

*Wizard.* — Ha! laugh'st thou, Lo-  
chiel, my vision to scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy  
plume shall be torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly  
forth,

From his home, in the dark rolling  
clouds of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-  
speeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction  
abroad;

But down let him stoop from his  
havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed — for the  
spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why  
shoot to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the  
firmament cast?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all  
dreadfully driven

From his eyry, that beacons the  
darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in  
night,

Whose banners arise on the battle-  
ment's height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast  
and to burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely  
return!

For the blackness of ashes shall  
mark where it stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her  
famishing brood.



*Lochiel.* — False wizard, avaunt! I  
have marshalled my clan:  
Their swords are a thousand, their  
bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their  
blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the har-  
vest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's  
steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a  
wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to  
his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indig-  
nantly draws;  
When her boumetted chieftains to  
victory crowd,  
Clanranald the dauntless, and Mo-  
ray the proud;  
All plaided and plumed in their tar-  
tan array —

*Wizard.* — Lochiel, Lochiel, be-  
ware of the day!  
For, dark and despairing, my sight  
I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God  
would reveal:  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mys-  
tical lore,  
And coming events cast their sha-  
dow before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes  
shall ring  
With the bloodhounds, that bark for  
thy fugitive king.  
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the  
vials of wrath,  
Behold; where he flies on his deso-  
late path!  
Now, in darkness and billows, he  
sweeps from my sight:  
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and  
cover his flight!  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are  
hushed on the moors;  
Culloden is lost, and my country  
deplores;  
But where is the iron-bound pris-  
oner? Where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in  
despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, ban-  
ished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country cast  
bleeding and torn?  
— no! for a darker departure is near;

The war-drum is muffled, and black  
is the bier;  
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy,  
dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit  
to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quiv-  
ering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in  
agony swims.  
Accursed be the fagots that blaze  
at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere  
it ceases to beat,  
With the smoke of its ashes to poi-  
son the gale —

*Lochiel.* — Down, soothless insult-  
er! I trust not the tale:  
Though my perishing ranks should  
be strewed in their gore,  
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the  
surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by  
chains,  
While the kindling of life in his  
bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be  
laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his  
feet to the foe!  
And leaving in battle no blot on his  
name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the  
death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

### DEFIANCE.

THE unearthly voices ceased,  
And the heavy sound was still;  
It died on the river's breast,  
And it died on the side of the hill;  
But round Lord David's tower  
The sound still floated near,  
For it rung in the Lady's bower,  
And it rung in the Lady's ear;  
She raised her stately head,  
And her heart throbbed high with  
pride, —  
"Your mountains shall bend,  
And your streams shall ascend,  
Ere Margaret be our foeman's  
bride."  
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Lay of Last  
Minstrel.*

## BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS  
ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's power:  
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?  
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do, or die!  
 BURNS.

CROMWELL AND KING  
CHARLES.

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
 The force of angry heaven's flame;  
 And if we would speak true,  
 Much to the man is due,  
 Who from his private gardens, where  
 He lived reserved and austere,  
 As if his highest plot  
 To plant the bergamot,  
 Could by industrious valor climb  
 To ruin the great work of Time,  
 And cast the kingdoms old,  
 Into another mould.  
 What field of all the civil war,  
 Where his were not the deepest scar?  
 And Hampton shows what part  
 He had of wiser art;  
 Where, twining subtle fears with  
 hope,

He wove a net of such a scope,  
 That Charles himself might  
 chase

To Carisbrook's narrow case;  
 That thence the royal actor borne,  
 The tragic scaffold might adorn.  
 While round the armed bands,  
 Did clap their bloody hands,  
 He nothing common did, or mean,  
 Upon that memorable scene,  
 But with his keener eye  
 The axe's edge did try;  
 Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,  
 To vindicate his helpless right;  
 But bowed his comely head  
 Down, as upon a bed.

MARVELL.

## THE VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa'-flower scents the  
 dewy air,  
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy  
 bower,  
 And tells the midnight moon her  
 care:

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky;  
 The fox was howling on the hill,  
 And the distant-echoing glens re-  
 ply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,  
 Was rushing by the ruined wa's,  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whose distant roaring swells and  
 fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming  
 forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;  
 Athort the lift they start and shift,  
 Lik' fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine  
 eyes,  
 And by the moonbeam shook to see  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,  
 His daurin' look had daunted me;  
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,  
 The sacred posy — *Libertie!*

BURNS.

## SCOTLAND.

I MIND it weel, in early date,  
When I was beardless, young, and  
blate,

And first could thresh the barn;  
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;  
An' though forfoughten sair enough,  
Yet unco proud to learn!

Even then, a wish (I mind its power),  
A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast—  
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
Some usefu' plan or book could  
make,

Or sing a sang at least.  
The rough burr-thistle spreading  
wide

Amang the bearded bear,  
I turned the weedin'-heuk aside,  
An' spared the symbol dear.

BURNS.

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly  
shone;

By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on, —

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line;  
It was ten of April morn by the  
chime:

As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time. —

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.

"Hearts of oak," our captains cried;  
when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the  
ships,

Like the hurricane eclipses  
Of the sun. —

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back; —  
Their shots along the deep slowly  
boom: —

Then ceased — and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom. —

Outspoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave,  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save: —  
So peace instead of death let us  
bring.

But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king." —

Then Denmark blest our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief,  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from  
the day;

While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away. —

Now joy, old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine cup shines in light:  
And yet amidst that joy and up-  
roar,

Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep  
Elsinore! —

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died, —  
With the gallant good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er  
their grave!

While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condole,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave! —

CAMPBELL.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand  
years

The battle and the breeze:  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain  
waves,

Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the flood below, —  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON  
THE SUBJUGATION OF  
SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there, — one is of  
the sea,  
One of the mountains, — each a  
mighty voice;

In both from age to age, thou didst  
rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Lib-  
erty!  
There came a tyrant, and with holy  
glee  
Thou foughtst against him, but hast  
vainly striven;  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at  
length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard  
by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been  
bereft:  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which  
still is left;  
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow  
would it be  
That mountain floods should thunder  
as before,  
And ocean bellow from his rocky  
shore,  
And neither awful voice be heard  
by thee!

WORDSWORTH.

## SONNET.

ALAS! what boots the long, laborious  
quest  
Of moral prudence, sought through  
good and ill;  
Or pains abstruse, to elevate the  
will,  
And lead us on to that transcendent  
rest  
Where every passion shall the sway  
attest  
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign  
hill?  
What is it but a vain and curious  
skill,  
If sapient Germany must lie de-  
pressed  
Beneath the brutal sword? Her  
haughty schools  
Shall blush; and may not we with  
sorrow say,  
A few strong instincts and a few  
plain rules,  
Among the herdsmen of the Alps,  
have wrought  
More for mankind at this unhappy  
day,  
Than all the pride of intellect and  
thought.

WORDSWORTH.

## SCHILL.

**BRAVE** Schill! by death delivered,  
 take thy flight  
 From Prussia's timid region. Go,  
 and rest  
 With heroes, 'mid the Islands of the  
 Blest,  
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.  
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark  
 night;  
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous  
 and sublime,  
 Stand in the spacious firmament of  
 time,  
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy  
 right.  
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame  
 Is fortune's frail dependent; yet  
 there lives  
 A Judge, who, as man claims by  
 merit, gives;  
 To whose all-pondering mind a  
 noble aim,  
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;  
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth  
 succeed.

WORDSWORTH.

## WATERLOO.

**THERE** was a sound of revelry by  
 night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather-  
 ed then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and  
 bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women  
 and brave men:  
 A thousand hearts beat happily;  
 and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous  
 swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which  
 spake again;  
 And all went merry as a marriage  
 bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes  
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas  
 but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony  
 street:  
 On with the dance! let joy be  
 unconfined;

No sleep till morn, when youth and  
 pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with  
 flying feet.  
 But, hark!—that heavy sound  
 breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would  
 repeat,  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than  
 before!  
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the can-  
 non's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that  
 high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain:  
 he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the  
 festival,  
 And caught its tone with death's  
 prophetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he  
 deemed it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that  
 peal too well  
 Which stretched his father on a  
 bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood  
 alone could quell:  
 He rushed into the field, and, fore-  
 most fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying  
 to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and trem-  
 blings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which, but an  
 hour ago,  
 Blushed at the praise of their own  
 loveliness;  
 And there were sudden partings,  
 such as press  
 The life from out young hearts,  
 and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated:  
 who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those  
 mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such  
 awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot  
 haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the  
 clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impet-  
 uous speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks  
 of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal  
 afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming  
 drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the  
 morning star;  
 While thronged the citizens with  
 terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The  
 foe! They come! they come!"  
 BYRON.

## IN THE FIGHT.

THEY voice is heard through rolling  
 drums  
 That beat to battle where he  
 stands;  
 Thy face across his fancy comes,  
 And gives the battle to his hands:  
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
 He sees his brood about thy knee;  
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
 And strikes him dead for thine  
 and thee.

TENNYSON.

## MURAT.

THERE, where death's brief pang  
 was quickest,  
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
 Strewed beneath the advancing ban-  
 ner  
 Of the eagles' burning crest —  
 There with thunder-clouds to fan her  
 Victory beaming from her breast!  
 While the broken line enlarging  
 Fell, or fled along the plain: —  
 There be sure *Murat* was charging!  
 There he ne'er shall charge again!  
 BYRON.

## HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
 When the drum beat, at dead of  
 night,

Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder  
 riven,  
 Then rushed the steed to battle  
 driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven  
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall  
 glow  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling  
 dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many  
 meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-  
 sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

## SONNET.

It is not to be thought of that the  
 flood  
 Of British freedom, which, to the  
 open sea  
 Of the world's praise, from dark  
 antiquity  
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters  
 unwithstood,"  
 Roused though it be full often to a  
 mood  
 Which spurns the check of salutary  
 bands,  
 That this most famous stream in  
 bogs and sands  
 Should perish, and to evil and to good

Be lost forever. In our halls is hung  
Armory of the invincible knights of  
old:

We must be free or die, who speak  
the tongue

That Shakespeare spake — the faith  
and morals hold

Which Milton held. In every thing  
we are sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles  
manifold.

WORDSWORTH.

### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British  
Channel;

The day was just begun;  
And through the window-panes, on  
floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rip-  
pling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart,  
the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,  
Hithe, and Dover,  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers  
speeding over  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant  
lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched  
in grim defiance  
The seacoast opposite;

And now they roared, at drum-beat,  
from their stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering each, with morning  
salutations,  
That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up  
the burden,  
Replied the distant forts —  
As if to summon from his sleep the  
warden  
And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the  
fields of azure,

No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black  
forts' embrasure,  
Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye  
impartial

The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-  
marshal

Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single  
warrior,

In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the  
Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the  
sleepers, —

The dark and silent room;  
And, as he entered, darker grew,  
and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dis-  
semble,

But smote the warden hoar —  
Ah! what a blow! that made all  
England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly can-  
non waited,

The sun rose bright o'erhead, —  
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-  
mated

That a great man was dead!

LONGFELLOW.

### THE LOST LEADER.

L

JUST for a handful of silver he left  
us;

Just for a ribbon to stick in his  
coat;

Found the one gift of which fortune  
bereft us,

Lost all the others she lets us  
devote.

They, with the gold to give, doled  
him out silver,

So much was theirs who so little  
 allowed.  
 How all our copper had gone for his  
 service!  
 Rags—were they purple, his  
 heart had been proud:  
 We that had loved him so, followed  
 him, honored him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent  
 eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught  
 his clear accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and  
 to die!  
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was  
 for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—  
 they watch from their graves!  
 He alone breaks from the van and  
 the freemen;  
 He alone sinks to the rear and the  
 slaves!

## II.

We shall march prospering,—not  
 through his presence;  
 Songs may inspire us,—not from  
 his lyre;  
 Deeds will be done—while he boasts  
 his quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch whom the  
 rest bade aspire.  
 Blot out his name, then,—record  
 one lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more  
 foot-path untrod,  
 One more triumph for devils, and  
 sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one  
 more insult to God!  
 Life's night begins; let him never  
 come back to us!  
 There would be doubt, hesitation,  
 and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part,—the  
 glimmer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning  
 again!  
 Best fight on well, for we taught  
 him,—strike gallantly,  
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce  
 through his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowl-  
 edge and wait us,  
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by  
 the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

WESTWARD the course of Empire  
 takes its way.

The four first acts already past,  
 A fifth shall close the drama with  
 the day:

Time's noblest offspring is the last.  
 BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY.

ENTRANCE OF COLUMBUS  
 INTO BARCELONA.

Lo! on his far-resounding path  
 Sink crucifix and crown,  
 And from high tower and balcony  
 The light of Spain looks down,—  
 For Beauty's dark, dark virgin eyes  
 Gleam ceaseless round him now,  
 As stars from still upheaving skies  
 Would new-born from the waves  
 arise  
 On his advancing prow.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

## INDIANS.

ALAS! for them, their day is o'er,  
 Their fires are out on hill and shore;  
 No more for them the wild deer  
 bounds,  
 The plough is on their hunting  
 grounds;  
 The pale man's axe rings through  
 their woods,  
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their  
 floods;  
 Their pleasant springs are dry;  
 Their children,—look, by power  
 opprest,  
 Beyond the mountains of the west,  
 Their children go to die.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE LANDING OF THE PIL-  
 GRIM FATHERS IN NEW  
 ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high  
 On a stern and rockbound coast,  
 And the woods against a stormy sky  
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
 When a band of exiles moored their  
 bark  
 On the wild New England shore.



Not as the conqueror comes,  
 They, the true-hearted, came;  
 Not with the roll of the stirring  
   drums,  
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,  
 In silence and in fear;—  
 They shook the depths of the desert  
   gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
 And the stars heard, and the  
   sea:  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim  
   woods rang  
 To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
 From his nest by the white wave's  
   foam:  
 And the rocking pines of the forest  
   roared, —  
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band:—  
 Why had *they* come to wither  
   there,  
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth;  
 There was manhood's brow serenely  
   high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of  
   war?—  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod:  
 They have left unstained what there  
   they found, —  
 Freedom to worship God.

HEMANS.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

By broad Potomac's silent shore  
 Better than Trajan lowly lies,  
 Gilding her green declivities  
 With glory now and evermore;  
 Art to his fame no aid hath lent;  
 His country is his monument.

ANON.

## BUNKER HILL.

Now deeper roll the maddening  
   drums,  
 The mingling host like Ocean heaves,  
 While from the midst a horrid wail-  
   ing comes,  
 And high above the fight the lonely  
   bugle grieves.

GRENVILLE MELLER.

## OLD IRONSIDES.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!  
 Long has it waved on high,  
 And many an eye has danced to  
   see  
 That banner in the sky;  
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,  
 And burst the cannon's roar:  
 The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes'  
   blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the  
   flood,  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's  
   tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee:  
 The harpies of the shore shall  
   pluck  
 The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave!  
 Her thunders shook the mighty  
   deep,  
 And there should be her grave:  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.

## ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light with-  
drawn

Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore!

Reville him not, — the tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and  
wrath,  
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion, stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to  
mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless  
dark,  
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his  
dim  
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought  
Save power remains, —  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great  
eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!

WHITTIER.

GREETING TO "THE GEORGE  
GRISWOLD."

[The ship which bore to the Mersey the  
contribution of the United States to the  
relief of Lancashire.]

BEFORE thy stem smooth seas were  
curled,  
Soft winds thy sails did move,  
Good ship, that from the Western  
world  
Bore freight of brothers' love.

'Twixt starving here and thriving  
there,  
When wrath flies to and fro,  
Till all seems hatred everywhere,  
How fair thy white wings show!

O'er the great seas thy keel ploughed  
through  
Good ships have borne the chain  
That should have knit old world and  
new  
Across the weltering main.

The chain was borne, — one kindly  
wave  
Of speech pulsed through its coil;  
Then dumb and dead in ocean's  
grave  
Lay hope and cost and toil.

But thou, good ship, again hast  
brought  
O'er these wide waves of blue,  
The chain of kindly word and  
thought  
To link those worlds anew.

PUNCH.

JOHN BROWN OF OSAWA-  
TOMIE.

## A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.

[Containing ye True History of ye Great  
Virginia Fright.]

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like  
a steadfast Yankee farmer,  
Brave and godly, with four sons —  
all stalwart men of might.  
There he spoke aloud for Freedom,  
and the Border-strife grew  
warmer,  
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling,  
in his absence, in the night;

And Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Came homeward in the morning — to  
find his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and  
boldly fought for Freedom;  
Smote from border unto border the  
fierce, invading band;  
And he and his brave boys vowed —  
so might Heaven help and  
speed 'em! —

They would save those grand old  
prairies from the curse that  
blights the land;  
And Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!"  
and he shoved his ramrod  
down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men; and  
they labored day and even,  
Saving Kansas from its peril,  
and their very lives seemed  
charmed;

Till the ruffians killed one son, in  
the blessed light of Heaven —  
In cold blood the fellows slew him,  
as he journeyed all unarmed;  
Then Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth,  
and frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,  
—not amid the heat of battle,  
But in peace, behind his plough-  
share, — and they loaded him  
with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses,  
even as they goad their cattle,  
Drove him, cruelly, for their sport,  
and at last blew out his brains;  
Then Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Raised his right hand up to Heaven,  
calling Heaven's vengeance  
down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the  
name of the Almighty,  
He would hunt this ravening evil  
that had scathed and torn him  
so; —  
He would seize it by the vitals; he  
would crush it day and night;  
he

Would so pursue its footsteps, — so  
return it blow for blow —  
That Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Should be a name to swear by, in  
backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more griz-  
zled, and his wild blue eye  
grew wilder,  
And more sharply curved his  
hawk's-nose, snuffing battle  
from afar;  
And he and the two boys left, though  
the Kansas strife waxed mild-  
er,  
Grew more sullen, till was over the  
bloody Border War,  
And Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by  
his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and  
their bitter woes behind him.  
Slipt off into Virginia, where the  
statesmen all are born,  
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and  
no one knew where to find  
him,  
Or whether he'd turned parson, or  
was jacketed and shorn;  
For Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Mad as he was, knew texts enough  
to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows,  
spades and shovels, or such  
trifles;

But quietly to his rancho there  
came, by every train,  
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and  
his well-beloved Sharpe's ri-  
fles;

And eighteen other madmen joined  
their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
"Boys, we've got an army large  
enough to march and whip the  
town!

"Take the town, and seize the mus-  
kets, free the negroes, and then  
arm them;  
Carry the County and the State,  
ay, and all the potent South;

On their own heads be the slaughter,  
if their victims rise to harm  
them —

These Virginians! who believed  
not, nor would heed the warn-  
ing mouth."

Says Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or  
my name is not John  
Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on  
the evening of a Sunday :

"This good work," declared the  
captain, "shall be on a holy  
night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and, be-  
fore the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Ste-  
phens, fifteen privates — black  
and white,

Captain Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

Marched across the bridged Potomac,  
and knocked the sentry  
down;

Took the guarded armory-building,  
and the muskets and the can-  
non;

Captured all the county majors  
and the colonels, one by one;  
Scared to death each gallant scion of  
Virginia they ran on,

And before the noon of Monday,  
I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men,  
went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little  
smell of powder, made he;

It was all done in the midnight,  
like the emperor's *coup d'  
état*;

"Cut the wires! stop the rail-cars!  
hold the streets and bridges!"  
said he,

Then declared the new Republic,  
with himself for guiding  
star, —

This Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown;

And the bold two thousand citizens  
ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and  
expressing here and thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshoot-  
ers and the Charlestown Vol-  
unteers,

And the Shepherdstown and  
Winchester Militia hastened  
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his  
ten thousand grenadiers!

General Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown!

Behind whose rampant banner all  
the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners  
escaped from Old Brown's  
durance,

And the effervescent valor of the  
Chivalry broke out,

When they learned that nineteen  
madmen had the marvellous  
assurance —

Only nineteen — thus to seize the  
place and drive them straight  
about;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him,  
encamped around the town.

But to storm with all the forces  
we have mentioned, was too  
risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond  
for the Government Ma-  
rines —

Tore them from their weeping ma-  
trons, fired their souls with  
Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's  
castle with their ladders and  
machines;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a  
cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry  
gather to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game,  
shooting lustily away;

And whene'er they slew a rebel,  
those who came too late for  
slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fixed  
 their bullets in his clay;  
 And Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown,  
 Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and  
 between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their  
 laurels; how they hastened  
 on the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half-  
 dying, on the Charlestown  
 court-house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in  
 the scorn of all denial;

What the brave old madman told  
 them—these are known the  
 country o'er.

“Hang Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown.”

Said the judge, “and all such  
 rebels!” with his most judi-  
 cial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I  
 tell you that the flagon,

Filled with blood of Old Brown's  
 offspring, was first poured by  
 Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's  
 life-veins, like the red gore\* of  
 the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury,  
 hissing through your slave-  
 worn lands!

And Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever,  
 when you've nailed his coffin  
 down!

E. C. STEDMAN.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE RE- PUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of  
 the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where  
 the grapes of wrath are stored!

He hath loosed the fateful lightning  
 of his terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires  
 of a hundred circling camps:  
 They have builded him an altar in  
 the evening dews and damps:  
 I have read his righteous sentence  
 by the dim and flaring lamps:  
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in  
 burnished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so  
 with you my grace shall deal:

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush  
 the serpent with his heel,  
 Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet  
 that shall never call retreat:

He is sifting out the hearts of men  
 before his judgment-seat;

Oh be swift my soul, to answer him!  
 be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was  
 born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that  
 transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us  
 die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

## MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,  
 Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,  
 Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore  
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
 And be the battle-queen of yore,  
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,  
 Maryland!

My mother State! to thee I kneel,  
 Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal  
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with  
 steel,

Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust;  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,  
Maryland!

Come! with thy panoplied array,  
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,  
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,  
With fearless Lowe, and dashing  
May,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and  
strong,  
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee  
wrong,  
Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng,  
That stalks with Liberty along,  
And give a new key to thy song,\*  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's  
chain,  
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain:  
"Sic semper" 'tis the proud refrain,  
That baffles minions back amain,  
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!

But thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek:  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,  
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!

But thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek:  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,  
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,  
Maryland!

\* The Star-Spangled Banner was written  
during the war of 1812 by Francis Key of  
Maryland.

Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,  
Than crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland!

The old Line's bugle, fife and drum,  
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:  
Huzza! she spurns the Northern  
scum!

She breathes — she burns! she'll  
come! she'll come!

Maryland! My Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.  
POINTE COUPÉE,  
April 26, 1861.

### AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea;

The night-wind smooths with drift-  
ing sand

Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
Our good boats forward swing;

And while we ride the land-locked  
tide,

Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song:

The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please;

The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the West with light,

Where field and garner, barn, and byre  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast;

From hand to hand, from gate to  
gate,

The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles:

Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
 They weave in simple lays  
 The pathos of remembered wrong,  
 The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
 The joy of uncaged birds:  
 Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
 Their broken Saxon words.

#### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he  
 come

To set de people free;  
 An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
 An' we ob jubilee.  
 De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
 He jus' as 'trong as den;  
 He say de word: we las' night  
 slaves;

To-day, de Lord's freemen.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
 blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn;

O nebber you fear, if nebber you  
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;  
 He leaf de land behind:

De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.

We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
 We own de hands dat hold;

We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
 But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
 blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn:

O nebber you fear, if nebber you  
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs  
 Dat some day we be free;

De norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
 De wind-duck to de sea;

We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
 We dream it in de dream;

De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
 De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
 blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn:

O nebber you fear, if nebber you  
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,  
 An' nebber lie de word;  
 So like de 'postles in de jail,

We waited for de Lord:

An' now he open ebery door,

An' trow away de key;

He tink we lub him so before,

We lub him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
 blow,

He'll gib de rice an' corn:

O nebber you fear, if nebber you  
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;

And with a secret pain,

And smiles that seem akin to tears,

We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,

Nor yet his hope deny:

We only know that God is just,

And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy  
 face,

Flame-lighted, ruder still:

We start to think that hapless race  
 Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
 Oppressor with oppressed;

And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
 We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant  
 shall be

Our sign of blight or bloom, —

The Vala-song of Liberty,

Or death-rune of our doom!

WHITTIER.

#### NEVER OR NOW.

IN vain the common theme my  
 tongue would shun,

All tongues, all thoughts, all hearts  
 can find but one.

Our alcoves, where the noisy world  
 was dumb,

Throb with dull drum-beats, and the  
 echoes come

Laden with sounds of battle and wild  
 cries,

That mingle their discordant sym-  
 phonies.

Old books from yonder shelves are  
whispering, "Peace!  
This is the realm of letters, not of  
strife."

Old graves in yonder field are say-  
ing, "Cease!

*Hic jacet* ends the noisiest mortal's  
life."

—Shut your old books! What says  
the telegraph?

We want an Extra, not an epitaph.

Old Classmates, (Time's unconscious  
almanacs,

Counting the years we leave behind  
our backs,

And wearing them in wrinkles on  
the brow

Of friendship with his kind "How  
are you *now*?"

Take us by the hand, and speak of  
times that were. —

Then comes a moment's pause:  
"Pray tell me where

Your boy is now! Wounded, as I  
am told." —

"Twenty?" "What — bless me!  
twenty-one years old!"

"Yes, — time moves fast." "That's  
so. Old classmate, say,

Do you remember *our* Commence-  
ment Day?

Were we such boys as these at  
twenty?" Nay,

God called them to a nobler task  
than ours,

And gave them holier thoughts and  
manlier powers, —

This is the day of fruits and not of  
flowers!

These "boys" we talk about like  
ancient sages

Are the same *men* we read of in old  
pages, —

The bronze recast of dead heroic  
ages!

We grudge them not, — our dearest,  
bravest, best, —

Let but the quarrel's issue stand  
confest:

'Tis Earth's old slave-God battling  
for his crown,

And Freedom fighting with her visor  
down!

Better the jagged shells their flesh  
should mangle, —

Better their bones from Rahab-necks  
should dangle,

Better the fairest flower of all our  
culture

Should cram the black maw of the  
Southern vulture,

Than Cain act o'er the murder of his  
brother

*Unum* on our side — *pluribus* on the  
other!

Each of us owes the rest his best  
endeavor;

Take these few lines, — we call them

#### NOW OR NEVER.

Listen, young heroes! your country  
is calling!

Time strikes the hour for the brave  
and the true!

Now, while the foremost are fighting  
and falling,

Fill up the ranks that have opened  
for you!

You whom the fathers made free  
and defended,

Stain not the scroll that emblazons  
their fame!

You whose fair heritage spotless de-  
scended,

Leave not your children a birth-  
right of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom  
stands gasping!

Wait not till Honor lies wrapped  
in his pall!

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the  
hands' clasping. —

"Off for the wars" is enough for  
them all!

Break from the arms that would  
fondly caress you!

Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! sabres  
are drawn!

Mothers shall pray for you, fathers  
shall bless you,

Maidens shall weep for you when  
you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a  
nation

Poured on the turf where the red  
rose should bloom;

Now is the day and the hour of sal-  
vation;

Never or now! peals the trumpet  
of doom!



Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon  
 Through the black canopy blotting the skies;  
 Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon  
 O'er the deep ooze where the Cumber-land lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,  
 Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,  
 From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying  
 Pleading in vain for a handful of earth;

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,  
 Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,  
 Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,  
 Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

O. W. HOLMES.

#### MASON AND SLIDELL: A YAN-KEE IDYLL.

##### CONCORD BRIDGE.

HEARKEN in your ear, —  
 I'm older'n you, — Peace wun't keep house with Fear:  
 Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut to du  
 Is jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu.  
 I recollect how sailors' rights was won  
 Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun:  
 Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he  
 Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea;  
 You'd thought he held by Gran'ther Adam's will,  
 An' ef you knuckle down, he'll think so still.  
 Better thet all our ships an' all their crews  
 Should sink to rot in ocean's dream-less ooze,

Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it went,  
 An' each dumb gun a brave man's monument,  
 Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave:  
 Give me the peace of dead men or of brave!

##### THE MONUMENT.

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious Fourth:  
 You'd oughto larned 'fore this wut talk wuz worth.  
 It ain't our nose thet gits put out o' jint;  
 It's England thet gives up her dearest pint.  
 We've gut, I tell ye now, enough to du  
 In our own fem'ly fight, afore we're thru.  
 I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sumter's shame,  
 When every flagstaff flapped its tethered flame,  
 An' all the people, startled from their doubt,  
 Come must'rin' to the flag with sech a shout, —  
 I hoped to see things settled 'fore this fall,  
 The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis hanged, an' all;  
 Then come Bull Run, an' sence then I've ben waitin'  
 Like boys in Jennocary thaw for skatin',  
 Nothin' to du but watch my shadder's trace  
 Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun' my base,  
 With daylight's flood an' ebb: it's gitting slow,  
 An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em go.  
 I tell ye wut, this war's agoin to cost —

##### THE BRIDGE.

An' I tell you it wun't be money lost;  
 We wun't give up afore the ship goes down:  
 It's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't drown;

An' God wun't leave us yit to sink  
or swim,  
Ef we don't fail to du wut's right by  
him.

This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to  
be

A better country than man ever  
see.

I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry  
Thet seems to say, "Break forth an'  
prophecy!"

O strange New World, thet yit wast  
never young,

Whose youth from thee by gripin'  
need was wrung.

Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose  
baby-bed

Was prowled roun' by the Injuns'  
cracklin' tread,

An' who grew'st strong thru shifts  
an' wants an' pains,

Nussed by stern men with empires  
in their brains,

Who saw in vision their young Ish-  
mel strain

With each hard hand a vassal ocean's  
mane,

Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret  
events

To pitch new States ez Old-World  
men pitch tents,

Thou, taught by Fate to know Jeho-  
vah's plan,

Thet man's devices can't unmake a  
man,

An' whose free latch-string never  
was drawed in

Against the poorest child of Adam's  
kin,—

The grave's not dug where traitor  
hands shall lay

In fearful haste thy murdered corse  
away!

I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to  
bark,

So thet I lost old Concord's last re-  
mark:

I listened long; but all I seemed to  
hear

Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some  
birch-trees near;

But ez they hedn't no gret things to  
say,

An' sed 'em often, I come right  
away,

An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass  
the time,

I put some thoughts thet bothered  
me in rhyme:

I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,  
But here they be—it's—

#### JONATHAN TO JOHN.

It don't seem hardly right, John,  
When both my hands was full,

To stump me to a fight, John,

Your cousin, tu, John Bull!

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess

We know it now," sez he,

"The lion's paw is all the law,

Accordin' to J. B.,

Thet's fit for you an' me!"

Blood ain't so cool as ink, John;

It's likely you'd ha' wrote,

An' stopped a spell to think, John,

Arter they'd cut your throat?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess

He'd skurce ha' stopped," sez he,

"To mind his p's an' q's ef thet  
weasan'

He'd b'longed to ole J. B.,

Instid o' you an' me!"

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,

On *your* front-parlor stairs,

Would it jest meet your views, John,

To wait an' sue their heirs?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

I on'y guess," sez he,

"Thet, ef Vattell on *his* toes  
fell,

'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,

Ez wal ez you and me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,

*Heads I win—ditto, tails?*

"J. B." was on his shirts, John,

Unless my memory fails.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

(I'm good at thet,)" sez he,

"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest*  
the juice

For ganders with J. B.,

No more than you or me!"

When your rights was our wrong,  
John,

You didn't stop for fuss,—

Britanny's trident-prongs, John,

Was good 'nough law for us.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

Though physic's good," sez he,

"It doesn't foller thet he can  
swaller  
Prescriptions signed '*J. B.*'  
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:  
You mus'n' take it hard,  
Ef we can't think with you, John,  
It's jest your own back-yard.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,  
"Thefencin'-stuff'll cost enough  
To bust up friend J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John,  
Of honor, when it meant  
You didn't care a fig, John,  
But jest for *ten per cent*?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
He's like the rest," sez he:  
"When all is done, it's number  
one  
Thet's nearest to J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,  
Coz Abra'm thought 'twas right;  
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,  
Provokin' us to fight.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
We've a hard row," sez he,  
"To hoe just now: but thet,  
somehow,  
May happen to J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,  
With twenty million people,  
An' close to every door, John,  
A school-house an' a steeple.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
It is a fact," sez he,  
"The surest plan to make a Man  
Is, Think him so, J. B.,  
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John:  
An' it's for her sake, now,  
They've left the axe an' saw, John,  
The anvil an' the plough.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
Ef't warn't for law," sez he,  
"There'd be one shindy from  
here to Indy;  
An' thet don't suit J. B.,  
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an'  
me!")

We know we've gut a cause, John,  
Thet's honest, just, an' true;  
We thought 'twould win applause,  
John,  
Ef nowheres else, from you.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
His love of right," sez he,  
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:  
There's natur' in J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*"  
John,  
An' "*All men up!*" say we, —  
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:  
Now which is your idee?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
John preaches wal," sez he:  
"But, sermon thru, an' come to  
*du*,  
Why, there's the ole J. B.  
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love or hate, John?  
It's you thet's to decide:  
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,  
Like all the world's beside?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
Wise men forgive," sez he,  
"But not forget; an' sometime  
yet  
The truth may strike J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,  
Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
Believe an' understand, John,  
The *wuth* o' bein' free.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
God's price is high," sez he:  
"But nothin' else than wut he  
sells  
Wears long, an' thet J. B.  
May larn like you an' me!"  
J. R. LOWELL: *Mason and Stidell.*

### THE FLAG.

THERE's a flag hangs over my  
threshold, whose folds are  
more dear to me  
Than the blood that thrills in my  
bosom its earnest of liberty:  
And dear are the stars it harbors in  
its sunny field of blue  
As the hope of a further heaven that  
lights all our dim lives through.

But now should my guests be merry,  
the house is in holiday guise,  
Looking out, through its burnished  
windows like a score of wel-  
coming eyes.

Come hither, my brothers who wander  
in saintliness and in sin!

Come hither, ye pilgrims of Nature!  
my heart doth invite you in.

My wine is not of the choicest, yet  
bears it an honest brand;

And the bread that I bid you lighten  
I break with no sparing hand;

But pause, ere you pass to taste it,  
one act must accomplished be:

Salute the flag in its virtue, before  
ye sit down with me.

The flag of our stately battles, not  
struggles of wrath and greed:

Its stripes were a holy lesson, its  
spangles a deathless creed;

'Twas red with the blood of free-  
men, and white with the fear  
of the foe,

And the stars that fight in their  
courses 'gainst tyrants its  
symbols know.

Come hither, thou son of my moth-  
er! we were reared in the  
selfsame arms;

Thou hast many a pleasant gesture,  
thy mind hath its gifts and  
charms,

But my heart is as stern to question  
as mine eyes are of sorrows  
full:

Salute the flag in its virtue, or pass  
on where others rule.

Thou lord of a thousand acres, with  
heaps of uncounted gold,

The steeds of thy stall are haughty,  
thy lackeys cunning and bold:

I envy no jot of thy splendor, I rail  
at thy follies none:

Salute the flag in its virtue, or leave  
my poor house alone.

Fair lady with silken trappings, high  
waving thy stainless plume,

We welcome thee to our numbers, a  
flower of costliest bloom:

Let a hundred maids live widowed  
to furnish thy bridal bed;

But pause where the flag doth ques-  
tion, and bend thy triumphant  
head.

Take down now your flaunting ban-  
ner, for a scout comes breath-  
less and pale,

With the terror of death upon him;  
of failure is all his tale:

"They have fled while the flag  
waved o'er them! they have  
turned to the foe their back!

They are scattered, pursued, and  
slaughtered! the fields are all  
rout and wrack!"

Pass hence, then, the friends I gath-  
ered, a goodly company!

All ye that have manhood in you,  
go, perish for Liberty!

But I and the babes God gave  
me will wait with uplifted  
hearts,

With the firm smile ready to kindle,  
and the will to perform our  
parts.

When the last true heart lies blood-  
less, when the fierce and the  
false have won,

I'll press in turn to my bosom each  
daughter and either son;

Bid them loose the flag from its  
bearings, and we'll lay us  
down to rest

With the glory of home about us,  
and its freedom locked in our  
breast.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

### THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

ALONG a river-side, I know not  
where,

I walked one night in mystery of  
dream;

A chill creeps curdling yet beneath  
my hair,

To think what chanced me by the pal-  
lid gleam

Of a moor-wraith that waned through  
haunted air.

Pale fire-flies pulsed within the mead-  
ow mist

Their halos, wavering thistle-downs  
of light;

The loon, that seemed to mock some  
goblin tryst,

Laughed; and the echoes, huddling  
in affright,  
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying  
down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote  
my ear  
A movement in the stream that  
checked my breath:  
Was it the slow splash of a wading  
deer?

But something said, "This water is  
of Death!  
The Sisters wash a Shroud,—ill  
thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient  
Three,  
Known to the Greek's and to the  
Norseman's creed,  
That sit in shadow of the mystic  
Tree,  
Still crooning, as they weave their  
endless brede,  
One song: "Time was, Time is, and  
Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I  
had deemed,  
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-mor-  
row,  
To mourner, lover, poet, ever  
seemed:  
Something too high for joy, too deep  
for sorrow,  
Thrilled in their tones, and from  
their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they  
have strawn;"  
So sang they, working at their task  
the while;  
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed  
ere dawn;  
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's  
Isle?  
O'er what quenched grandeur must  
our shroud be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer  
corse,  
That gathered States for children  
round his knees,  
That tamed the wave to be his post-  
ing-horse,  
Feller of forests, linker of the seas,  
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest  
son of Thor's?"

"What make we, murmur'st thou,  
and what are we?  
When empires must be wound, we  
bring the shroud,  
The time-old web of the implacable  
Three:  
Is it too coarse for him, the young  
and proud?  
Earth's mightiest deigned to wear  
it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned.  
"So strong, so fair!  
Our Fowler, whose proud bird would  
brook erewhile  
No rival's swoop in all our western  
air!  
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file  
For him, life's morn-gold bright yet  
in his hair!"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unpity-  
ing dames!  
I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who  
scanned  
The stars, Earth's elders, still must  
noblest aims  
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-  
sands?  
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts  
of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red  
battle-dew,  
Ye deem we choose the victor and  
the slain:  
Say, choose we them that shall be  
leal and true  
To the heart's longing, the high  
faith of brain?  
Yet there the victory lies, if ye but  
knew.

"Three roots bear up dominion:  
Knowledge, Will;  
These twain are strong, but stronger  
yet the third—  
Obedience, 'tis the great tap-root,  
that still,  
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not  
stirred,  
Though Heaven-loosed tempests  
spend their utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper?  
'Tis not we  
Denounce it, but the Law before all  
time:

The brave makes danger opportunity;  
 The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,  
 Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat,  
 To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?  
 Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet  
 Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for Law?  
 Then let him hearken for the doomster's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,  
 States climb to power by; slippery those with gold,  
 Down which they stumble to eternal mock;  
 No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,  
 Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal and woe,  
 Mystic because too cheaply understood;  
 Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,  
 See Evil weak; see strength alone in Good,  
 Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,  
 That offers choice of glory or of gloom;  
 The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.  
 But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb  
 Grates its slow hinge, and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him,  
 Whose large horizon, westering, star by star  
 Wins from the void to where, on Ocean's rim

The sunset shuts the world with golden bar—  
 Not yet his thews shall fall, his eye grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those  
 That walk unblenching through the trial-fires;  
 Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes,  
 And he no base-born son of craven sires,  
 Whose eye need blench, confronted with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win  
 Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines:  
 Peace, too, brings tears, and 'mid the battle-din,  
 The wiser ear some text of God divines;  
 For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,  
 But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!  
 And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,  
 Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,  
 And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So cried I, with clinched hands and passionate pain,  
 Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side:  
 Again the loon laughed, mocking; and again  
 The echoes bayed far down the night, and died,  
 While waking, I recalled my wandering brain.

J. R. LOWELL.

### THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
 On board of the Cumberland,  
 Sloop-of-war;  
 And at times from the fortress across the bay

The alarum of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose  
A little feather of snow-white  
smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of  
our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from  
her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her  
straight  
Defiance back in a full broadside!  
As hail rebounds from a roof of  
slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant old plantation  
strain.  
"Never!" our gallant Morris re-  
plies:  
"It is better to sink than to  
yield!"  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron  
grasp!  
Down went the Cumberland all a  
wrack,  
With a sudden shudder of death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the  
bay,  
Still floated our flag at the main-  
mast-head.  
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in  
the seas!

Ye are at peace in the troubled  
stream.

Ho! brave land! with hearts like  
these,

Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

LONGFELLOW.

### SUNTHIN IN A PASTORAL LINE.

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a  
draw,  
An' it clings hold like precedents in  
law:  
Your gra'ma'am put it there, —  
when, goodness knows, —  
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-  
clo'es;  
But the old chist wun't sarve her  
gran'son's wife,  
(For, 'thout new funnitoo, wut  
good in life?)  
An' so ole clawfoot, from the pre-  
cinks dread  
O' the spare chamber, slinks into  
the shed,  
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last  
subsides  
To holdin' seeds, an' fifty things be-  
sides;  
But better days stick fast in heart  
an' husk,  
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o'  
musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've  
airly read  
Gits kind o' worked into their heart  
an' head,  
So's't they can't seem to write but  
jest on sheers  
With furrin countries or played-out  
ideers,  
Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't  
smack  
O' wut some critter chose to feel  
'way back:  
This makes 'em talk o' daises, larks,  
an' things,  
Ez though we'd nothin' here that  
blows an' sings, —  
(Why, I'd give more for one live  
bobolink

Than a square mile o' larks in print-  
er's ink,) —  
This makes 'em think our fust 'o  
May is May,  
Which't ain't, for all the almanicks  
can say.

O little city-gals! don't never go it  
Blind on the word o' noospaper or  
poet!

They're apt to puff, an' May-day  
seldom looks

Up in the country ez it doos in  
books;

They're no more like than hornets'  
nests an' hives,

Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.  
I, with my trousers perched on cow-  
hide boots,

Tuggin' my foundered feet out by  
the roots,

Hev seen ye come to fling on April's  
hearse

Your muslin nosegays from the  
milliner's,

Puzzlin' to find dry ground your  
queen to choose,

An' dance your throats sore in mo-  
rocker shoes:

I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet,  
come wut would,

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with  
hardihood.

Pleasure doos make us Yankees  
kind o' winch,

Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by  
the inch;

But yit we du contrive to worry  
thru,

Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to  
du,

An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set  
out,

Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a re-  
doubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know  
where to find

Some blooms thet make the season  
suit the mind,

An' seem to metch the doubtin'  
bluebird's notes, —

Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry  
coats,

Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves  
ef you oncurl,

Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-  
pearl, —

But these are jes' Spring's pickets;  
sure ez sin,  
The rebbles frosts'll try to drive 'em  
in;

For half our May's so awfully like  
Mayn't,

'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige  
saint;

Though I own up I like our back'ard  
springs

Thet kind o' haggle with their  
greens an' things,

An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout  
more words

Toss the fields full o' blossoms,  
leaves, an' birds:

Thet's Northun natur', slow, an' apt  
to doubt,

But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's  
no gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin'  
in tall trees,

An' settlin' things in windy Con-  
gresses, —

Queer politicians, though, for I'll be  
skinned

Ef all on 'em don't head against the  
wind.

'Fore long the trees begin to show  
belief, —

The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,  
Then saffern swarms swing off from  
all the willers

So plump they look like yaller cater-  
pillars,

Then gray hoss-ches'nuts leetle  
hands unfold

Softer'n a baby's be at three days  
old:

Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick;  
he knows

Thet arter this ther's only blossom-  
snows;

So, choosin' out a handy crotch an'  
spouse,

He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.

Then seems to come a hitch, —  
things lag behind,

Till some fine mornin' Spring makes  
up her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers  
cresh their dams

Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in  
an' jams,

A leak comes spirtin' thru some  
pin-hole cleft,



Grows stronger, fiercer, tears out  
 right an' left,  
 Then all the waters bow themselves  
 an' come,  
 Sudden, in one great slope o' shed-  
 derin' foam,  
 Jes' so our Spring gits every thin' in  
 tune,  
 An' gives one leap from April into  
 June:  
 Then all comes crowdin' in; afore  
 you think,  
 Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill  
 woods with pink;  
 The cat-bird in the laylock-bush is  
 loud;  
 The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy  
 cloud;  
 Red-cedars blossom tu, though few  
 folks know it,  
 An' look all dipt in sunshine like a  
 poet;  
 The lime-trees pile their solid stacks  
 o' shade,  
 An' drows'ly simmer with the bees'  
 sweet trade;  
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang-  
 bird clings  
 An' for the summer vy'ge his ham-  
 mock slings:  
 All down the loose-walled lanes  
 in archin' bowers  
 The barb'ry droops its strings o'  
 golden flowers,  
 Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-  
 gals love to try  
 With pins, — they'll worry yourn so,  
 boys, bimeby!  
 But I don't love your cat'logue style,  
 — do you? —  
 Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo;  
 One word with blood in't's ez twice  
 ez good ez two:  
 'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet  
 o' the year,  
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is  
 here;  
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he  
 swings,  
 Or climbs against the breeze with  
 quiverin' wings,  
 Or, givin' way to't in a mock de-  
 spair,  
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter,  
 thru the air.  
 I ollus feel the sap start in my veins  
 In Spring, with curus heats an'  
 prickly pains,

Thet drive me, when I git a chance,  
 to walk  
 Off by myself to hev a privit talk  
 With a queer critter thet can't seem  
 to 'gree  
 Along o' me like most folks, — Mis-  
 ter Me.  
 Ther' is times when I'm unsoshle ez  
 a stone,  
 An' sort o' suffocate to be alone, —  
 I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks  
 are nigh,  
 An' can't bear nothin' closer than  
 the sky;  
 Now the wind's full ez shifty in the  
 mind  
 Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't  
 blind,  
 An, sometimes, in the fairest sou'-  
 west weather,  
 My inward vane pints east for weeks  
 together,  
 My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an'  
 my sins  
 Come drizzlin' on my conscience  
 sharp ez pins:  
 Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o'  
 sight,  
 An' take it out in a fair stan' up fight  
 With the one cuss I can't lay on the  
 shelf,  
 The crook'dest stick in all the  
 heap, — myself.  
 'Twuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-  
 time:  
 Findin' my feelin's wouldn't noways  
 rhyme  
 With nobody's, but off the hendle  
 flew  
 An' took things from an east-wind  
 pint o' view,  
 I started off to lose me in the hills  
 Where the pines be, up back o'  
 Siah's Mills:  
 Pines, ef you're blue, are the best  
 friends I know,  
 They mope an' sigh an' sheer your  
 feelin's so, —  
 They hesh the ground beneath so,  
 tu, I swan,  
 You half-forgit you've gut a body on.  
 Ther's a small skool'us' there where  
 four roads meet,  
 The door-steps hollered out by little  
 feet,  
 An' side-post carved with names  
 whose owners grew

To gret men, some on 'em an' deacons, tu;  
 'Tain't used no longer, coz the town  
 hez gut  
 A high-school, where they teach the  
 Lord knows wut:  
 Three-story larnin's pop'lar now; I  
 guess  
 We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories  
 less,  
 For it strikes me ther's sech a  
 thing ez sinnin'  
 By overloadin' children's underpin-  
 nin':  
 Wal, here it wuz I larned my A, B, C,  
 An' it's a kind o' favorite spot with  
 me.

We're curus critters: Now ain't jes'  
 the minute  
 That ever fits us easy while we're  
 in it;  
 Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be  
 perfect bliss, —  
 Soon ez it's past, *that* time's wuth  
 ten o' this;  
 An' yit there ain't a man thet need  
 be told  
 Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs  
 o' gold.  
 A knee-high lad, I used to plot an'  
 ..plan  
 An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to  
 be a man;  
 Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I  
 enjoy  
 Like dreamin' back along into a  
 boy:  
 So the ole school'us' is a place I  
 choose  
 Afore all others, ef I want to muse;  
 I set down where I used to set, an'  
 git  
 My boyhood back, an' better things  
 with it, —  
 Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't  
 Cherrity,  
 It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret  
 a rerrity.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath  
 arternoon  
 Thet I sot out to tramp myself in  
 tune,  
 I found me in the school'us' on my  
 seat,  
 Drummin' the march to No-wheres  
 with my feet.

Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole  
 folks say,  
 Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way:  
 It's thinkin' every thin' you ever  
 knew,  
 Or ever hearn, to make your feelins  
 blue.  
 I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell:  
 I thought o' the Rebellion, then o'  
 Hell,  
 Which some folks tell ye now is jes'  
 a metterfor,  
 (A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none  
 the better for);  
 I thought o' Reconstruction, wut  
 we'd win  
 Patchin' our patent self-blow-up  
 agin:  
 I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the  
 wits,  
 So much a month, warn't givin'  
 Natur' fits, —  
 Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their  
 own milk fail,  
 To work the cow thet hes an iron tail,  
 An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the  
 pan  
 Would send up cream to humor ary  
 man:  
 From this to thet I let my worryin'  
 creep,  
 Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like  
 streams thet glide  
 'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on  
 each side,  
 Where both shores' shadders kind  
 o' mix an' mingle  
 In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either  
 single;  
 An' when you cast off moorin's  
 from To-day,  
 An' down towards To-morrer drift  
 away,  
 The imiges thet tengle on the stream  
 Make a new upside-down'ard world  
 o' dream:  
 Sometimes they seem like sunrise-  
 streaks an' warnin's  
 O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-  
 mornin's,  
 An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o'  
 spite,  
 Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't  
 gone right.  
 I'm gret on dreams, an' often, when  
 I wake,

I've lived so much it makes my  
 mem'ry ache,  
 An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in  
 my cheer  
 'Thout hevin' 'em, some good, some  
 bad, all queer.

Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it  
 seemed,  
 An' ain't sure yit whether I r'ally  
 dreamed,  
 Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha'  
 slep',  
 When I hearn some un stompin' up  
 the step,  
 An' lookin' round, ef two an' two  
 make four,  
 I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.  
 He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an'  
 spurs  
 With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut-  
 burrs,  
 An' his gret sword behind him sloped  
 away  
 Long'z a man's speech thet dunno  
 wut to say. —  
 "Ef your name's Biglow, an' your  
 given-name  
 Hosee," sez he, "it's arter you I  
 came;  
 I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied  
 by three." —  
 "My *wut*?" sez I. — "Your gret-  
 gret-gret," sez he:  
 "You wouldn't ha' never ben here  
 but for me.  
 Two hundred an' three year ago this  
 May  
 The ship I come in sailed up Boston  
 Bay;  
 I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War, —  
 But wut on airth hev *you* gut up  
 one for?  
 Coz we du things in England, 'tain't  
 for you  
 To git a notion you can du 'em tu:  
 I'm told you write in public prints:  
 ef true,  
 It's nateral you should know a thing  
 or two." —  
 'Thet air's an argymunt I can't  
 endorse, —  
 'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs,  
 you kep' a horse:  
 For brains," sez I, "wutever you  
 may think,  
 Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o' pen-  
 an-ink, —

Though mos' folks write ez ef they  
 hoped jes' quickenin'  
 The churn would argoo skim-milk  
 into thickenin';  
 But skim-milk ain't a thing to  
 change its view  
 O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky  
 flue.  
 But du pray tell me, 'fore we furdur  
 go,  
 How in all Natur' did you come to  
 know  
 'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in King-  
 dom Come?" —  
 "Wal, I worked round at sperrit-  
 rappin' some,  
 An' danced the tables till their legs  
 wuz gone,  
 In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin'  
 on,"  
 Sez he, "but mejums lie so like all-  
 split  
 Thet I concluded it wuz best to quit.  
 But, come now, ef you wun't con-  
 fess to knowin',  
 You've some conjectures how the  
 thing's a-goin'." —  
 "Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't  
 never known  
 Nor asked to hev a judgment of its  
 own;  
 An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the  
 jints,  
 It's safe to trust its say on certin  
 pints:  
 It knows the wind's opinions to a T,  
 An' the wind settles wut the  
 weather'll be."  
 "I never thought a scion of our  
 stock  
 Could grow the wood to make a  
 weathercock;  
 When I wuz younger'n you, skurce  
 more'n a shaver,  
 No airthly wind," sez he, "could  
 make me waver!"  
 (Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw  
 an' forehead,  
 Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-  
 hilt forrard.) —  
 "Jes' so it wuz with me," sez I,  
 "I swow,  
 When I wuz younger'n what you  
 see me now, —  
 Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huld's  
 bonnet,  
 Thet I warn't full-cocked with my  
 judgment on it;

But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find  
 It's a sight harder to make up my  
 mind,—  
 Nor I don't often try tu, when  
 events  
 Will du it for me free of all expense.  
 The moral question's ollus plain  
 enough,—  
 It's jes' the human-natur' side thet's  
 tough;  
 Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle  
 me nor you,—  
 The pinch comes in decidin' wut to  
 du;  
 Ef you read History, all runs  
 smooth ez grease,  
 Coz there the men ain't nothin'  
 more'n idees,—  
 But come to make it, ez we must to-  
 day,  
 Th' idees hev arms an' legs, an' stop  
 the way:  
 It's easy fixin' things in facts an'  
 figgers,—  
 They can't resist, nor warn't  
 brought up with niggers;  
 But come to try your the'ry on,—  
 why, then  
 Your facts an' figgers change to  
 ign'ant men  
 Actin' ez ugly"—"Smite 'em hip  
 an' thigh!"  
 Sez gran'ther, "an' let every man-  
 child die!  
 Oh for three weeks o' Crommle an'  
 the Lord!  
 Up, Isr'el, to your tents an' grind  
 the sword!"—  
 "Thet kind o' thing worked wal in  
 ole Judee,  
 But you forgit how long it's ben  
 A.D.;  
 You think thet's ellersence, — I  
 call it shoddy,  
 A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul  
 nor body;  
 I like the plain all-wool o' common-  
 sense,  
 Thet warms ye now, an' will a  
 twelvemonth hence.  
 You took to follerin' where the  
 Prophets beckoned,  
 An' fust you knowed on, back come  
 Charles the Second;  
 Now wut I want's to hev all we gain  
 stick,  
 An' not to start Millennium too  
 quick;

We hain't to punish only, but to  
 keep,  
 An' the cure's gut to go a cent'ry  
 deep."  
 "Wal, milk-an'-water ain't the best  
 o' glue,"  
 Sez he, "an' so you'll find before  
 you're thru;  
 Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-  
 shally  
 Lozes ez often wut's ten times the  
 vally.  
 Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's  
 neck gut split,  
 Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over  
 yit:  
 Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez  
 gin the exe"—  
 "Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut  
 eight million necks.  
 The hardest question ain't the black  
 man's right,  
 The trouble is to 'mancipate the  
 white;  
 One's chained in body an' can be sot  
 free,  
 But t'other's chained in soul to an  
 idee:  
 It's a long job, but we shall worry  
 thru it;  
 Ef bag'nets fail, the spellin'-book  
 must du it."  
 "Hosee," sez he, "I think you're  
 goin' to fail:  
 The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in  
 the tail;  
 This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the  
 rattle,—  
 You'll stomp on thet an' think  
 you've won the bettle;  
 It's Slavery thet's the fangs an'  
 thinkin' head,  
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it  
 dead,—  
 An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn  
 by waitin'  
 Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to  
 debatin'!—  
 "God's truth!" sez I,— "an' ef I  
 held the club,  
 An' knowed jes' where to strike,—  
 but there's the rub!"—  
 "Strike soon," sez he, "or you'll be  
 deadly ailin',—  
 Folks thet's afeared to fail are sure  
 o' failin';  
 God hates your sneakin' creturs thet  
 believe

He'll settle things they run away an'  
leave!"

He brought his foot down fiercely,  
ez he spoke,  
An' give me sech a startle thet I  
woke.

J. R. LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*.

### WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds, against the April wind,  
Flew northward, singing as they  
flew;

They sang, "The land we leave  
behind  
Has swords for corn-blades, blood  
for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the  
South,  
What saw and heard ye, gazing  
down?"

"We saw the mortar's upturned  
mouth,  
The sickened camp, the blazing  
town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry  
lamps,  
We saw your march-worn children  
die;  
In shrouds of moss, in cypress  
swamps,  
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's  
sighs;  
And saw, from line and trench,  
your sons  
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes  
Beyond the battery's smoking  
guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong  
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn  
flocks?"

"We heard," they sang, "the  
Freedman's song,  
The crash of Slavery's broken  
locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States  
The treason-nursing mischief  
spurned,  
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,  
The long-estranged and lost re-  
turned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,  
And hands horn-hard with unpaid  
toil,  
With hope in every rustling fold,  
We saw your star-drop't flag uncoil.

"And, struggling up through sounds  
accursed,  
A grateful murmur clomb the air,  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
It filled the listening heavens with  
prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not  
cease,  
Till, drowning all the noise of war,  
It sings the blessed song of  
peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day  
Of chill and slowly-greening  
spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild-birds sang or seemed to  
sing.

They vanished in the misty air,  
The song went with them in their  
flight;  
But lo! they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was  
light.

WHITTIER.

### A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO.

No! is my answer from this cold  
bleak ridge  
Down to your valley: you may  
rest you there:  
The gulf is wide, and none can build  
a bridge  
That your gross weight would  
safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you  
With something that is kinder far  
than scorn,  
And think, "Ah well! I might have  
grovelled too;  
I might have walked there, fet-  
tered and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are;  
I might have chosen comfortable  
ways;

Once from these heights I shrank,  
 beheld afar,  
 In the soft lap of quiet, easy  
 days.

I might—(I will not hide it)—  
 once I might  
 Have lost, in the warm whirlpools  
 of your voice,  
 The sense of Evil, the stern cry of  
 Right;  
 But truth has steered me free, and  
 I rejoice:

Not with the triumph that looks  
 back to jeer  
 At the poor herd that call their  
 misery bliss;  
 But as a mortal speaks when God is  
 near,  
 I drop you down my answer; it is  
 this:—

I am not yours, because you seek in  
 me  
 What is the lowest in my own es-  
 teem:  
 Only my flowery levels can you  
 see,  
 Nor of my heaven-smit summits  
 do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love  
 yourself:  
 Your heart has scarcely room for  
 me beside.  
 I could not be shut in with name  
 and pelf;  
 I spurn the shelter of your narrow  
 pride!

Not yours; because you are not man  
 enough  
 To grasp your country's measure  
 of a man!  
 If such as you, when Freedom's  
 ways are rough,  
 Cannot walk in them, learn that  
 women can!

Not yours, because, in this the na-  
 tion's need,  
 You stoop to bend her losses to  
 your gain,  
 And do not feel the meanness of  
 your deed;  
 I touch no palm defiled with such  
 a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too  
 lofty steep  
 For woman's scaling, care not I  
 to know;  
 But when he falters by her side, or  
 creeps,  
 She must not clog her soul with  
 him to go.

Who weds me must at least with  
 equal pace  
 Sometimes move with me at my  
 being's height:  
 To follow him to his more glorious  
 place,  
 His purer atmosphere, were keen  
 delight.

You lure me to the valley: men  
 should call  
 Up to the mountains, where the  
 air is clear.  
 Win me and help me climbing, if at  
 all!  
 Beyond these peaks rich harmo-  
 nies I hear,—

The morning chant of Liberty and  
 Law!  
 The dawn pours in, to wash out  
 Slavery's blot:  
 Fairer than aught the bright sun  
 ever saw  
 Rises a nation without stain or  
 spot.

The men and women mated for that  
 time  
 Tread not the soothing mosses of  
 the plain;  
 Their hands are joined in sacrifice  
 sublime;  
 Their feet firm set in upward paths  
 of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your  
 drowsy way!  
 You cannot hear the voices in the  
 air!  
 Ignoble souls will shrivel in that  
 day:  
 The brightness of its coming can  
 you bear?

For me, I do not walk these hills  
 alone:  
 Heroes who poured their blood out  
 for the Truth,

Women whose hearts bled, martyrs  
all unknown,  
Here catch the sunrise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks and consecrated brows!

It charms me not, — your call to rest below:

I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:

Take my life's silence for your answer: No.

LUCY LARCOM.

### THE BAY FIGHT.\*

"On the forecastle, Ulf the Red  
Watched the lashing of the ships —  
'If the Serpent lies so far ahead,  
We shall have hard work of it here,'  
Said he."

THREE days through sapphire seas  
we sailed,

The steady Trade blew strong and free,

The Northern Light his banners  
paled,

The Ocean-Stream our channels wet,  
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,  
And passed the isles of emerald set  
In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,  
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,  
The palmy Western Key lay lapped  
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all  
The burning glare, the barren reach

Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,  
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,  
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,

From Brazos to San Blas that roll  
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet coast-wise as we cruised or lay,  
The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,

By beach and fortress-guarded bay,  
Sweet odors from the enemy's shore,

Fresh from the forest solitudes,  
Unchallenged of his sentry lines, —  
The bursting of his cypress buds,  
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,  
Nor bolder Flag a foe to dare,  
Had left a wake on ocean blue  
Since Lion-Heart sailed Trench-  
mer!\*

But little gain by that dark ground  
Was ours, save, sometime, freer  
breath

For friend or brother strangely  
found,

'Scaped from the drear domain of  
death.

And little venture for the bold,  
Or laurel for our valiant Chief,  
Save some blockaded British thief,  
Full fraught with murder in his  
hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood,  
Or dull bombardment, day by day,  
With fort and earth-work, faraway,  
Low couched in sullen leagues of  
mud.

A weary time, — but to the strong  
The day at last, as ever, came;  
And the volcano, laid so long,  
Leaped forth in thunder and in  
flame!

"Man your starboard battery!"

Kimberly shouted; —  
The ship, with her hearts of oak,  
Was going, 'mid roar and smoke,  
On to victory!

None of us doubted,  
No, not our dying, —  
Farragut's Flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,  
Morgan roared on our right; —  
Before us, gloomy and fell,  
With breath like the fume of hell,  
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,  
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha, old ship! do they thrill,  
The brave two hundred scars

\* Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864.

\* The flag-ship of Richard I.

You got in the River-Wars?  
That were leeches with clamorous  
skill,

(Surgery savage and hard,)  
Splinted with bolt and beam,  
Probed in scarfing and seam,  
Rudely linct and tarred  
With oakum and boiling pitch,  
And sutured with splice and hitch,  
At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard!

Our lofty spars were down,  
To bide the battle's frown,  
(Wont of old renown) —  
But every ship was drest  
In her bravest and her best,  
As if for a July day;  
Sixty flags and three,  
As we floated up the bay —  
At every peak and mast-head flew  
The brave Red, White, and Blue, —  
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,  
The weaker lashed to port,  
On we sailed two by two —  
That if either a bolt should feel  
Crash through caldron or wheel,  
Fin of bronze, or sinew of steel,  
Her mate might bear her through.

Forging boldly ahead,  
The great Flag-Ship led,  
Grandest of sights!  
On her lofty mizzen flew  
Our Leader's dauntless Blue,  
That had waved o'er twenty  
fights;  
So we went, with the first of the  
tide,  
Slowly, 'mid the roar  
Of the rebel guns ashore  
And the thunder of each full broad-  
side.

Ah, how poor the prate  
Of statute and state  
We once held with these fellows!  
Here, on the flood's pale-green,  
Hark how he bellows,  
Each bluff old Sea-Lawyer!  
Talk to them Dahlgren,  
Parrott, and Sawyer!

On, in the whirling shade  
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,  
We drew to the Line of Death  
That our devilish Foe had laid, —

Meshed in a horrible net,  
And baited villanous well,  
Right in our path were set  
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, O sight forlorn!  
There, while the cannon  
Hurtled and thundered, —  
(Ah, what ill raven  
Flapped o'er the ship that morn!) —  
Caught by the under-death,  
In the drawing of a breath  
Down went dauntless Craven,  
He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,  
A little heel she gave,  
And a thin white spray went o'er  
her,  
Like the crest of a breaking  
wave; —  
In that great iron coffin,  
The channel for their grave,  
The fort their monument,  
(Seen afar in the offing,)  
Ten fathom deep lie Craven  
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,  
A little the ships held back,  
Closing up in their stations; —  
There are minutes that fix the fate  
Of battles and of nations,  
(Christening the generations)  
When valor were all too late,  
If a moment's doubt be har-  
bored; —  
From the main-top, bold and brief,  
Came the word of our grand old  
chief, —  
"Go on!" — 'twas all he said, —  
Our helm was put to starboard,  
And the Hartford passed ahead.

Ahead lay the Tennessee,  
On our starboard bow he lay,  
With his mail-clad consorts three,  
(The rest had run up the Bay,) —  
There he was, belching flame from  
his bow,  
And the steam from his throat's  
abyss  
Was a Dragon's maddened hiss; —  
In sooth a most cursed craft! —  
In a sullen ring, at bay,  
By the Middle Ground they lay,  
Raking us, fore and aft.



Trust me, our berth was hot,  
Ah, wickedly well they shot—  
How their death-bolts howled and stung!

And the water-batteries played  
With their deadly cannonade  
Till the air around us rung;  
So the battle raged and roared;—  
Ah, had you been aboard  
To have seen the fight we made!

How they leaped, the tongues of flame,  
From the cannon's fiery lip!  
How the broadsides, deck and frame,  
Shook the great ship!

And how the enemy's shell  
Came crashing, heavy and oft,  
Clouds of splinters flying aloft  
And falling in oaken showers;—  
But ah, the pluck of the crew!  
Had you stood on that deck of ours,  
You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,  
Boldly they worked and well—  
Steadily came the powder,  
Steadily came the shell.  
And if tackle or truck found hurt,  
Quickly they cleared the wreck—  
And the dead were laid to port,  
All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,  
Never a cheek that paled,  
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor;—  
There was bold Kentucky's grit,  
And the old Virginian valor,  
And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfey  
Shannon,  
There were black orbs from palmy  
Niger,—  
But there, alongside the cannon,  
Each man fought like a tiger!

A little, once, it looked ill,  
Our consort began to burn—  
They quenched the flames with a will,  
But our men were falling still,  
And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort  
In an awful shroud they lay,  
Broadsides thundering away,  
And lightning from every port;

Scene of glory and dread!  
A storm-cloud all aglow  
With flashes of fiery red,  
The thunder raging below,  
And the forest of flags o'erhead!

So grand the hurly and roar,  
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,  
The regiments fighting ashore  
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the Foe,  
Moving grimly and slow,  
They loomed in that deadly wreath,  
Where the darkest batteries  
frowned,—  
Death in the air all round,  
And the black torpedoes beneath!

And now, as we looked ahead,  
All for'ard, the long white deck,  
Was growing a strange dull red—  
But soon, as once and again  
Fore and aft we sped,  
(The firing to guide or check,)  
You could hardly choose but tread  
On the ghastly human wreck,  
(Dreadful gobbet and shred  
That a minute ago were men!)

Red, from main-mast to bitts!  
Red, on bulwark and wale,  
Red, by combing and hatch,  
Red, o'er netting and vail!

And ever, with steady con,  
The ship forged slowly by,—  
And ever the crew fought on,  
And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see  
How by their guns they stood,  
Right in front of our dead,  
Fighting square abreast,—  
Each brawny arm and chest  
All spotted with black and red,  
Chrism of fire and blood!

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,  
Worth all the weary time,  
Worth the woe and the peril,  
To stand in that strait sublime!

Fear? A forgotten form!  
Death? A dream of the eyes!  
We were atoms in God's great storm  
That roared through the angry  
skies.

One only doubt was ours,  
 One only dread we knew, —  
 Could the day that dawned so well  
 Go down for the Darker Powers?  
*Would the fleet get through?*  
 And ever the shot and shell  
 Came with the howl of hell,  
 The splinter-clouds rose and fell,  
 And the long line of corpses  
 grew, —  
*Would the fleet win through?*

They are men that never will fail,  
 (How aforetime they've fought!)  
 But Murder may yet prevail, —  
 They may sink as Craven sank.  
 Therewith one hard fierce thought,  
 Burning on heart and lip,  
 Ran like fire through the ship, —  
*Fight her, to the last plank!*

A dimmer renown might strike  
 If Death lay square alongside, —  
 But the Old Flag has no like,  
 She must fight, whatever betide; —  
 When the War is a tale of old,  
 And this day's story is told,  
 They shall hear how the Hartford  
 died!

But as we ranged ahead,  
 And the leading ships worked in,  
 Losing their hope to win,  
 The enemy turned and fled —  
 And one seeks a shallow reach;  
 And another, winged in her flight,  
 Our mate, brave Jouett, brings  
 in; —  
 And one, all torn in the fight,  
 Runs for a wreck on the beach,  
 Where her flames soon fire the  
 night.

And the Ram, when well up the Bay,  
 And we looked that our stems  
 should meet,  
 (He had us fair for a prey,)  
 Shifting his helm midway,  
 Sheered off, and ran for the fleet;  
 There, without skulking or sham,  
 He fought them, gun for gun.  
 And ever he sought to ram,  
 But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower  
 Till we sent our parting shell,  
 'Twas just one savage hour  
 Of the roar and the rage of hell.

With the lessening smoke and thun-  
 der,  
 Our glasses around we aim, —  
 What is that burning yonder?  
 Our Philippi — aground and in  
 flame!

Below, 'twas still all a-roar,  
 As the ships went by the shore,  
 But the fire of the Fort had slack'd,  
 (So fierce their volleys had been) —  
 And now, with a mighty din,  
 The whole fleet came grandly in,  
 Though sorely battered and  
 wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,  
 The Flag to port and ahead —  
 And a pitying rain began  
 To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the Fort we lay,  
 And deemed that the end must  
 lag, —  
 When lo! looking down the Bay,  
 There flaunted the Rebel Rag; —  
 The Ram is again under way  
 And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,  
 Boldly his course he lay,  
 Though the fleet all answered his  
 fire,  
 And, as he still drew nigher,  
 Ever on bow and beam  
 Our Monitors pounded away; —  
 How the Chickasaw hammered  
 away!

Quickly breasting the wave,  
 Eager the prize to win,  
 First of us all the brave  
 Monongahela went in  
 Under full head of steam; —  
 Twice she struck him abeam,  
 Till her stem was a sorry work,  
 (She might have run on a crag!)  
 The Lackawana hit fair,  
 He flung her aside like cork,  
 And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen shroud,  
 (Lest the smoke his sight o'er-  
 whelm,)  
 Our Admiral's voice rang loud,  
 "Hard-a-starboard your helm!  
 Starboard! and run him down!"

Starboard it was, — and so,  
Like a black squall's lifting frown,  
Our mighty bow bore down  
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,  
Men that had looked on death  
In battle and stormy weather, —  
Yet a little we held our breath,  
When, with the hush of death,  
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,  
Drayton, courtly and wise,  
Kindly cynic, and wise,  
(You hardly had known him now,  
The flame of fight in his eyes!) —  
His brave heart eager to feel  
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,  
A little he seemed to shun us,  
Out peered a form grim and lanky,  
And a voice yelled — "Hard-a-port!  
Hard-a-port! — here's the damned  
Yankee  
Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul  
With a gnarring shudder and growl:  
He gave us a deadly gun;  
But, as he passed in his pride,  
(Rasping right alongside!)  
The Old Flag, in thunder-tones,  
Poured in her port broadside,  
Rattling his iron hide,  
And cracking his timber bones!

Just then, at speed on the Foe,  
With her bow all weathered and  
brown,  
The great Lackawana came down  
Full tilt, for another blow; —  
We were forging ahead,  
She reversed — but, for all our  
pains,  
Rammed the old Hartford, instead,  
Just for'ard the mizzen chains!

Ah! how the masts did buckle and  
bend,  
And the stout hull ring and reel,  
As she took us right on end!  
(Vain were engine and wheel,  
She was under full steam) —  
With the roar of a thunder-stroke  
Her two thousand tons of oak  
Brought up on us, right abeam!

A wreck, as it looked, we lay, —  
(Rib and plank shear gave way  
To the stroke of that giant wedge.)  
Here, after all, we go —  
The old ship is gone! — ah, no,  
But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then, — at him again!  
His flurry now can't last long;  
He'll never again see land, —  
Try that on *him*, Marchand!  
On him again, brave Strong!

Heading square at the hulk,  
Full on his beam we bore;  
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog  
Lay on the tide like a log,  
He vomited flame no more.

By this, he had found it hot; —  
Half the fleet, in an angry ring,  
Closed round the hideous Thing,  
Hammering with solid shot,  
And bearing down, bow on bow. —  
He has but a minute to choose;  
Life or renown? — which now  
Will the Rebel Admiral lose?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,  
He ever was strong and bold; —  
Shall he shrink from a wooden  
stem?  
He will think of that brave band  
He sank in the Cumberland; —  
Ay, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight  
Boldly his last sea-fight!  
Can he strike? By Heaven, 'tis  
true!  
Down comes the traitor Blue,  
And up goes the captive White!

Up went the White! Ah, then  
The hurrahs that, once and again,  
Rang from three thousand men  
All flushed and savage with fight!  
Our dead lay cold and stark,  
But our dying, down in the dark,  
Answered as best they might,  
Lifting their poor lost arms,  
And cheering for God and Right!

Ended the mighty noise,  
Thunder of forts and ships.  
Down we went to the hold, —  
Oh, our dear dying boys!

How we pressed their poor brave  
lips,  
(Ah, so pallid and cold!)  
And held their hands to the last  
(Those that had hands to hold.)

Still thee, O woman heart!  
(So strong an hour ago) —  
If the idle tears must start,  
'Tis not in vain they flow.

They died, our children dear,  
On the drear berth-deck they  
died, —  
Do not think of them here —  
Even now their footsteps near  
The immortal, tender sphere —  
(Land of love and cheer!  
Home of the Crucified!)

And the glorious deed survives.  
Our threescore, quiet and cold,  
Lie thus, for a myriad lives  
And treasure-millions untold, —  
(Labor of poor men's lives,  
Hunger of weans and wives,  
Such is war-wasted gold.)

Our ship and her fame to-day  
Shall float on the storied Stream  
When mast and shroud have crum-  
bled away,  
And her long white deck is a  
dream.

One daring leap in the dark,  
Three mortal hours, at the most, —  
And hell lies stiff and stark  
On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours, —  
The bay is lost and won,  
An Empire is lost and won!  
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,  
Twine them in one more wreath  
Of tenderest white and red,  
(Twin buds of glory and death!)  
For the brows of our brave dead, —  
For thy Navy's noblest Son.

Joy, O Land, for thy sons,  
Victors by flood and field!  
The traitor walls and guns  
Have nothing left but to yield; —  
(Even now they surrender!)

And the ships shall sail once more,  
And the cloud of war sweep on

To break on the cruel shore; —  
But Craven is gone,  
He and his hundred are gone.

The flags flutter up and down  
At sunrise and twilight dim,  
The canons menace and frown, —  
But never again for him,  
Him and the hundred.

The Dahlgrens are dumb,  
Dumb are the mortars;  
Never more shall the drum  
Beat to colors and quarters, —  
The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal!  
Let all your colors dip; —  
Mourn him, proud ship!  
From main deck to royal.  
God rest our Captain,  
Rest our lost hundred!

Droop, flag and pennant!  
What is your pride for?  
Heaven, that he died for,  
Rest our Lieutenant.  
Rest our brave threescore!

O Mother Land! this weary life  
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;  
Thine the strong agony of strife,  
And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-  
sprent,  
The weary rows of cots that lie  
With wrecks of strong men, marred  
and rent,  
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens  
Wherein the flame our war-fleet  
drives;  
The fiery vaults, whose breath is  
men's  
Most dear and precious lives!

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime  
Dread Nature clears our murky  
air,  
Thus in the crash of falling crime  
Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow  
That melt the ore of mortal kind:  
The Mills of God are grinding slow,  
But ah, how close they grind!

To-Day the Dahlgren and the drum  
Are dread Apostles of His Name;  
His Kingdom here can only come  
By chrism of blood and flame.

Be strong: already slants the gold  
Athwart these wild and stormy  
skies;  
From out this blackened waste, be-  
hold  
What happy homes shall rise!

But see thou well no traitor gloze,  
No striking hands with Death and  
Shame,  
Betray the sacred blood that flows  
So freely for thy name.

And never fear a victor foe:—  
Thy children's hearts are strong  
and high;  
Nor mourn too fondly;—well they  
know  
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing  
breath,  
Though, ever smiling round the  
brave,  
The blue sea bear us on to death,  
The green were one wide grave.

U. S. Flag-ship Hartford, Mobile Bay,  
August, 1864.

H. H. BROWNELL.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14,  
1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lin-  
coln's bier,  
You, who with mocking pencil  
wont to trace.  
Broad for the self-complacent British  
sneer.  
His length of shambling limb, his  
furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his un-  
kempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill  
at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,  
Of power or will to shine, of art  
to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the  
pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step as though the  
way were plain;  
Reckless, so it could point its para-  
graph  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's  
pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for  
winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to  
rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head  
and feet,  
Say, scurrie jester, is there room  
for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from  
my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute  
my pen;—  
To make me own this hind of princes  
peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king  
of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned  
to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height  
he rose;  
How his quaint wit made home-truth  
seem more true;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by  
blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he  
could be:  
How in good fortune and in ill, the  
same:  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful  
he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for  
fame.

He went about his work,—such work  
as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart  
and hand,—  
As one who knows, where there's a  
task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's  
good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the  
burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to  
work his will,

If but that will we can arrive to  
 know,  
 Nor tamper with the weights of  
 good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the  
 side

That he felt clear was Liberty's  
 and Right's,

As in his peasant boyhood he had  
 plied

His warfare with rude Nature's  
 thwarting might, —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken  
 soil,

The iron-bark, that turns the lum-  
 berer's axe,

The rapid, that o'erbears the boat-  
 man's toil,

The prairie, hiding the mazed wan-  
 derer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the  
 prowling bear; —

Such were the deeds that helped  
 his youth to train:

Rough culture, — but such trees large  
 fruit may bear,

If but their stocks be of right  
 girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to  
 do,

And lived to do it: four long-suf-  
 fering years'

Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived  
 through,

And then he heard the hisses  
 change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to  
 praise,

And took both with the same un-  
 wavering mood:

Till, as he came on light, from dark-  
 ling days,

And seemed to touch the goal from  
 where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and  
 him,

Reached from behind his back, a  
 trigger prest, —

And those perplexed and patient  
 eyes were dim,

Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs  
 were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his  
 lips,

Forgiveness in his heart and on his  
 pen,

When this vile murderer brought  
 swift eclipse

To thoughts of peace on earth,  
 good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from  
 sea to sea,

Utter one voice of sympathy and  
 shame!

Sore heart, so stopped when it at last  
 beat high;

Sad life, cut short just as its tri-  
 umph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been  
 struck before

By the assassin's hand, whereof  
 men doubt

If more of horror or disgrace they  
 bore;

But thy foul crime, like Cain's,  
 stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on  
 a strife,

Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and  
 nobly striven;

And with the martyr's crown crown-  
 est a life

With much to praise, little to be  
 forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR in *Punch*.

## IN STATE.

### L.

O KEEPER of the Sacred Key,  
 And the Great Seal of Destiny,

Whose eye is the blue canopy,  
 Look down upon the warring world,

and tell us what the end will  
 be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmos-  
 phere,

On the white bosom of the sphere,  
 A cluster of five lakes appear;

And all the land looks like a couch,  
 or warrior's shield, or sheeted  
 bier.

"And on that vast and hollow  
field,  
With both lips closed and both  
eyes sealed,  
A mighty Figure is revealed, —  
Stretched at full length, and stiff  
and stark, as in the hollow of  
a shield.

"The winds have tied the drifted  
snow  
Around the face and chin; and lo,  
The sceptred Giants come and go,  
And shake their shadowy crowns  
and say: 'We always feared it  
would be so!'

"She came of an heroic race:  
A giant's strength, a maiden's  
grace,  
Like two in one seem to embrace,  
And match, and blend, and thor-  
ough-blend, in her colossal  
form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion  
be?  
One hand is fallen in the sea;  
The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and  
free;  
And in that hand her shining brand  
gleams from the depths re-  
splendently.

"And by the other, in its rest,  
The starry banner of the West  
Is clasped forever to her breast;  
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soar-  
ing eagle is the crest.

"And on her brow, a softened  
light,  
As of a star concealed from sight  
By some thin veil of fleecy white,  
Or of the rising moon behind the  
raining vapors of the night.

"The Sisterhood that was so  
sweet,  
The Starry System sphered com-  
plete,  
Which the mazed Orient used to  
greet,  
The Four and Thirty fallen Stars  
glimmer and glitter at her  
feet.

"And over her, — and over all,  
For panoply and coronal, —  
The mighty Immemorial,  
And everlasting Canopy and Starry  
Arch and Shield of All."

## II.

"Three cold, bright moons have  
marched and wheeled;  
And the white cerement that re-  
vealed  
A Figure stretched upon a Shield,  
Is turned to verdure; and the Land  
is now one mighty Battle-  
field.

"And lo, the children which she  
bred,  
And more than all else cherished,  
To make them true in heart and  
head,  
Stand face to face, as mortal foes,  
with their swords crossed  
above the dead.

"Each hath a mighty stroke and  
stride:  
One true, — the more that he is  
tried;  
The other dark and evil-eyed; —  
And by the hand of one of them, his  
own dear mother surely died!

"A stealthy step, a gleam of hell, —  
It is the simple truth to tell, —  
The Son stabbed and the Mother  
fell:  
And so she lies, all mute and pale,  
and pure and irreproachable!

"And then the battle-trumpet  
blew;  
And the true brother sprang and  
drew  
His blade to smite the traitor  
through;  
And so they clashed above the bier,  
and the Night sweated bloody  
dew.

"And all their children, far and  
wide,  
That are so greatly multiplied,  
Rise up in frenzy and divide;  
And choosing, each whom he will  
serve, unsheathe the sword and  
take their side.

"And in the low sun's bloodshot  
rays,  
Portentous of the coming days,  
The Two great Oceans blush and  
blaze,  
With the emergent continent be-  
tween them, wrapt in crimson  
haze.

"Now whichever stand or fall,  
As God is great, and man is small,  
The Truth shall triumph over all:  
Forever and forevermore, the Truth  
shall triumph over all!"

## III.

"I see the champion sword-strokes  
flash;  
I see them fall and hear them clash;  
I hear the murderous engines crash;  
I see a brother stoop to loose a foe-  
man-brother's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,  
The dead and dying heaped in  
scores,  
The headless rider by his horse,  
The wounded captive bayoneted  
through and through without  
remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer's cry,  
With his crushed face turned to  
the sky,  
I see him crawl in agony  
To the foul pool, and bow his head  
into its bloody slime, and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and  
fire,  
I see his victim fall, — expire;  
I see the murderer creeping nigher  
To strip the dead. He turns the  
head, — the face! The son  
beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;  
I see the mad charge on the flanks,  
The rents, the gaps, the broken  
ranks,  
The vanquished squadrons driven  
headlong down the river's  
bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,  
The grappling monsters on the  
main,

The tens of thousands that are  
slain,  
And all the speechless suffering and  
agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,  
The crowded rooms and crowded  
cots,  
The bleaching bones, the battle  
blots, —  
And writ on many a nameless grave,  
a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorged prison-den,  
The dead line and the pent-up pen,  
The thousands quartered in the fen,  
The living-deaths of skin and bone  
that were the goodly shapes  
of men.

"And still the bloody Dew must  
fall!  
And His great Darkness with the  
Pall  
Of His dread Judgment cover all,  
Till the Dead Nation rise Trans-  
formed by Truth to triumph  
over all!"

"And Last — and Last I see —  
The Deed."  
Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,  
And the Great Seal of Destiny,  
Whose eye is the blue canopy,  
And leaves the Pall of His great Dark-  
ness over all the Land and Sea.  
FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

## REQUIEM.

BREATHE, trumpets, breathe slow  
notes of saddest wailing;  
Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled  
drums.  
Comrades, with downcast eyes and  
muskets trailing,  
Attend him home: the youthful  
warrior comes,

Upon his shield, upon his shield re-  
turning,  
Borne from the field of battle where  
he fell.  
Glory and grief together clasped in  
mourning,  
His fame, his fate, with sobs exult-  
ing tell.



Wrap round his breast the flag his  
breast defended, —  
His country's flag, in battle's front  
unrolled:  
For it he died, — on earth forever  
ended,  
His brave young life lives in each  
sacred fold.

With proud, proud tears, by tinge of  
shame untainted,  
Bear him, and lay him gently in his  
grave.  
Above the hero write, the young,  
half-sainted,  
"His country asked his life, his life  
he gave."

GEORGE LUNT.

### ODE.

[Sung on the occasion of decorating the  
graves of the Confederate dead, at Mag-  
nolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C.]

SLEEP sweetly in your humble  
graves, —  
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!  
Though yet no marble column craves  
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
The blossom of your fame is blown,  
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years  
Which keep in trust your storied  
tombs,  
Behold! your sisters bring their  
tears,  
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will  
smile  
More proudly on these wreaths to-  
day,  
Than when some cannon-mouldered  
pile  
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground  
Than where defeated valor lies,  
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD.

### COMMEMORATION ODE.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, JULY 2,  
1865.

. . . . .

LIFE may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
So generous is Fate;  
But then to stand beside her,  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms, and not to  
yield, —  
This shows, methinks, God's  
plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,  
Limbed like the old heroic  
breeds,  
Who stand self-poised on man-  
hood's solid earth,  
Not forced to frame excuses for  
his birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength  
he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
Whom late the Nation he had  
led,  
With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry  
grief:  
Forgive me, if from present things I  
turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat  
and burn,  
And hang my wreath on his world-  
honored urn.  
Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote:  
For him her Old-World moulds aside  
she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from  
the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero  
new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of  
God, and true.  
How beautiful to see  
Once more a shepherd of mankind  
indeed,  
Who loved his charge, but never  
loved to lead;  
One whose meek flock the people  
joyed to be,

Not lured by any cheat of  
birth,  
But by his clear-grained human  
worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
They knew that outward grace  
is dust;  
They could not choose but  
trust

In that sure-footed mind's unflin-  
ing skill,

And supple-tempered will  
That bent like perfect steel to spring  
again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak  
of mind,

Thrusting to thin air o'er our  
cloudy bars,

A seamark now, now lost in va-  
pors blind;

Broad prairie rather, genial,  
level-lined,

Fruitful and friendly for all  
human kind,

Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of  
loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,

Or, then, of Europe fronting morn-  
ward still,

Ere any names of Serf and  
Peer

Could Nature's equal scheme  
deface;

Here was a type of the true elder  
race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked  
with us face to face.

I praise him not; it were too  
late;

And some innate weakness there  
must be

In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and can-  
not wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:

He knew to bide his time,

And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sub-  
lime,

Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns  
and drums,

Disturb our judgment for the  
hour,

But at last silence comes:

These all are gone, and, standing  
like a tower,

Our children shall behold his  
fame,

The kindly-earnest, brave, foresee-  
ing man,

Sagacious, patient, dreading praise,  
not blame,

New birth of our new soil, the first  
American.

. . . . .

We sit here in the Promised  
Land

That flows with Freedom's honey  
and milk;

But 'twas they won it, sword in  
hand,

Making the nettle danger soft for us  
as silk.

We welcome back our bravest and  
our best;—

Ah, me! not all! some come not  
with the rest,

Who went forth brave and bright as  
any here!

I strive to mix some gladness with  
my strain,

But the sad strings complain,

And will not please the ear;

I sweep them for a pæan, but they  
wane

Again and yet again

Into a dirge, and die away in pain.

In these brave ranks I only see the  
gaps,

Thinking of dear ones whom the  
dumb turf wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died  
to gain:

Fittier may others greet the liv-  
ing,

For me the past is unforgiving;

I with uncovered head

Salute the sacred dead,

Who went, and who return not.—  
Say not so!

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that  
repay,

But the high faith that failed not by  
the way;

Virtue treads paths that end not in  
the grave;

No bar of endless night exiles the  
brave;

And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that staid  
behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations  
 blow!  
 For never shall their aureoled pres-  
 ence lack:  
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,  
 With ever-youthful brows that  
 nobler show;  
 We find in our dull road their shin-  
 ing track;  
 In every nobler mood  
 We feel the orient of their spirit  
 glow,  
 Part of our life's unalterable good,  
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;  
 They come transfigured back,  
 Secure from change in their high-  
 hearted ways,  
 Beautiful evermore, and with the  
 rays  
 Of morn on their white Shields of  
 Expectation!

. . . . .  
 Not in anger, not in pride,  
 Pure from passion's mixture  
 rude  
 Ever to base earth allied,  
 But with far-heard gratitude,  
 Still with heart and voice re-  
 newed,  
 To heroes living and dear martyrs  
 dead,  
 The strain should close that conse-  
 crates our brave.  
 Lift the heart and lift the head!  
 Lofty be its mood and grave,  
 Not without a martial ring,  
 Not without a prouder tread  
 And a peal of exultation:  
 Little right has he to sing  
 Through whose heart in such an  
 hour  
 Beats no march of conscious  
 power,  
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!  
 'Tis no Man we celebrate,  
 By his country's victories great,  
 A hero half, and half the whim of  
 Fate,  
 But the pith and marrow of a  
 Nation  
 Drawing force from all her men,  
 Highest, humblest, weakest,  
 all,  
 For her day of need, and then  
 Pulsing it again through them,  
 Till the basest can no longer cower

Feeling his soul spring up divinely  
 tall,  
 Touched but in passing by her  
 mantle-hem.  
 Come back, then, noble pride, for  
 'tis her dower!  
 How could poet ever tower,  
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,  
 If his triumphs and his tears,  
 Kept not measure with his peo-  
 ple?  
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds  
 and waves!  
 Clash out, glad bells, from every  
 rocking steeple!  
 Banners, advance with triumph, bend  
 your staves!  
 And from every mountain-peak  
 Let beacon-fire to answering  
 beacon speak,  
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, White-  
 face he,  
 And so leap on in light from sea  
 to sea,  
 Till the glad news be sent  
 Across a kindling continent,  
 Making earth feel more firm and air  
 breathe braver:—  
 "Be proud! for she is saved, and all  
 have helped to save her!  
 She that lifts up the manhood  
 of the poor,  
 She of the open soul and open  
 door,  
 With room about her hearth for  
 all mankind!  
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes  
 no more;  
 From her bold front the helm  
 she doth unbind,  
 Send all her handmaid armies  
 back to spin,  
 And bid her navies that so lately  
 hurled  
 Their crashing battle, hold their  
 thunders in,  
 Swimming like birds of calm  
 along the unharmed shore.  
 No challenge sends she to the  
 elder world,  
 That looked askance and hated;  
 a light scorn  
 Plays on her mouth, as round  
 her mighty knees  
 She calls her children back, and  
 waits the morn  
 Of nobler day, enthroned between  
 her subject seas."

Bow down, dear Land, for thou  
 hast found release!  
 Thy God, in these distempered  
 days,  
 Hath taught thee the sure wis-  
 dom of his ways,  
 And through thine enemies hath  
 wrought thy peace!  
 Bow down in prayer and praise!  
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours  
 once more!  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-di-  
 shevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never  
 other wore,  
 And letting thy set lips,  
 Freed from wrath's pale  
 eclipse,  
 The rosy edges of their smile lay  
 bare,  
 What words divine of lover or of  
 poet  
 Could tell our love and make  
 thee know it,  
 Among the Nations bright be-  
 yond compare?  
 What were our lives without  
 thee?  
 What all our lives to save  
 thee?  
 We reck not what we gave  
 thee;  
 We will not dare to doubt  
 thee,  
 But ask whatever else, and we will  
 dare!

J. R. LOWELL.

## CHICAGO.

OCT. 10, 1871.

BLACKENED and bleeding, helpless,  
 panting, prone,  
 On the charred fragments of her  
 shattered throne  
 Lies she who stood but yesterday  
 alone.

Queen of the West! by some en-  
 chanter taught  
 To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,  
 Then lose the spell that all that  
 wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some  
 chance seed sown,  
 Like her own prairies in one brief  
 day grown,  
 Like her own prairies in one fierce  
 night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her plead-  
 ing call  
 We hear the cry of Macedon to  
 Paul,  
 The cry for help that makes her kin  
 to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she  
 feel  
 The silver cup hid in the proffered  
 meal,  
 The gifts her kinship and our loves  
 reveal.

BRET HARTE.

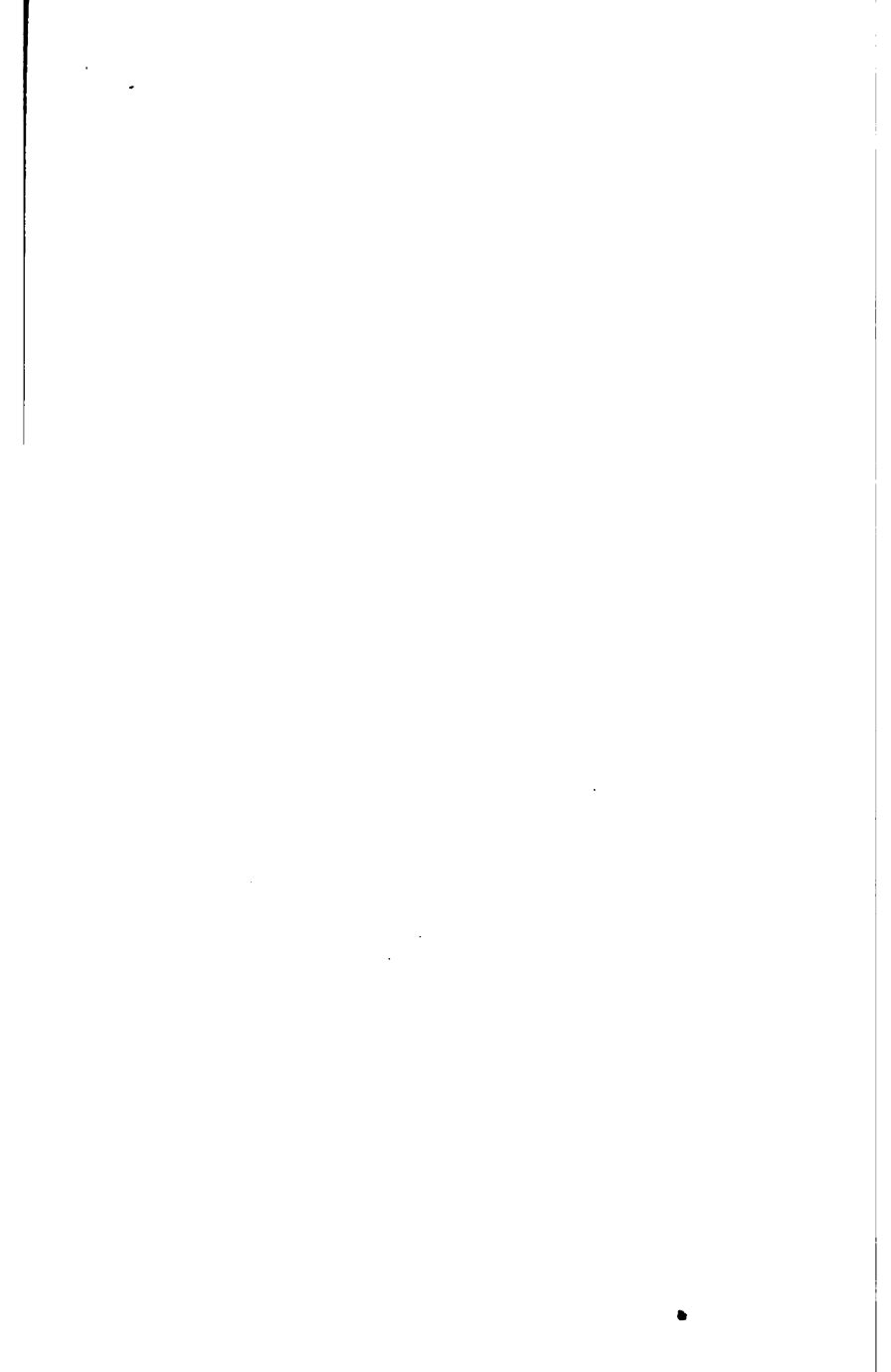


## VI

# PORTRAITS.—PERSONAL. PICTURES.

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"Who will not honor noble numbers, when  
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men?"—HERRICK.



## PORTRAITS.—PERSONAL.—PICTURES.

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### NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THERE was a king that much might,  
Who Nabugodonosor hight.  
To his empire and to his laws,  
As who saith, all in thilke dawes  
Were obeisant, and tribute bear,  
As tho' God of earth he were :  
Till that the high king of kings  
Which seeth and knoweth all things,  
Whose eye may nothing asterte,  
The privates of man's heart  
They spoken and sound in his ear  
As though they loud winds were, —  
He took vengeance of his pride.

GOWER: *Confessio Amantis*.

### NESTOR TO HECTOR.

Nestor. — I have, thou gallant Tro-  
jan, seen thee oft,  
Laboring for destiny, make cruel  
way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth :  
and I have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian  
steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subdue-  
ments,  
When thou hast hung thy ad-  
vanced sword i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the de-  
clined :  
That I have said to some my stand-  
ere-by,  
*Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !*  
And I have seen thee pause, and take  
thy breath  
When that a ring of Greeks have  
hemmed thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: This  
have I seen

But this thy countenance, still  
locked in steel,  
I never saw till now.

Let an old man embrace thee :  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to  
our tents.

SHAKESPEARE.

### CORIOLANUS.

Cornelius. — I shall lack voice; the  
deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be uttered feebly. — It is  
held,  
That valor is the chiefest virtue,  
and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the  
world  
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen  
years,  
When Tarquin made a head for  
Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others: our  
then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at,  
saw him fight  
When with his Amazonian chin he  
drove  
The bristled lips before him: he be-  
strid  
An o'erpressed Roman, and in the  
consul's view  
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self  
he met,  
And struck him on his knee: in that  
day's feats,  
When he might act the woman in  
the scene,  
He proved best man of the field, and  
for his meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His  
pupil age



Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;  
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
 He lurched all swords o' the garland.  
 For this last,  
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home. He stopped the fliers;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,  
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp).  
 Where it did mark it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries; alone he entered  
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigued,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we called  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.  
 Our spoils he kicked at,  
 And looked upon things precious, as they were  
 The common muck o' the world; he covets less  
 Than misery itself would give; rewards  
 His deeds with doing them; and is content  
 To spend the time to end it.  
 His nature is too noble for the world:  
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder.  
 His heart's his mouth:  
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
 And, being angry, does forget that ever  
 He heard the name of death.

SHAKESPEARE.

## CORIOLANUS AT ANTIUM.

*Coriolanus.* — Hear'st thou, Mars!  
*Aufidius.* — Name not the god, thou boy of tears —  
*Cor.* — Ha!  
*Auf.* — No more.  
*Cor.* — Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
 Too great for what contains it. Boy!  
 O slave! —  
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
 I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
 Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
 (Who wears my stripes impressed on him; that must bear  
 My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust  
 The lie unto him.  
 Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,  
 Stain all your edges on me. — Boy!  
 False hound!  
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
 That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
 Fluttered your Volscies in Corioli:  
 Alone I did it. — Boy!

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE BLACK PRINCE.

*French King.* — Think we King Harry strong;  
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
 The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us;  
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,  
 That haunted us in our familiar paths:  
 Witness our too much memorable shame,  
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
 And all our princes captived, by the hand

Of that black name, Edward, black  
 prince of Wales;  
 Whiles that his mountain sire, — on  
 mountain standing,  
 Up in the air, crowned with a golden  
 sun, —  
 Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to  
 see him  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by  
 French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made. This  
 is a stem  
 Of that victorious stock; and let us  
 fear  
 The native mightiness and fate of  
 him.

SHAKSPEARE.

### HENRY V.

*Canterbury.* — The king is full of  
 grace and fair regard.  
*Ely.* — And a true lover of the  
 holy church.  
*Cant.* — The courses of his youth  
 promised it not.  
 The breath no sooner left his father's  
 body,  
 But that his wildness, mortified in  
 him,  
 Seemed to die too; yea, at that very  
 moment,  
 Consideration like an angel came,  
 And whipped the offending Adam  
 out of him;  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 To envelop and contain celestial  
 spirits.  
 Never was such a sudden scholar  
 made:  
 Never came reformation in a flood,  
 With such a heady current, scouring  
 faults;  
 Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at  
 once,  
 As in this king.  
 Hear him but reason in divinity,  
 And, all-admiring, with an inward  
 wish  
 You would desire, the king were  
 made a prelate;  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth  
 affairs,  
 You would say, — it hath been all-  
 in-all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you  
 shall hear  
 A fearful battle rendered you in  
 music:  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will un-  
 loose,  
 Familiar as his garter; that, when  
 he speaks,  
 The air, a chartered libertine, is  
 still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in  
 men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sen-  
 tences;  
 So that the air and practic part of  
 life  
 Must be the mistress to this theoric:  
 Which is a wonder, how his grace  
 should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses  
 vain:  
 His companies unlettered, rude, and  
 shallow;  
 His hours filled up with riots, ban-  
 quets, sports,  
 And never noted in him any study,  
 Any retirement, any sequestration  
 From open haunts and popularity.

SHAKSPEARE.

### SPENSER AT COURT.

FULL little knowest thou, that hast  
 not tried,  
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide:  
 To loose good dayes that might be  
 better spent;  
 To waste long nights in pensive dis-  
 content;  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-  
 morrow;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare  
 and sorrow;  
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want  
 her peers;  
 To have thy asking, yet waite many  
 yeares;  
 To fret thy soule with crosses and  
 with cares;  
 To eate thy heart through comfort-  
 less despairs;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride,  
 to run,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be  
 undone.

SPENSER.

## ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely rapt with  
 holy fire,  
 I thought to form unto my zealous  
 Muse  
 What kind of creature I could most  
 desire  
 To honor, serve, and love, as poets use.  
 I meant to make her fair, and free,  
 and wise,  
 Of greatest blood, and yet more  
 good than great;  
 I meant the Day-Star should not  
 brighter rise,  
 Nor lend like influence from his lu-  
 cent seat.  
 I meant she should be courteous,  
 facile, sweet,  
 Hating that solemn vice of great-  
 ness, pride;  
 I meant each softest virtue there  
 should meet  
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.  
 Only a learned and a manly soul  
 I purposed her, that should, with  
 even powers,  
 The rock, the spindle, and the shears  
 control  
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free  
 hours.  
 Such when I meant to feign, and  
 wished to see,  
 My Muse bade *Bedford* write, and  
 that was she.

BEN JONSON.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A SWEET, attractive kind of grace,  
 A full assurance given by looks,  
 Continual comfort in a face,  
 The lineaments of Gospel books!  
 I trow, that countenance cannot  
 lie  
 Whose thoughts are legible in  
 the eye.

Was ever eye did see that face,  
 Was ever ear did hear that tongue,  
 Was ever mind did mind his grace  
 That ever thought the travel long?  
 But eyes and ears, and every  
 thought,  
 Were with his sweet perfections  
 caught.

MATTHEW ROYDEN.

## EPITAPH ON SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his  
 honored bones,  
 The labor of an age in piled stones?  
 Or that his hallowed relics should  
 be hid  
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of  
 fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak wit-  
 ness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonish-  
 ment  
 Hast built thyself a live long monu-  
 ment.  
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-  
 endeavoring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that  
 each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy un-  
 valued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep im-  
 pression took,  
 Then thou, our fancy of itself be-  
 reaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much  
 conceiving;  
 And so sepulchred in such pomp  
 dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would  
 wish to die.

MILTON.

## EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lye  
 As much beauty as could dye;  
 Which in life did harbor give  
 To more virtue than doth live.  
 If at all she had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.  
 One name was Elizabeth —  
 The other, let it sleep with death:  
 Fitter, where it dyed to tell,  
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!  
 BEN JONSON.

TRANSLATION OF COWLEY'S  
EPIGRAM ON FRANCIS DRAKE.

THE stars above will make thee  
 known,  
 If man were silent here;  
 The sun himself cannot forget  
 His fellow-traveller.

BEN JONSON

EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse, —  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death! ere thou hast killed another  
Fair, and learned, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

EPIGRAM.

UVEDALE, thou piece of the first  
times, a man  
Made for what Nature could, or  
Virtue can;  
Both whose dimensions lost, the  
world might find  
Restored in thy body, and thy mind!  
Who sees a soul in such a body set,  
Might love the treasure for the cabi-  
net.

But I, no child, no fool, respect the  
kind

The full, the glowing graces there  
enshrined,

Which, (would the world not miscall  
it flattery,)

I could adore, almost to idolatry.

BEN JONSON.

TO THE COUNTESS OF RUT-  
LAND.

THERE, like a rich and golden pyra-  
mid,

Borne up by statues, shall I rear  
your head

Above your under-carvèd ornaments,  
And show how to the life my soul  
presents

Your form imprest there, not with  
tickling rhymes

Or common-places filched, that take  
these times,

But high and noble matter, such as  
flies

From brains entranced, and filled  
with ecstasies,

Moods which the god-like Sidney oft  
did prove,

And your brave friend and mine so  
well did love.

BEN JONSON.

TO WILLIAM SIDNEY, ON HIS  
BIRTHDAY.

GIVE me my cup, but from the Thea-  
pian well,

That I may tell to Sidney, what

This day doth say,

And he may think on that

Which I do tell

When all the noise

Of these forced joys

Are fled and gone,

And he with his best genius left alone,

'Twill be exacted of your name whose  
son,

Whose nephew, whose grandchild  
you are;

And men will then

Say you have followed far,

When well begun:

Which must be now: they teach you  
how;

And he that stays

To live until to-morrow, hath lost  
two days.

Then

The birthday shines, when logs not  
burn, but men.

BEN JONSON.

PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,

Know I have prayed thee,

For old religion's sake,

Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,

When I, thy Herrick,

Honoring thee, on my knee

Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,

And a new altar;

And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be

Writ in my psalter.

HERRICK.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO  
TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth,

Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;

For the flowry earth,

The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;  
For now each tree does wear,  
Made of her pap and gum,  
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the Rose, and now  
The Arabian dew besmears  
My uncontrolled brow,  
And my retorted hairs.

Homer! this health to thee,  
In sack of such a kind,  
That it would make thee see,  
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,  
To pledge this second health  
In wine, whose each cup's worth  
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink  
To Ovid; and suppose  
Made he the pledge, he'd think  
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup  
Of aromatic wine,  
Catullus, I quaff up  
To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat,  
O Bacchus! cool thy rays;  
Or frantic I shall eat  
Thy Thyrses, and bite the Bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;  
And being ravish'd thus,  
Come, I will drink a tun  
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus next,  
This flood I drink to thee;  
But stay, I see a text,  
That this presents to me.

Behold! Tibullus lies  
Here burnt, whose small return  
Of ashes scarce suffice  
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then;  
They only will aspire,  
When pyramids, as men,  
Are lost in the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet  
In Lethe, to be drowned;  
Then only numbers sweet,  
With endless life are crowned.

HERRICK.

# SONNET.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE  
OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle  
thief of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three and  
twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full  
career,  
But my late spring no bud or  
blossom show'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive  
the truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so  
near,

And inward ripeness doth much  
less appear,

That some more timely-happy  
spirits indu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest meas-  
ure even

To that same lot, however mean  
or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and  
the will of Heaven:

All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's  
eye.

MILTON.

# ODE TO BEN JONSON.

AN BEN!

Say how or when  
Shall we, thy guests,  
Meet at those lyric feasts,  
Made at the Sun,

The Dog, the Triple Tun;  
Where we such clusters had  
As made us nobly wild, not mad;

And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic  
wine.

My Ben!

Or come again,  
Or send to us

Thy wit's great overplus;  
But teach us yet

Wisely to husband it,  
Lest we that talent spend:  
And having once brought to an end

That precious stock, the store  
Of such a wit, the world should have  
no more.

HERRICK.

## TO SIR HENRY VANE.

VANE, young in years, but in sage  
 counsel old,  
 Than whom a better senator  
 ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns,  
 not arms, repelled  
 The fierce Epirot, and the Afri-  
 can bold,  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow states, hard  
 to be spelled;  
 Then to advise how War may,  
 best upheld,  
 Move by her two main nerves,  
 iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage: besides to  
 know  
 Both spiritual power and civil,  
 what each means,  
 What severs each, thou hast  
 learned, which few have done:  
 The bounds of either sword to thee  
 we owe:  
 Therefore on thy firm hand  
 Religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her  
 eldest son.

MILTON.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is  
 spent,  
 Ere half my days, in this dark  
 world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is  
 death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though  
 my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and  
 present  
 My true account, lest he returning  
 chide;  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light  
 denied?"  
 I fondly ask: But Patience, to  
 prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God  
 doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own  
 gifts; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him  
 best: his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding  
 speed,

And post o'er land and ocean  
 without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand  
 and wait."

MILTON.

## SONNET.

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune  
 chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful  
 deeds,  
 That did not better for my life pro-  
 vide,  
 Than public means, which public  
 manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name re-  
 ceives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is  
 subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's  
 hand:  
 Pity me then, and wish I were re-  
 newed;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will  
 drink  
 Potions of eyesell, 'gainst my strong  
 infection:  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct cor-  
 rection.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I  
 assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to  
 cure me.

SHAKSPEARE.

## PORTRAIT OF ADDISON.

PEACE to all such! but were there  
 one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame  
 inspires;  
 Blest with each talent and each art  
 to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and  
 live with ease;  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule  
 alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near  
 the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with  
 jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused him-  
 self to rise;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with  
 civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the  
rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to  
strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
Alike reserved to blame, or to com-  
mend,  
A timorous foe, and a suspicious  
friend;  
Dreading even fools, by flatterers  
besieged,  
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
And sit attentive to his own applause;  
Whilst wits and Templars every sen-  
tence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish face of  
praise:—  
Who but must laugh, if such a one  
there be?  
Who would not weep, if Atticus  
were he?

POPE.

## LINES TO ALEXANDER POPE.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page  
Its own celestial fire;  
While critics, and while bards in rage,  
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy worth as-  
sail,  
And envious tongues decry;  
These times, though many a friend  
bewail,  
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is  
thine,  
And spleen no more shall blame:  
When with thy Homer thou shalt  
shine  
In one unclouded fame:

When none shall rail, and every lay  
Devote a wreath to thee;  
That day, (for come it will,) that day  
Shall I lament to see.

DAVID LEWIS.

## THE MAN OF ROSS.

BUT all our praises why should lords  
engross?  
Rise, honest muse! and sing the  
Man of Ross:

Pleased Vaga echoes through her  
winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause  
resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon moun-  
tain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the  
waters flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns  
tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost.  
But clear and artless, pouring  
through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the  
swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with  
shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller re-  
pose?  
Who taught that heaven-directed  
spire to rise?  
"The Man of Ross," each lisping  
babe replies.  
Behold the market-place with poor  
o'erspread!  
The Man of Ross divides the weekly  
bread:  
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but  
void of state,  
Where age and wart sit smiling at  
the gate:  
Him portioned malds, apprenticed  
orphans blest,  
The young who labor, and the old  
who rest.  
Is any sick? The Man of Ross re-  
lieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine  
makes and gives.  
Is there a variance? enter but his  
door,  
Balked are the courts, and contest is  
no more:  
Despairing quacks with curses fled  
the place,  
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.  
Thrice happy man! enabled to pur-  
sue  
What all so wish but want the  
power to do!  
Oh say, what sums that generous  
hand supply?  
What mines to swell that boundless  
charity?  
Of debts and taxes, wife and children  
clear,  
This man possessed—five hundred  
pounds a year.

Blush grandeur, blush! proud courts,  
 withdraw your blaze;  
 Ye little stars! hide your diminished  
 rays.  
 And what? no monument, inscription,  
 stone,  
 His race, his form, his name almost  
 unknown?  
 Who builds a church to God, and  
 not to fame  
 Will never mark the marble with his  
 name.

POPE.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

SHE, of whose soul, if we may say,  
 'twas gold,  
 Her body was the Electrum, and did  
 hold  
 Many degrees of that; we understood  
 Her by her sight; her pure and elo-  
 quent blood  
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so dis-  
 tinctly wrought,  
 That one might almost say, her body  
 thought.  
 She, she thus richly, largely housed,  
 is gone,  
 And chides us slow-paced snails who  
 crawl upon  
 Our prison's prison, Earth, nor  
 think us well  
 Longer than whilst we bear our  
 little shell.

What hope have we to know our-  
 selves, when we  
 Know not the least things which  
 for our use be?  
 What Cæsar did, yea, and what  
 Cicero said,  
 Why grass is green, or why our  
 blood is red,  
 Are mysteries which none have  
 reached unto;  
 In this low form, poor soul, what  
 wilt thou do?  
 O when wilt thou shake off this  
 pedantry  
 Of being caught by sense and fan-  
 tasy?  
 Thou look'st through spectacles;  
 small things seem great  
 Below; but up into the watch-tower  
 get,

And see all things despoiled of  
 fallacies;  
 Thou shalt not peep through lat-  
 tices of eyes,  
 Nor hear through labyrinths of ears,  
 nor learn  
 By circuit or collections to discern;  
 In heaven then straight know'st all  
 concerning it,  
 And what concerns it not, shall  
 straight forget.  
 There thou but in no other school  
 mayst be  
 Perchance as learned and as full as  
 she;  
 She, who all libraries had thoroughly  
 read  
 At home in her own thoughts, and  
 practised  
 So much good as would make as  
 many more.

Up, up, my drowsy soul! where thy  
 new ear  
 Shall in the angels' songs no discord  
 hear;  
 Where thou shalt see the blessed  
 Mother-maid  
 Joy in not being that which men  
 have said;  
 Where she's exalted more for being  
 good,  
 Than for her interest of Motherhood:  
 Up to those Patriarchs, who did  
 longer sit  
 Expecting Christ, than they've en-  
 joyed him yet:  
 Up to those Prophets, who now  
 gladly see  
 Their prophecies grown to be history:  
 Up to the Apostles, who did bravely  
 run  
 All the sun's course, with more  
 light than the sun:  
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly  
 bleed  
 Oil to the Apostles' lamps, dew to  
 their seed:  
 Up to those Virgins, who thought  
 that almost  
 They made joint-tenants with the  
 Holy Ghost,  
 If they to any should his Temple  
 give:  
 Up, up, for in that squadron there  
 doth live  
 She who hath carried thither new  
 degrees,



(As to their number,) to their dignities.

She whom we celebrate is gone before:

She who had here so much essential joy,

As no chance could distract, much less destroy;

Who with God's presence was acquainted so,

(Hearing and speaking to him,) as to know

His face in any natural stone or tree  
Better than when in images they be:

Who kept by diligent devotion  
God's image in such reparation

Within her heart, that what decay was grown

Was her first Parent's fault, and not her own:

Who, being solicited to any act,  
Still heard God pleading his safe pre-contract:

Who, by a faithful confidence was here

Betrothed to God, and now is married there:

Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;

Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray:

Who being here filled with grace, yet strove to be

Both where more grace and more capacity

At once is given. She to Heaven is gone,

Who made this world in some proportion

A Heaven, and here became unto us all

Joy, (as our joys admit,) essential.

DONNE.

### TO MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen

O stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;

Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

### WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground; and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MILTON.

### ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
The English ballad-singer's joy!  
And Scotland has a thief as good,  
An outlaw of as daring mood;  
She has her brave Rob Roy!

Then clear the weeds from off his  
grave,  
And let us chant a passing stave  
In honor of that hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless  
heart,  
And wondrous length and strength  
of arm:  
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,  
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;  
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—  
A poet worthy of Rob Roy  
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;  
As wise in thought as bold in deed:  
For in the principle of things  
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of  
books?  
Burn all the statutes and their  
shelves;  
They stir us up against our kind;  
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,  
Too false to guide us or control!  
And for the law itself we fight  
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few:  
These find I graven on my heart:  
*That* tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and  
field,  
And those that travel on the wind!  
With them no strife can last: they  
live  
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old  
rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the  
power,  
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson which is quickly learned;  
A signal this which all can see!  
Thus nothing here provokes the  
strong  
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires:  
While to the measure of his might  
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and  
fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit:  
'Tis God's appointment who must  
sway,  
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is  
plain,  
And longest life is but a day;  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among the rocks he lived,  
Through summer's heat and winter's  
snow:  
The eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

So was it — *would*, at least, have been,  
But through untowardness of fate;  
For polity was then too strong;  
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say, an age too soon?  
For, were the bold man living *now*,  
How might he flourish in his pride,  
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of  
chase,  
Sheriffs, and lairds and their do-  
mains,  
Would all have seemed but paltry  
things,  
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre vales confined;  
But thought how wide the world,  
the times  
How fairly to his mind.

And to his sword he would have said,  
"Do thou my sovereign will enact  
From land to land through half the  
earth!  
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;  
Becoming, that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good  
enough: —  
We'll show that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take  
From me the sign of life and death;  
Kingdoms shall shift about like  
clouds,  
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,  
As *might* have been, then, thought  
of joy!  
France would have had her present  
boast,  
And we our brave Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;  
I would not wrong thee, champion  
brave!  
Would wrong thee nowhere; least  
of all  
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild  
thoughts,  
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!  
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love  
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live  
With us who now behold the light,  
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thy-  
self,  
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's  
stay,  
The poor man's heart, the poor man's  
hand!  
And all the oppressed who wanted  
strength  
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful herdsman when he  
strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And far and near, through vale and  
hill,  
Are faces that attest the same,  
And kindle, like a fire new stirred,  
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

WORDSWORTH.

## TO CAMPBELL.

TRUE bard and simple, — as the race  
Of heaven-born poets always are,  
When stooping from their starry  
place  
They're children near, though gods  
afar.

MOORE.

## STANZAS TO \* \* \*

THOUGH the day of my destiny's  
over,  
And the star of my fate hath de-  
clined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could  
find.

Though human, thou didst not de-  
ceive me;  
Though woman, thou didst not  
forsake;  
Though loved, thou forebores to  
grieve me;  
Though slandered, thou never  
couldst shake.

Though trusted, thou didst not dis-  
claim me;  
Though parted, it was not to fly:  
Though watchful, 'twas not to de-  
fame me,  
Nor mute that the world might  
belie.

In the desert a fountain is spring-  
ing,  
In the wild waste there still is a  
tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.  
BYRON.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my  
fair child!  
Ada! sole daughter of my house  
and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue  
eyes, they smiled,  
And then we parted, — not as now  
we part,  
But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me; and  
on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I  
depart,  
Whither I know not; but the  
hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores  
could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet  
once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me  
as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome  
to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, where-  
soe'er it lead!  
Though the strained mast should  
quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering,  
strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a  
weed,  
Flung from the rock, on ocean's  
foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the  
tempest's breath prevail.

BYRON.

### LOVE OF ENGLAND.

I'VE taught me other tongues, —  
and in strange eyes  
Have made me not a stranger; to  
the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring  
surprise;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard  
to find  
A country with, — ay, or without  
mankind;  
Yet was I born where men are  
proud to be,  
Not without cause; and should I  
leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage  
and free,  
And seek me out a home by a re-  
moter sea, —

Perhaps I loved it well; and  
should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not  
mine,  
My spirit shall resume it, — if we  
may

Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I  
twine  
My hopes of being remembered in  
my line  
With my land's language; if too  
fond and far  
These aspirations in their scope  
incline, —  
If my fame should be as my for-  
tunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull  
Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple  
where the dead  
Are honored by the nations — let  
it be, —  
And light the laurels on a loftier  
head!  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on  
me, —  
"Sparta hath many a worthier  
son than he."

BYRON.

### FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if forever,  
Still forever, fare *thee well*!  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.  
Would that breast were bared before  
thee  
Where thy head so oft has lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er  
thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know  
again:  
Would that breast, by thee glanced  
over,  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.  
Though the world for this commend  
thee, —  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe.  
Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found  
Than the one which once embraced  
me,  
To inflict a cureless wound?  
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth;  
 Still must mine, though bleeding,  
 beat;  
 And the undying thought which  
 paineth,

Is — that we no more may meet.  
 These are words of deeper sorrow  
 Than the wail above the dead;  
 Both shall live, but every morrow  
 Wake us from a widowed bed.  
 And when thou wouldst solace  
 gather,

When our child's first accents flow,  
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Fath-  
 er!"

Though his care she must forego?  
 When her little hands shall press  
 thee,

When her lip to thine is pressed,  
 Think of him whose prayer shall  
 bless thee,

Think of him thy love had blessed!  
 Should her lineaments resemble  
 Those thou never more mayst see,  
 Then thy heart will softly tremble  
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou know-  
 est,

All my madness none can know;  
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
 Whither, — yet with *thee* they go.  
 Every feeling hath been shaken;

Pride, which not a world could  
 bow,

Bows to thee, — by thee forsaken,  
 Even my soul forsakes me now;  
 But 'tis done, — all words are idle, —

Words from me are vainer still;  
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
 Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Seared in heart, and love, and blight-  
 ed, —

More than this I scarce can die.  
 BYRON.

### NO MORE.

No more — no more — Oh! never  
 more on me

The freshness of the heart can fall  
 like dew,

Which out of all the lovely things  
 we see,

Extracts emotions beautiful and  
 new,

Hived in our bosoms like the bag o'  
 the bee.

Think'st thou the honey with  
 those objects grew?

Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy  
 power,  
 To double even the sweetness of a  
 flower.

No more — no more — Oh! never  
 more, my heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my  
 universe!

Once all in all, but now a thing  
 apart,

Thou canst not be my blessing, or  
 my curse:

The illusion's gone forever.

BYRON.

### TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST,  
 WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER,  
 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beas-  
 tie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor, earth-born com-  
 panion,

An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may  
 thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun  
 live!

A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,  
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!

Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!

An' naething, now, to big a new  
 ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'  
waste,  
An' weary winter comin' fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till, crash! the cruel coultar past  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stib-  
ble  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy  
trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an'  
men,  
Gang aft a-gley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief and  
pain,  
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

BURNS.

### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE  
PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1796.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem:  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet!  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to  
greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent-  
earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens  
yield  
High sheltering woods and wa's  
maun shield;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod, or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless  
starred!  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow  
hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has  
striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
To misery's brink,  
Till, wrenched of every stay but  
Heaven,  
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's  
fate,  
That fate is thine — no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives,  
elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's  
weight  
Shall be thy doom!  
BURNS.

## SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words and deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
 Of the great army of the dead,  
 The trenches cold and damp,  
 The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
 In dreary hospitals of pain,  
 The cheerless corridors,  
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
 A lady with a lamp I see  
 Pass through the glimmering  
 gloom,  
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
 Her shadow as it falls  
 Upon the darkened walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
 Opened, and then closed suddenly,  
 The vision came and went,  
 The light shone, and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
 Hereafter of her speech and song,  
 That light its rays shall cast  
 From portals of the past.

The lady with a lamp shall stand  
 In the great history of the land,  
 A noble type of good  
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
 The palm, the lily, and the spear, —  
 The symbols that of yore  
 Saint Filomena bore.

LONGFELLOW.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF  
AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,  
 In the pleasant month of May,  
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
 The child upon her knee,  
 Saying, "Here is a story-book  
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
 "Into regions yet untrod,  
 And read what is still unread  
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,  
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
 Who sang to him night and day  
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
 Or his heart began to fail,  
 She would sing a more wonderful  
 song,  
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
 And will not let him go,  
 Though at times his heart beats  
 wild  
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his  
 dreams  
 The Ranz des Vaches of old.  
 And the rush of mountain streams  
 From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says,  
 "Hark!  
 For his voice I listen and yearn:  
 It is growing late and dark,  
 And my boy does not return!"  
 LONGFELLOW.

## THE WANTS OF MAN.

"MAN wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long."  
 'Tis not with me exactly so;  
 But 'tis so in the song.

*My* wants are many, and, if told,  
Would muster many a score;  
And were each wish a mint of gold,  
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —  
And canvas-backs — and wine —  
And all the realms of nature spread  
Before me, when I dine.  
Four courses scarcely can provide  
My appetite to quell;  
With four choice cooks from France  
beside  
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want at princely cost,  
Is elegant attire:  
Black sable furs for winter's frost,  
And silks for summer's fire.  
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels  
lace  
My bosom's front to deck, —  
And diamond rings my hands to grace,  
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want) a wife —  
Affectionate and fair;  
To solace all the woes of life,  
And all its joys to share.  
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,  
Of firm yet placid mind, —  
With all my faults to love me still  
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,  
And fortune fills my store,  
I want of daughters and of sons  
From eight to half a score.  
I want (alas! can mortal dare  
Such bliss on earth to crave?)  
That all the girls be chaste and fair,  
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,  
To cheer the adverse hour;  
Who ne'er to flattery will descend,  
Nor bend the knee to power, —  
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,  
My inmost soul to see;  
And that my friendship prove as  
strong  
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,  
The ensigns of command;  
Charged by the People's unbought  
grace  
To rule my native land.

Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,  
But from my country's will,  
By day, by night, to ply the task  
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise  
To follow me behind,  
And to be thought in future days  
The friend of human kind,  
That after ages, as they rise,  
Exulting may proclaim  
In choral union to the skies  
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *wants* of mortal man,  
I cannot want them long;  
For life itself is but a span,  
And earthly bliss — a song.  
My last great *want*, absorbing all —  
Is, when beneath the sod,  
And summoned to my final call,  
The "mercy of my God."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.  
WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1841.

# LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM BELOW THE AUTO- GRAPH OF JOHN ADAMS.

DEAR lady, I a little fear  
'Tis dangerous to be writing here.  
His hand who bade our eagle fly,  
Trust his young wings, and mount  
the sky, —  
Who bade across the Atlantic tide  
New thunders sweep, new navies  
ride,  
Has traced in lines of trembling  
age  
His autograph upon this page.  
Higher than that eagle soars,  
Wider than that thunder roars,  
His fame shall through the world be  
sounding,  
And o'er the waves of time be bound-  
ing.  
Though thousands as obscure as I,  
Cling to his skirts, he still will fly  
And leap to immortality.  
If by his name I write my own,  
He'll take me where I am not known,  
The cold salute will meet my ear,  
"Pray, stranger, how did you come  
here?"

DANIEL WEBSTER.



## TO GEORGE PEABODY.

BANKRUPT — our pockets inside  
out!

Empty of words to speak his  
praises!

Worcester and Webster up the spout!

Dead broke of laudatory phrases!

But why with flowery speeches tease,  
With vain superlatives distress  
him?

Has language better words than  
these?

*The friend of all his race, God bless  
him!*

A simple prayer—but words more  
sweet

By human lips were never uttered,  
Since Adam left the country seat

Where angel wings around him  
fluttered.

The old look on with tear-dimmed  
eyes,

The children cluster to caress him,  
And every voice unbidden cries,

*The friend of all his race, God bless  
him!*

O. W. HOLMES.

## A KING.

A KING lived long ago,

In the morning of the world,  
When Earth was nigher Heaven  
than now:

And the King's locks curled  
Disparting o'er a forehead full  
As the milk-white space 'twixt  
horn and horn

Of some sacrificial bull.

Only calm as a babe new-born:

For he was got to a sleepy  
mood,

So safe from all decrepitude,  
Age with its bane so sure gone by,  
(The gods so loved him while he  
dreamed,)

That, having lived thus long, there  
seemed

No need the King should ever die.

Among the rocks his city was;

Before his palace, in the sun,

He sat to see his people pass,

And judge them every one

From its threshold of smooth  
stone.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEN-  
NACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the  
wolf on the fold,

And his cohorts were gleaming in  
purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was  
like stars on the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on  
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when  
summer is green,

That host with their banners at sun-  
set were seen:

Like the leaves of the forest when  
autumn hath blown,

That host on the morrow lay with-  
ered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his  
wing on the blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe  
as he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed  
deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved,  
and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nos-  
tril all wide,

But through it there rolled not the  
breath of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay  
white on the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-  
beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and  
pale,

With the dew on his brow, and the  
rust on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the  
banners alone,

The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-  
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud  
in their wall,

And the idols are broke in the temple  
of Baal;

And the might of the Gentue, un-  
smote by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance  
of the Lord!

BYRON.

CLEOPATRA.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold,  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd, that  
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
 It beggared all description: she did lie  
 In her pavilion, (cloth-of-gold, of tissue,)   
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
 Stood pretty boys, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool  
 And what they undid, did.  
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles  
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthronèd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE GLADIATOR.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:  
 He leans upon his hand;—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low—  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.  
  
 He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday;—  
 All this rushed with his blood;—Shall he expire,  
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

BYRON.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I MADE a footing in the wall,  
 It was not therefrom to escape,  
 For I had buried one and all,  
 Who loved me in a human shape;  
 And the whole earth would henceforth be  
 A wider prison unto me:  
 But I was curious to ascend  
 To my barred windows, and to bend  
 Once more upon the mountains high,  
 The quiet of a loving eye.  
  
 I saw them—and they were the same;  
 They were not changed like me in frame;

I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high, — their wide long lake be-  
low,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channelled rock and broken  
bush;

I saw the white-walled distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seemed no  
more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon  
floor,

But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers  
growing,

Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle-wall,  
And they seemed joyous each and  
all;

The eagle rode the rising blast;  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seemed to fly, —  
And then new tears came in my  
eye,

And I felt troubled, — and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain.

BYRON.

### FROM PARISINA.

#### EXECUTION.

THE convent-bells are ringing,  
But mournfully and slow;  
In the gray square turret swinging,  
With a deep sound, to and fro.  
Heavily to the heart they go!  
Hark! the hymn is singing —  
The song for the dead below,  
Or the living, who shortly shall be  
so!

For a departing being's soul  
The death-hymn peals, and the hol-  
low bells knoll:

He is near his mortal goal;  
Kneeling at the friar's knee;  
Sad to hear, — and piteous to see, —  
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,  
With the black before and the guards  
around; —

And the headsman with his bare arm  
ready,  
That the blow may be both swift and  
steady,  
Feels if the axe be sharp and true —  
Since he set its edge anew:  
While the crowd in a speechless cir-  
cle gather,  
To see the son fall by the doom of  
the father.

It is a lovely hour as yet  
Before the summer sun shall set,  
And his evening beams are shed  
Full on Hugo's fated head,  
As, his last confession pouring,  
To the monk his doom deploring,  
In penitential holiness,  
He bends to hear his accents bless  
With absolution such as may  
Wipe our mortal stains away.

He died, as erring man should die,  
Without display, without parade;  
Meekly had he bowed and prayed,  
As not disdaining priestly aid,  
Nor desperate of all hope on high.

BYRON.

### FROM THE SIEGE OF COR- INTH.

THE night is past, and shines the  
sun  
As if that morn were a jocund  
one.  
Lightly and brightly breaks  
away  
The morning from her mantle  
gray,  
And the noon will look on a  
sultry day.  
Hark to the trump, and the  
drum,  
And the mournful sound of the bar-  
barous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that fit  
as they're borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the  
multitude's hum,  
And the clash, and the shout, "They  
come, they come!"  
The horse-tails are plucked from the  
ground, and the sword  
From its sheath; and they form, and  
but wait for the word.

Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,  
Strike your tents, and throng to the  
van;  
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,  
That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
When he breaks from the town; and  
none escape,  
Aged or young, in the Christian  
shape;  
While your fellows on foot, in fiery  
mass,  
Bloodstain the breach through which  
they pass.  
The steeds are all bridled, and snort  
to the rein;  
Curved is each neck, and flowing  
each mane;  
White is the foam of their champ  
on the bit:  
The spears are uplifted; the matches  
are lit;  
The cannon are pointed and ready to  
roar,  
And crush the wall they have crum-  
bled before:  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is  
bare,  
So is the blade of his scimitar;  
The Khan and his pachas are all at  
their post:  
The vizier himself at the head of  
the host.  
When the culverin's signal is fired,  
then On!  
Leave not in Corinth a living one —  
A priest at her altars, a chief in her  
halls,  
A hearth in her mansions, a stone  
on her walls.  
God and the prophet — Alla Hu!  
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!  
"There the breach lies for passage,  
the ladder to scale;  
And your hands on your sabres, and  
how should ye fail?  
He who first downs with the red cross  
may crave  
His heart's dearest wish; let him  
ask it, and have!"  
Thus uttered Coumourgi, the daunt-  
less vizier;  
The reply was the brandish of sabre  
and spear,  
And the shout of fierce thousands  
in joyous ire: —  
Silence — hark to the signal — fire!

BYRON.

# ENTRANCE OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON.

*Duchess.* — My lord, you told me  
you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the  
story off,  
Of our two cousins coming into Lon-  
don.

*York.* — Where did I leave?

*Duch.* — At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgoverned hands,  
from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King  
Richard's head,

*York.* — Then as I said, the duke,  
great Bolingbroke, —  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seemed to  
know, —

With slow but stately pace, kept on  
his course,  
While all tongues cried, "God save  
thee, Bolingbroke!"

You would have thought the very  
windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and  
old

Through casements darted their de-  
siring eyes

Upon his visage, and that all the  
walls,

With painted imagery, had said at  
once, —

"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bo-  
lingbroke!"

Whilst he, from one side to the other  
turning,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud  
steed's neck,

Bespake them thus, — "I thank you,  
countrymen:"

And thus still doing, thus he passed  
along.

*Duch.* — Alas, poor Richard, where  
rides he the while?

*York.* — As in a theatre, the eyes  
of men,

After a well-graced actor leaves the  
stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more con-  
tempt, men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried,  
God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his wel-  
come home:

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, —  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience, —  
That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

SHAKESPEARE: *King Richard II.*

### THE CALIPH'S ENCAMPMENT.

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?  
This City of War, which, in a few short hours,  
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers  
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
Built the high-pillared walls of Chilmimar,  
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,  
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory: —  
Princely pavilions, screened by many a fold  
Of crimson cloth, and topped with balls of gold: —  
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
Their chains and poytrels glittering in the sun;  
And camels, tufted o'er with Temen's shells  
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells!

MOORE.

### FOP.

*Hotspur.* — My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,  
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again; —  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff: — and still he smiled and talked;  
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He questioned me; among the rest demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or he should not; — for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)  
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answered indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

SHAKSPEARE.

### THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged,—'tis at a white-heat now:

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased, though on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,

All clad in leather panoply, their broad hands only bare,—

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:

It rises, roars, rends all outright,—  
O Vulcan, what a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright,—the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such a fiery fearful show;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil;—all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang, the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jettèd lightnings are hissing high and low;—

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strew

The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,

And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant  
"Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters, leap out, and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor;—a bower thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,—

The low reef roaring on her lee,—the roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!

But courage still, brave mariners! the bower yet remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high;

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time:

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.

But while you sling your sledges, sing,—and let the burthen be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,

For the yea-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;  
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.  
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!  
 O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?  
 The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now  
 To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
 And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!  
 Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,  
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;  
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;  
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;  
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles  
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles;  
 Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;  
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals  
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,  
 Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,  
 To find the long-haired maidens; or, hard by icy lauds,  
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.  
 O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?  
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;  
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,  
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play, —  
 But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave, —  
 A fisher's joy is to destroy, — thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls! couldst thou but understand  
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, — or who that dripping band,  
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend.  
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend: —  
 O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,  
 Thine iron side would swell with pride, — thou'dst leap within the sea!  
 Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand  
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-land, —  
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave  
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!  
 O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
 Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!  
 SAMUEL FERGUSON.

### THE ICE PALACE.

LESS worthy of applause, though more admired,  
 Because a novelty, the work of man.  
 Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,  
 Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,  
 The wonder of the North. No forest fell  
 When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores  
 To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,  
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.  
 Silently as a dream the fabric rose;  
 No sound of hammer or of saw was there:  
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
 Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked  
 Than water interfused to make them one.  
 Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,

Illumined every side: a watery light  
 Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed  
 Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen  
 From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.  
 So stood the brittle prodigy: though smooth  
 And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound  
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,  
 That royal residence might well befit,  
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
 Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,  
 Blushed on the panels. Mirror needed none  
 Where all was vitreous; but in order due  
 Convivial table and commodious seat,  
 (What seemed at least commodious seat,) were there;  
 Sofa and couch and high-built throne august.  
 The same lubricity was found in all,  
 And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene  
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
 And soon to slide into a stream again.  
 COWPER.

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the  
 night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their  
 watch in the sky;  
 And thousands had sunk on the  
 ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the  
 wounded to die.  
 When reposing that night on my  
 pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that  
 guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet  
 vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I  
 dreamt it again.  
 Methought from the battle-field's  
 dreadful array  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate  
 late track:

'Twas autumn; and sunshine arose  
 on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that  
 welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed  
 so oft  
 In life's morning march, when  
 my bosom was young:  
 I heard my own mountain-goats  
 bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that  
 the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and  
 fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping  
 friends never to part:  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand  
 times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her  
 fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art  
 weary and worn:"  
 And fain was their war-broken  
 soldier to stay;  
 But sorrow returned with the dawn-  
 ing of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear  
 melted away.

CAMPBELL.

### THE PALM AND THE PINE.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl  
 Of other blood reposes;  
 Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,  
 Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy  
 Is leaning fancy-bound,  
 Nor listens where with noisy joy  
 Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish  
 calm, —  
 Relaxed the frosty twine, —  
 The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
 The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace  
 Those dimly visioned boughs,  
 As these young lovers face to face  
 Renew their early vows!

MILNES.



## BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man built that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
Yet no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth:  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Unfold their thousand leaves:  
So without sound of music  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height  
Out of his rocky eyry  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades of the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car:  
They show the banners taken;  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marbles drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hillside for his pall!  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall!  
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in his grave!—

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment-day,  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the incarnate Son of God.

Oh lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
Oh dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still:  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell,  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

VII.

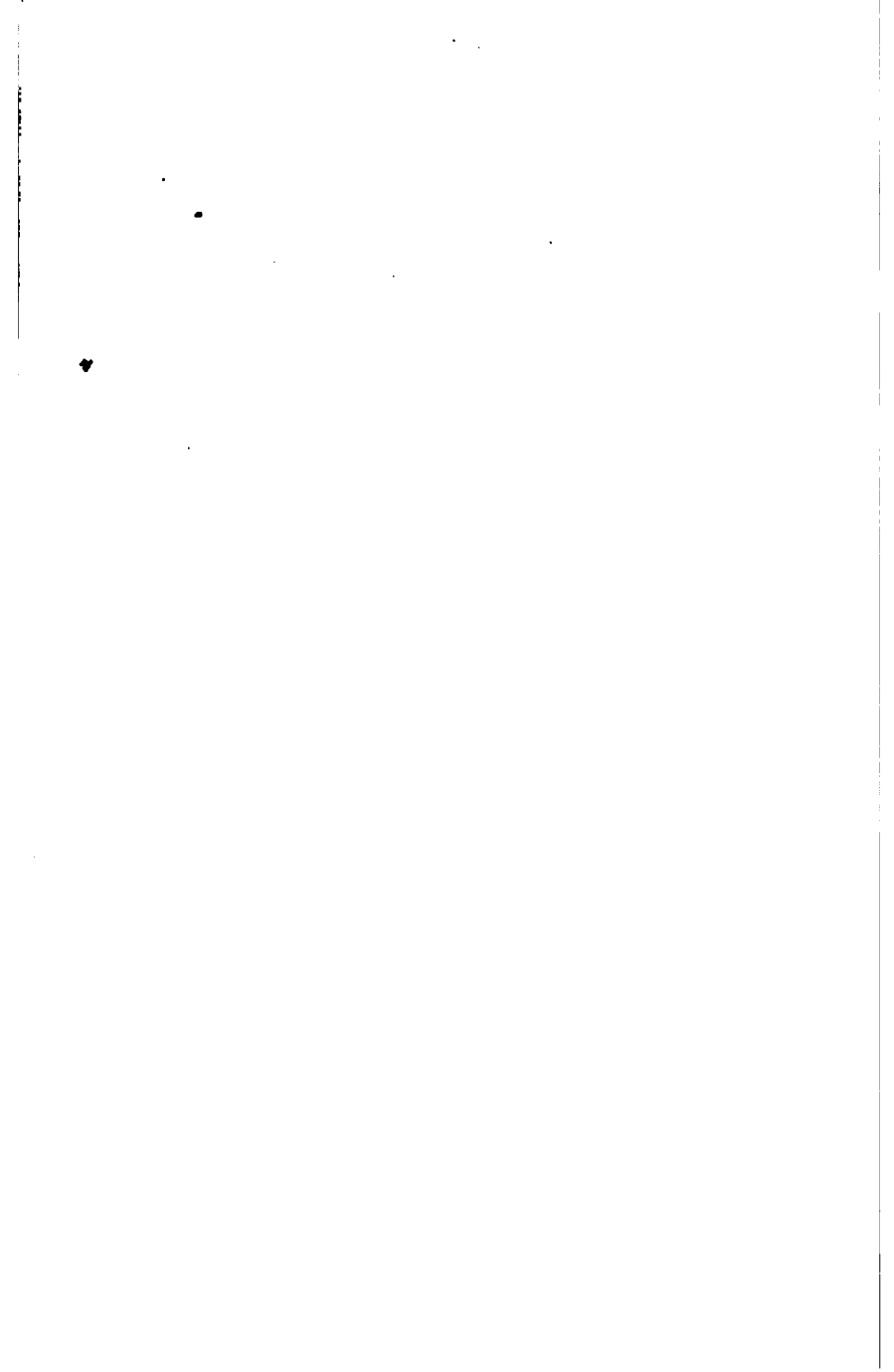
NARRATIVE POEMS

AND

BALLADS.

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**"Fragments of the lofty strain  
Float down the tide of years,  
As buoyant on the stormy main  
A parted wreck appears."—SCOTT.**



## NARRATIVE POEMS AND BALLADS.

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### HOUSE OF BUSYRANE.

KINGS, queens, lords, ladies, knights,  
and damsels great  
Were heaped together with the vulgar sort,  
And mingled with the rascal rabblement

Without respect of person or of port,  
To show Dan Cupid's power and great effort:

And round about a border was entrailed

Of broken bows and arrows shivered short,

And a long bloody river through them rayled

So lively and so like that living scene it failed.

And at the upper end of that fair room

There was an altar built of precious stone

Of passing value and of great renown,  
On which there stood an image all alone,

Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;

And wings it had with sundry colors dight, —

More sundry colors than the proud pavone

Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright

When her discolored bow she spreads through heaven bright.

Blindfold he was; and in his cruel fist  
A mortal bow of arrows keen did hold,

With which he shot at random when him list;

Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;

(Ah! man, beware how thou those darts behold!)

A wounded dragon under him did lie,  
Whose hideous tail did his left foot infold,

And with a shaft was shot through either eye

That no man forth might draw, nor no man remedy.

And underneath his feet was written thus:

*"Unto the Victor of the gods this be;"*

And all the people in that ample house

Did to that image bow their humble knee,

And oft committed foul idolatry.

That wondrous sight fair Britomart amazed,

Nor seeing could her wonder satisfy,  
But ever more and more upon it gazed  
The while the passing brightness her frail senses dazed.

Though as she backward cast her busy eye,

To search each secret of that goodly stead,

Over the door thus written she did spy,

*"Be bold:"* she oft and oft it over-read,

Yet could not find what sense it figured;

But whatso were therein, or writ, or meant,

She was thereby no whit discouraged  
From prosecuting of her first intent,  
But forward with bold steps into the next room went.

Much fairer than the former was that room,

And richlier by many parts arrayed;

For not with arras, made in painful  
loom,  
But with pure gold, it all was overlaid,  
Wrought with wild antics, which  
their follies played  
In the rich metal as they living were:  
A thousand monstrous forms therein  
were made,  
Such as false Love doth oft upon  
him wear;  
For love in thousand monstrous  
forms doth oft appear.

And all about the glistening walls  
were hung  
With warlike spoils and with victo-  
torious prayes  
Of mighty conquerors and captains  
strong,  
Which were whilom captived in their  
days  
To cruel love, and wrought their  
own decays.  
Their swords and spears were broke,  
and hauberks rent,  
And their proud garlands of trium-  
phant bays  
Trodden to dust with fury insolent,  
To show the victor's might and  
merciless intent.

The warlike maid, beholding earnest-  
ly  
The goodly ordinance of this rich  
place,  
Did greatly wonder, nor did satisfy  
Her greedy eyes by gazing a long  
space.  
But more she marvelled that no  
footing's trace  
Nor wight appeared, but wasteful  
emptiness  
And solemn silence over all that  
space:  
Strange thing it seemed that none  
was to possess  
So rich purveyance, nor them keep  
with carefulness.

And as she looked about, she did  
behold  
How over that same door was like-  
wise writ,  
"Be bold, be bold," and everywhere,  
"Be bold;"  
That much she mused, yet could  
not construe it

By any riddling skill, nor common  
wit.  
At last she spied at that room's  
upper end  
Another iron door, on which was  
writ,  
"Be not too bold;" whereto though  
she did bend  
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what  
it might intend.

SPENSER

## THE GATE OF CAMELOT.

So, when their feet were planted on  
the plain  
That broadened toward the base of  
Camelot,  
Far off they saw the silver-misty  
morn  
Rolling her smoke about the Royal  
mount,  
That rose between the forest and  
the field.  
At times the summit of the high  
city flashed;  
At times the spires and turrets half-  
way down  
Pricked through the mist: at times  
the great gate shone  
Only, that opened on the field below:  
Anon, the whole fair city had dis-  
appeared.

Then those who went with Gareth  
were amazed,  
One crying, "Let us go no further,  
lord.  
Here is a city of Enchanters, built  
By fairy Kings." The second echoed  
him,  
"Lord, we have heard from our wise  
men at home  
To Northward, that this King is not  
the King,  
But only changeling out of Fairyland,  
Who drave the heathen hence by  
sorcery  
And Merlin's glamour." Then the  
first again,  
"Lord, there is no such city any-  
where,  
But all a vision."

Gareth answered them  
With laughter, swearing he had  
glamour enow

In his own blood, his principedom,  
 youth and hopes,  
 To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian  
 sea;  
 So pushed them all unwilling toward  
 the gate.  
 And there was no gate like it under  
 heaven.  
 For barefoot on the keystone, which  
 was lined  
 And rippled like an ever-fleeting  
 wave,  
 The Lady of the Lake stood: all her  
 dress  
 Wept from her sides as water flow-  
 ing away;  
 But like the cross her great and  
 goodly arms  
 Stretched under all the cornice, and  
 upheld:  
 And drops of water fell from either  
 hand;  
 And down from one a sword was  
 hung, from one  
 A censer, either worn with wind  
 and storm;  
 And o'er her breast floated the sacred  
 fish;  
 And in the space to left of her and  
 right,  
 Were Arthur's wars in weird devices  
 done,  
 New things and old co-twisted, as if  
 Time  
 Were nothing, so inveterately, that  
 men  
 Were giddy gazing there; and over  
 all  
 High on the top were those three  
 Queens, the friends  
 Of Arthur, who should help him at  
 his need.

Then those with Gareth for so long  
 a space  
 Stared at the figures, that at last it  
 seemed  
 The dragon-boughts and elvish em-  
 blemings  
 Began to move, seethe, twine and  
 curl: they called  
 To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is  
 alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixt  
 his eyes  
 So long, that even to him they  
 seemed to move.

Out of the city a blast of music pealed.  
 Back from the gate started the three,  
 to whom  
 From out thereunder came an an-  
 cient man,  
 Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye,  
 my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of  
 the soil,  
 Who leaving share in furrow, come  
 to see  
 The glories of our King: but these,  
 my men  
 (Your city moved so weirdly in the  
 mist),  
 Doubt if the King be King at all, or  
 come  
 From fairyland; and whether this  
 be built  
 By magic, and by fairy Kings and  
 Queens;  
 Or whether there be any city at all,  
 Or all a vision: and this music now  
 Hath scared them both; but tell thou  
 these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer  
 playing on him  
 And saying, "Son, I have seen the  
 good ship sail  
 Keel upward and mast downward in  
 the heavens,  
 And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:  
 And here is truth; but an it please  
 thee not,  
 Take thou the truth as thou hast  
 told it me.  
 For truly, as thou sayest, a Fairy  
 King  
 And Fairy Queens have built the  
 city, son;  
 They came from out a sacred moun-  
 tain-cleft  
 Toward the sunrise, each with harp  
 in hand,  
 And built it to the music of their  
 harps.  
 And as thou sayest it is enchanted,  
 son,  
 For there is nothing in it as it seems,  
 Saving the King; though some there  
 be that hold  
 The King a shadow, and the city real:  
 Yet take thou heed of him, for so  
 thou pass  
 Beneath this archway, then wilt  
 thou become

A thrall to his enchantments, for  
the King  
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a  
shame  
A man should not be bound by, yet  
the which  
No man can keep; but, so thou dread  
to swear,  
Pass not beneath this gateway, but  
abide  
Without, among the cattle of the field,  
For, an ye heard a music, like enow  
They are building still, seeing the  
city is built  
To music, therefore never built at all,  
And therefore built forever."

Gareth spake  
Angered, "Old Master, reverence  
thine own beard  
That looks as white as utter truth,  
and seems  
Well-nigh as long as thou art statured  
tall!  
Why mockest thou the stranger that  
hath been  
To thee fair-spoken?"

But the Seer replied,  
"Know ye not then the Riddling of  
the Bards?  
'Confusion, and illusion, and rela-  
tion,  
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion' ?  
I mock thee not but as thou mockest  
me,  
And all that see thee, for thou art  
not who  
Thou seemest, but I know thee who  
thou art.  
And now thou goest up to mock the  
King,  
Who cannot brook the shadow of  
any lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending  
here  
Turned to the right, and past along  
the plain;  
Whom Gareth looking after, said,  
"My men,  
Our one white lie sits like a little  
ghost  
Here on the threshold of our enter-  
prise.  
Let love be blamed for it, not she,  
nor I:  
Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer  
He spake and laughed, then entered  
with his twain  
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces  
And stately, rich in emblem and the  
work  
Of ancient kings who did their days  
in stone;  
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at  
Arthur's court,  
Knowing all arts, had touched, and  
everywhere  
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with  
lessening peak  
And pinnacle, and had made it spire  
to heaven.  
And ever and anon a knight would  
pass  
Outward, or inward to the hall: his  
arms  
Clashed; and the sound was good to  
Gareth's ear.  
And out of bower and casement  
shly glanced  
Eyes of pure women, wholesome  
stars of love;  
And all about a healthful people  
stept  
As in the presence of a gracious  
king.

TENNYSON.

## THE CROWNING OF ARTHUR

THERE came to Camelard,  
With Gawin and young Modred, her  
two sons,  
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney,  
Bellicent;  
Whom as he could, not as he would,  
the King  
Made feast for, saying, as they sat  
at meat,

"A doubtful throne is ice on  
summer seas.  
Ye come from Arthur's court. Vic-  
tor his men  
Report him! Yea, but ye,—think  
ye this king,—  
So many those that hate him, and  
so strong,  
So few his knights, however brave  
they be,—  
Hath body enow to hold his foemen  
down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will  
 tell thee: few,  
 Few, but all brave, all of one mind  
 with him;  
 For I was near him when the savage  
 yells  
 Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur  
 sat  
 Crowned on the dais, and his war-  
 riors cried,  
 'Be thou the king, and we will work  
 thy will  
 Who love thee.' Then the King in  
 low deep tones,  
 And simple words of great author-  
 ity,  
 Bound them by so strait vows to his  
 own self,  
 That when they rose, knighted from  
 kneeling, some  
 Were pale as at the passing of a  
 ghost,  
 Some flushed, and others dazed, as  
 one who wakes  
 Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheered  
 his Table Round  
 With large, divine and comfortable  
 words  
 Beyond my tongue to tell thee, — I  
 beheld  
 From eye to eye through all their  
 Order flash  
 A momentary likeness of the King:  
 And ere it left their faces, through  
 the cross  
 And those around it and the Cruci-  
 fied,  
 Down from the casement over Ar-  
 thur, smote  
 Flame-color, vert and azure, in three  
 rays,  
 One falling upon each of three fair  
 queens,  
 Who stood in silence near his throne,  
 the friends  
 Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with  
 bright  
 Sweet faces, who will help him at  
 his need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin,  
 whose vast wit  
 And hundred winters are but as the  
 hands

Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.  
 "And near him stood the Lady  
 of the Lake,  
 Who knows a subtler magic than  
 his own, —  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic,  
 wonderful.  
 She gave the King his huge cross-  
 hilted sword,  
 Whereby to drive the heathen out:  
 a mist  
 Of incense curled about her, and  
 her face  
 Well-nigh was hidden in the minster  
 gloom;  
 But there was heard among the  
 holy hymns  
 A voice as of the waters, for she  
 dwells  
 Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever  
 storms  
 May shake the world, and when the  
 surface rolls,  
 Hath power to walk the waters like  
 our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excal-  
 bur  
 Before him at his crowning borne,  
 the sword  
 That rose from out the bosom of the  
 lake,  
 And Arthur rowed across and took  
 it, — rich  
 With jewels, elfin Urim, on the  
 hilt,  
 Bewildering heart and eye, — the  
 blade so bright  
 That men are blinded by it; — on  
 one side,  
 Graven in the oldest tongue of all  
 this world,  
 'Take me;' but turn the blade and  
 ye shall see,  
 And written in the speech ye speak  
 yourself,  
 'Cast me away!' And sad was  
 Arthur's face  
 Taking it, but old Merlin counselled  
 him,  
 'Take thou and strike! the time to  
 cast away  
 Is yet far-off.' So this great brand  
 the king  
 Took, and by this will beat his foe-  
 men down."

TENNYSON.



## ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was  
set,  
The host was idly spread,  
The Danes around their watchfires  
met,  
Caroused, and fiercely fed.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,  
And Guthrum, king of all,  
Devoured the flesh of England's  
beeves,  
And laughed at England's fall.  
Each warrior proud, each Danish  
earl,  
In mail and wolf-skin clad,  
Their bracelets white with plundered  
pearl,  
Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,  
And on to Tamar stream,  
Where Thames makes green the  
towerly strand,  
Where Medway's waters gleam, —  
With hands of steel and mouths of  
flame  
They raged the kingdom through;  
And where the Norseman sickle  
came,  
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse  
With wealth of cities fair;  
They dragged from many a father's  
corse  
The daughter by her hair.  
And English slaves, and gems and  
gold,  
Were gathered round the feast;  
Till midnight in their woodland hold,  
Oh! never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude  
Before the strong sea-kings;  
"Ye Lords and Earls of Odin's  
brood,  
Without a harper sings.  
He seems a simple man and poor,  
But well he sounds the lay;  
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, besure,  
Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen cold look,  
And glanced along the board,  
That with the shout and war-cry  
shook

Of many a Danish lord.  
But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,  
Soon bent on him their gaze,  
While calm he gazed, as if to learn  
Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake, — "Nay, gaze  
not thus,  
Thou Harper weak and poor!  
By Thor! who bandy looks with us  
Must worse than looks endure.  
Sing high the praise of Denmark's  
host,  
High praise each dauntless Earl;  
The brave who stun this English  
coast  
With war's unceasing whirl."

The Harper slowly bent his head,  
And touched aloud the string;  
Then raised his face, and boldly  
said,  
"Hear thou my lay, O king!  
High praise from every mouth of  
man  
To all who boldly strive,  
Who fall where first the fight began,  
And ne'er go back alive.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the  
shout,  
At famous Regnar's name!  
Who sank his host in bloody rout,  
When he to Humber came.  
His men were chased, his sons were  
slain,  
And he was left alone.  
They bound him in an iron chain  
Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him  
fast;  
With snakes they filled the hole,  
That made his flesh their long re-  
past,  
And bit into his soul.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom  
your eyes?  
Why champ your teeth in pain?  
Still lives the song though Regnar  
dies!  
Fill high your cups again.  
Ye too, perchance, O Norsemen  
lords!  
Who fought and swayed so long.  
Shall soon but live in minstrel words  
And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands  
more

Than that where Regnar lies.  
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,  
The sod must close your eyes.  
How soon, who knows? Not chief,  
nor bard;

And yet to me 'tis given,  
To see your foreheads deeply scarred,  
And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,  
But, Earls and Kings, be sure  
I see a blade o'er every brow,  
Where pride now sits secure.  
Fill high the cups, raise loud the  
strain!

When chief and monarch fall,  
Their names in song shall breathe  
again,  
And thrill the feastful hall."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a  
groan,

And one grew pale with dread,  
His iron mace was grasped by one,  
By one his wine was shed.

And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no  
more

We hear thy boding lay;  
Make drunk the song with spoil and  
gore!

Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain," — so burst  
the song, —

"To hear the strife once more.  
The mace, the axe, they rest too long;  
Earth cries, My thirst is sore.  
More blithely twang the strings of  
bows

Than strings of harps in glee;  
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,  
Or rosy lips to me.

"Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,  
When flowers in England grew,  
Would be the battle's marshalled  
powers,

The plain of carnage new.  
With all its deaths before my soul  
The vision rises fair;  
Raise loud the song, and drain the  
bowl!

I would that I were there!"

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye  
Rolled fiercely round the throng;

It seemed two crashing hosts were  
nigh,

Whose shock aroused the song.  
A golden cup King Guthrum gave  
To him who strongly played;  
And said, "I won it from the slave  
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Al-  
fred's own;

Thy song befits the brave:  
The King who cannot guard his  
throne

Nor wine nor song shall have."  
The minstrel took the goblet bright,  
And said, "I drink the wine  
To him who owns by justest right  
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him, your Lord, Oh shout ye  
all!

His meed be deathless praise!  
The King who dares not nobly fall,  
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guth-  
rum said,

"With sweetness fills mine ear;  
For Alfred swift before me fled,  
And left me monarch here.  
The royal coward never dared  
Beneath mine eye to stand.  
Oh, would that now this feast he  
shared,

And saw me rule his land!"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and  
spake,

And gazed upon the King, —  
"Not now the golden cup I take,  
Nor more to thee I sing.  
Another day, a happier hour,  
Shall bring me here again:  
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's  
power

Till I demand it then."

The Harper turned and left the  
shed,

Nor bent to Guthrum's crown;  
And one who marked his visage said  
It wore a ghastly frown.

The Danes ne'er saw that Harper  
more,

For soon as morning rose,  
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,  
And slew ten thousand foes.

JOHN STERLING.

## GARCI PEREZ DE VARGAS.

KING Ferdinand alone did stand one  
day upon the hill,  
Surveying all his leaguer, and the  
ramparts of Seville;  
The sight was grand when Ferdinand  
by proud Seville was lying,  
O'er tower and tree far off to see the  
Christian banners flying.

Down chanced the king his eye to  
fling, where far the camp be-  
low  
Two gentlemen along the glen were  
riding soft and slow;  
As void of fear each cavalier seemed  
to be riding there,  
As some strong hound may pace  
around the roebuck's thicket  
lair.

It was Don Garci Perez; and he  
would breathe the air,  
And he had ta'en a knight with him  
that as lief had been else-  
where:  
For soon this knight to Garci said,  
"Ride, ride, or we are lost!  
I see the glance of helm and lance, —  
it is the Moorish host!"

The Lord of Vargas turned him  
round, his trusty squire was  
near;  
The helmet on his brow he bound,  
his gauntlet grasped the spear;  
With that upon his saddle-tree he  
planted him right steady, —  
"Now come," quoth he, "whoe'er  
they be, I trow they'll find us  
ready."

By this the knight that rode with  
him had turned his horse's  
head,  
And up the glen in fearful trim unto  
the camp had fled.  
"Ha! gone?" quoth Garci Perez:  
he smiled, and said no more,  
But slowly on with his esquire rode  
as he rode before.

It was the Count Lorenzo, just then  
it happened so,  
He took his stand by Ferdinand, and  
with him gazed below;

"My liege," quoth he, "seven Moors  
I see a-coming from the wood.  
Now bring they all the blows they  
may. I trow they'll find as  
good;  
For it is Don Garci Perez, — if his  
cognizance they know,  
I guess it will be little pain to give  
them blow for blow."

The Moors from forth the greenwood  
came riding one by one,  
A gallant troop with armor resplen-  
dent in the sun;  
Full haughty was their bearing, as  
o'er the sward they came;  
But the calm Lord of Vargas, his  
march was still the same.

They stood drawn up in order, while  
past them all rode he;  
But when upon his shield they saw  
the sable blazonry.  
And the wings of the Black Eagle,  
that o'er his crest were spread,  
They knew Don Garci Perez, and  
never word they said.

He took the casque from off his brow,  
and gave it to the squire;  
"My friend," quoth he, "no need I  
see why I my brows should  
tire."  
But as he doffed the helmet he saw  
his scarf was gone,  
"I've dropped it, sure," quoth Gar-  
ci, "when I put my helmet  
on."

He looked around and saw the scarf.  
for still the Moors were near.  
And they had picked it from the  
sward, and looped it on a spear.  
"These Moors," quoth Garci Perez,  
"uncourteous Moors they be, —  
Now, by my soul, the scarf they  
stole, yet durst not question  
me!"

Now reach once more my helmet."  
The esquire said him nay,  
"For a silken string why should ye  
fling perchance your life  
away?"  
"I had it from my lady," quoth  
Garci, "long ago,  
And never Moor that scarf, be sure  
in proud Seville shall show."

But when the Moslem saw him, they  
stood in firm array:

He rode among their armed throng,  
he rode right furiously;

"Stand, stand, ye thieves and rob-  
bers, lay down my lady's  
pledge!"

He cried; and ever as he cried they  
felt his falchion's edge.

That day the Lord of Vargas came  
to the camp alone;

The scarf, his lady's largess, around  
his breast was thrown;

Bare was his head, his sword was red,  
and from his pommel strung

Seven turbans green, sore hacked I  
ween, before Don Garci hung.

LOCKHART: *Spanish Ballads*.

# BATTLE OF HARLAW.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife  
and carle,

And listen great and sma',  
And I will sing of Glenallan's  
Earl

That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
And down the Don and a',

And hieland and lawland may mourn-  
fu' be

For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white  
steeds,

They hae bridled a hundred  
black,

With a chafron of steel on each  
horse's head,

And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely ten,

When Donald came branking down  
the brae

Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving  
wide,

Their glaives were glancing  
clear,

The pibrochs rung frae side to  
side,

Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups  
stood,

That Highland host to see:

"Now here a knight that's stout and  
good

May prove a jeopardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my squire  
so gay,

That rides beside my reyne, —

Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,

And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and  
shame,

To fight were wondrous peril, —

What would ye do now, Roland

Cheyne,

Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this  
tide,

And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
The spur should be in my horse's

side,

And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand  
blades,

And we twice ten times ten,  
Yet they hae but their tartan

plaids,

And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks  
sae rude,

As through the moorland fern, —  
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman

blude

Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

SCOTT.

# KINMONT WILLIE.

OH, have ye na heard o' the fause  
Sakelde?

Oh, have ye na heard o' the keen  
Lord Scroope?

How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont  
Willie,

On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,  
But twenty men as stout as he,

Fause Sakelde had never the Kin-  
mont ta'en,

Wi' eightscore in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,  
They tied his hands behind his  
back;

They guarded him, fivesome on each  
side,  
And they brought him ower the  
Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-  
rack,  
And also through the Carlisle  
sands;

They brought him to Carlisle castell,  
To be at my Lord Scroope's com-  
mands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue  
is free,  
And whae will dare this deed  
avow?

Or answer by the Border law?  
Or answer to the bauld Buc-  
cleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank  
reiver!  
There's never a Scot shall set thee  
free:

Before ye cross my castle yate,  
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quoth  
Willie.

"By the faith o' my body, Lord  
Scroope," he said,

"I never yet lodged in a hostellerie,  
But I paid my lawing before I  
gaed." —

Now word is gane to the bauld  
Keeper,

In Branksome Ha', wher that he  
lay,

That Lord Scroope has ta'en the  
Kinmont Willie,  
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,  
He garr'd the red wine spring on  
hie, —

"Now Christ's curse on my head,"  
he said,

"But avenged of Lord Scroope,  
I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow-  
tree?

Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,  
That an English lord sets light by  
me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont  
Willie,  
Against the truce of Border tide?  
And forgotten that the bauld Buc-  
cleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him,  
Kinmont Willie,  
Withouten either dread or fear?  
And forgotten that the bauld Buc-  
cleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a  
spear?

"O were there war between the  
lands,  
As well I wot that there is none,  
I would slight Carlisle castell high,  
Though it were builded of marble  
stone.

"I would set that castell in a low,\*  
And sloken it with English  
blood!  
There's never a man in Cumber-  
land,  
Should ken where Carlisle castell  
stood.

"But since nae war's between the  
lands,  
And there is peace, and peace  
should be;  
I'll neither harm English lad or  
lass,  
And yet the Kinmont freed shall  
be!"

He has called him forty Marchmen  
bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buc-  
cleuch;  
With spur on heel, and splent on  
spauld,  
And gleuves of green, and feath-  
ers blue.

There were five and five before them  
a',  
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles  
bright:

\* Flame.

And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,  
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
And five and five, like broken men;  
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the Bateable Land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first o' men that we met wi',  
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!" —

"We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"

"We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,  
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"  
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!" —

Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
And the nevir a word of lore had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?"  
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;

The nevir a word had Dickie to say,  
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;

The water was great and meikle of spait,  
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie;  
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,  
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blaw;  
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,  
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';  
And sae ready was Buccleuch himself  
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,  
He flung him down upon the lead —  
"Had there not been peace between our lands,  
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;  
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"  
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew —  
*O wha dare meddle wi' me?*

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,  
And raised the slogan ane and a',  
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men  
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;  
It was but twenty Scots and ten,  
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulthers, and wi' forehammers,  
 We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,  
 Untill we came to the inner prison.  
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did  
 lie.

And when we cam to the lower  
 prison,  
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did  
 lie, —  
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont  
 Willie,  
 Upon the morn that thou's to  
 die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;  
 It's lang since sleeping was fley'd  
 frae me!  
 Gie my service back to my wife and  
 bairns,  
 And a' gude fellows that spler for  
 me."

Then red Rowan has hente him up,  
 The starkest man in Teviotdale —  
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take  
 farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord  
 Scroope!  
 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!"  
 he cried —

"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,  
 When first we meet on the Border  
 side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and  
 cry,  
 We bore him down the ladder lang;  
 At every stride Red Rowan made,  
 I wot the Kinmont's airns played  
 clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont  
 Willie,  
 "I've ridden horse baith wild and  
 wood;  
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan  
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont  
 Willie,  
 "I've pricked a horse out oure  
 the furs;  
 But since the day I backed a steed,  
 I never wore sic cumbrous  
 spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-  
 bank,  
 When a' the Carlisle bells were  
 rung,  
 And a thousand men on horse and  
 foot,  
 Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope  
 along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Wa-  
 ter,  
 Even where it flowed frae bank to  
 brim,  
 And he has plunged in wi' a' his  
 band,  
 And safely swam them through  
 the stream.

He turned him on the other side.  
 And at Lord Scroope his glove  
 flung he —  
 "If ye like na my visit in merry  
 England,  
 In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord  
 Scroope,  
 He stood as still as rock of stane:  
 He scarcely dared to trust his eyes,  
 When through the water they had  
 gane.

"He is either himsell a devil frae  
 hell,  
 Or else his mother a witch maun  
 be;

I wadna have ridden that wan water  
 For a' the gowd in Christentie."  
 SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

### SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of  
 time,  
 Told in story or sung in rhyme, —  
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of  
 brass,  
 Witch astride of a human back,  
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —  
 The strangest ride that ever was sped  
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!  
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
 heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried  
 in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill re-  
frain:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,  
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a  
corr’t  
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-  
horns’ twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:  
“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,  
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a  
corr’t  
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Small pity for him! — He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur  
Bay, —  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town’s-people on her  
deck!  
“Lay by! lay by!” they called to  
him.

Back he answered, “Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!”  
And off he sailed through the fog  
and rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried  
in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marble-  
head

Over the moaning and rainy sea, —  
Looked for the coming that might  
not be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds  
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed  
away? —

Old Floyd Ireson for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried  
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives  
gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn’s bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and  
cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse  
refrain:

“Here’s Flud Oirson fur his horrd  
horrt,  
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a  
corr’t  
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so  
blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting, far and near:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,  
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a  
corr’t  
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

“Hear me, neighbors!” at last he  
cried, —

“What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the  
skin

To the nameless horror that lives  
within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
Hate me and curse me, — I only  
dread

The hand of God and the face of the  
dead!”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried  
in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!



Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
 Said, "God has touched him! — why  
 should we?"  
 Said an old wife mourning her only  
 son,  
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him  
 run!"  
 So with soft relentings and rude ex-  
 cuse,  
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him  
 loose,  
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
 And left him alone with his shame  
 and sin.  
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his half  
 heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried  
 in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead!

WHITTIER.

#### WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLE.

- THE king called his best archers  
 To the buttes with him to go,  
 "I will see these fellows shoot," he  
 said,  
 "In the north have wrought this  
 wo."

The king's bowmen busk them blyve,  
 And the queen's archers alsoe,  
 So did these three wight yeomen  
 With them they thought to go.

There twice or thrice they shoot  
 about  
 For to assay their hand,  
 There was no shot these yeomen shot  
 That any prick might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudeslé,  
 "By him that for me died,  
 I hold him never no good archer  
 That shooteth at buttes so wide."

"Whereat?" then said our king,  
 "I pray thee tell me:"  
 "At such a butte, sir," he said,  
 "As men use in my countree."

William went into a field,  
 And his two brethren with him,  
 There they set up hazle rods,  
 Twenty score paces between.

"I hold him an archer," said Clou-  
 deslé,

"That yonder wande cleaveth in  
 two."

"Here is none such," said the king,  
 "Nor none that can so do."

"I shall assay, sir," said Cloudeslé,  
 "Or that I farther go."

Cloudeslé with a bearing arrow  
 Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then  
 said the king,

"Forsooth that ever I see;" —

"And yet for your love," said Wil-  
 liam,

"I will do more mastery.

"I have a son is seven years old,  
 He is to me full dear;  
 I will him tie to a stake  
 All shall see that be here.

"And lay an apple upon his head,  
 And go six score paces him fro,  
 And I myself with a broad arrow  
 Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now haste thee then," said the  
 king,

"By him that died on a tree;  
 But if thou do not as thou hast said,  
 Hanged shalt thou be.

"And thou touch his head or gown,  
 In sight that men may see,  
 By all the saints that be in Heaven,  
 I shall hang you all three!"

"That I have promised," said Wil-  
 liam,

"I will it never forsake;"  
 And there even before the king,  
 In the earth he drove a stake,

And bound thereto his eldest son,  
 And bade him stand still thereat,  
 And turned the child's head from  
 him,  
 Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,  
 And then his bow he bent;  
 Six score paces were out-met,  
 And thither Cloudeslé went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,  
His bow was great and long,  
He set that arrow in his bow,  
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that was there,  
That they would still stand,  
"For he that shooteth for such a  
wager,  
Behoveth a steadfast hand."

Much people prayed for Cloudeslé,  
That his life saved might be,  
And when he made him ready to  
shoot  
There was many a weeping eye.

Thus Cloudeslé cleft the apple in two  
That many a man might see;  
"Over-gods forbode," then said the  
king,  
"That thou should shoot at me!

"I give thee eighteen pence a day,  
And my bow shalt thou bear,  
And over all the north country  
I make thee chief rider."

ANON.

## THE HEIR OF LINNE.

### PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,  
To sing a song I will beginne:  
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
Which was the unthrifty heire of  
Linne.

His father was a right good lord,  
His mother a lady of high degree;  
But they, alas! were dead him froe,  
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,  
To drink and revell every night,  
To card and dice from eve to morn,  
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,  
To alway spend and never spare,  
I wott, an' it were the king himself,  
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,  
Till all his gold is gone and spent:  
And he maun sell his landes so broad,  
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewárde,  
And John o' the Scales was callèd  
he:  
But John is become a gentel-man,  
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes "Welcome, welcome, Lord of  
Linne,  
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer:  
If thou wilt sell thy landes so broad,  
Good store of gold I'll give thee  
here."

"My gold is gone, my money is  
spent;  
My lande nowwe take it unto thee:  
Give me the golde, good John o' the  
Scales,  
And thine for aye my lande shall  
be."

Then John he did him to record  
draw,  
And John he cast him a gods-  
pennie;  
But for every pound that John  
agreed,  
The lande, I wis, was well worth  
three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,  
He was right glad his land to winne;  
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And now I'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,  
Both hill and holt, and moor and  
fen,  
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,  
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight.  
"My son, when I am gone," said he,  
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so  
broad,  
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

"But swear me now upon the rood,  
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never  
spend;  
For when all the world doth frown  
on thee,  
Thou there shalt find a faithful  
friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:  
"And come with me, my friends,"  
said he,

"Let's drink, and rant, and merry  
make,  
And he that spares, ne'er mote be  
there."

They ranted, drank, and merry  
made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thin;  
And then his friends they slunk  
away;  
They left the unthrifty heir of  
Linne.

He had never a penny left in his  
purse,  
Never a penny left but three,  
And one was brass, another was lead,  
And another it was white money.

"Now well-a-day" said the heir of  
Linne,  
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,  
For when I was the lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,  
And why should I feel dole or care?  
I'll borrow of them all by turns,  
So need I not be never bare."

But one I wis, was not at home;  
Another had paid his gold away;  
Another called him thriftless loon,  
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of  
Linne,  
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;  
For when I had my landes so broad,  
On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,  
I wis, it were a burning shame;  
To rob and steal it were a sin;  
To work, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend:  
When all the world should frown on  
me  
I there should find a trusty friend."

#### PART THE SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,  
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,  
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,  
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,  
In hope some comfort for to win;  
But bare and lothly were the walls;  
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir  
of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,  
Was hung with ivy, brere and yew;  
No shimmering sun here ever shone,  
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spy,  
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
Nought save a rope with renning  
noose,  
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters  
These words were written so plain  
to see:  
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent  
thine all,  
And brought thyself to penurie?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,  
I therefore left this trusty friend:  
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,  
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,  
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne:  
His heart I wis, was near to brast  
With guilt and sorrow, shame and  
sin.

Never a word spake the heir of  
Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three:  
"This is a trusty friend indeed,  
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he  
drew,  
And sprang aloft with his bodie,  
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,  
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,  
He knew if he were live or dead:  
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
Straight good comfort found he  
there:  
It told him of a hole in the wall,  
In which there stood three chests in-  
fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,  
The third was full of white monéy;  
And over them in broad lettérs  
These words were written so plain  
to see.

"Once more, my sonne, I set thee  
clere;  
Amend thy life and follies past;  
For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be" said the heire of  
Linne,  
"And let it be, but if I amend:  
For here I will make mine avow,  
This reade shall guide me to the  
end."

Away then went with a merry  
cheare,  
Away then went the heire of Linne;  
I wis, he neither ceased ne blanne,  
Till John o' the Scales house he did  
winne.

And when he came to John o' the  
Scales,  
Up at the speere then lookèd he:  
There sate three lords upon a rowe,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-  
head,  
Because now lord of Linne was he;  
"I pray thee" he said, "good John  
o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone;  
Away, away, this may not be:  
For Christ's curse on my head" he  
said,  
"If ever I trust thee one pennie."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales' wife then  
spake he:  
"Madame, some almes on me be-  
stowe,  
I pray for sweet saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
I sweare thou gettest no almes of  
me;  
For if we should hang any losel here,  
The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellowe,  
Which sat at John o' the Scales his  
bord;  
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of  
Linne;  
Some time 'hou wast a well good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast  
been,  
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;  
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,  
And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the  
Scales,  
To let him sit in thy companie:  
For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
All wood he answered him againe:  
"Now Christ's curse on my head"  
he said,  
"But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heir of  
Linne,  
Before these lords so faire and free,  
Thou shalt have it backe again bet-  
ter cheape  
By a hundred markes than I had it  
of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said,  
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:  
"Now by my fay" said the heire of  
Linne,  
"And here, good John, is thy  
monéy."

And he pulled forth three bagges of  
gold,  
And laid them down upon the bord;  
All woe begone was John o' the  
Scales,  
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold.  
He told it forth with mickle dinne.  
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And now Ime againe the lord of  
Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good  
fellowe,  
Forty pence thou didst lend me:  
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,  
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"He make thee keeper of my forrest,  
Both of the wild deere and the tame;  
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,  
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now welladay!" sayth Joan o'  
the Scales;

"Now welladay, and woe is my life!  
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,  
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his  
wife."

"Now fare thee well" said the heire  
of Linne,

"Farewell now, John o' the Scales,"  
said he:

"Christ's curse light on me, if ever  
again

I bring my lands in jeopardy."  
PERCY'S RELIQUES.

### SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

THE Moorish king rides up and  
down

Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gates to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell;  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his  
horse,

And through the street directs his  
course;

Through the street of Zacatin  
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,  
On the moment he ordained  
That the trumpet straight should  
sound,

With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor  
In these words the king before,  
"Wherefore call on us, O king?  
What may mean this gathering?"

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know  
Of a most disastrous blow,  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtained Alhama's hold."

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see,

"Good king, thou art justly served,  
Good king, this thou hast deserved."

Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower:  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the chivalry."

Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O king! is sent  
On thee a double chastisement,  
Thee and thine, thy crown and  
realm,

One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama!"

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's  
eyes,

The monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answered, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—  
Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish king, and doomed him  
dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!

Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The king hath sent to have thee  
seized,

For Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That this for thee should be the  
law,

And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth;  
Let the Moorish monarch know,  
That to him I nothing owe."

Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys;  
And if the king his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most."  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor  
said,  
They severed from the trunk his  
head;  
And to Alhambra's wall with speed  
'Twas carried as the king decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the  
walls  
The sable web of mourning falls!  
The king weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.  
Woe is me, Alhama!  
BYRON.

### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!  
We knew that it was the last;  
That the enemy's lines crept surely  
on,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse  
than death;  
And the men and we all worked  
on;  
It was one day more of smoke and  
roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's  
wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scot-  
tish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
"When my father comes hame frae  
the plough," she said,  
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's  
floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the  
open door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-  
stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
And the soldier's wife, like a full-  
tired child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my  
dream  
Of an English village-lane,  
And wall and garden;—but one  
wild scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face; and she caught my  
hand  
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! O! dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa?  
The McGregor's. O! I ken it weel;  
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!  
We're saved! we're saved!" she  
cried;  
And fell on her knees; and thanks  
to God  
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry  
Had fallen among the men,  
And they started back;—they were  
there to die;  
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling  
fire  
Far off, and the far-off roar,  
Were all; and the colonel shook his  
head,  
And they turned to their guns  
once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;  
But winna ye hear it noo.  
*The Campbells are comin'?* It's no a  
dream;  
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle  
afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear;  
So the men plied their work of hope-  
less war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—  
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:  
It was no noise from the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!  
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.

It came to our men like the voice of  
God,  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where he  
stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed  
them,

Our men put Jessie first;  
And the general gave her his hand,  
and cheers  
Like a storm from the soldiers  
burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan  
streamed,  
Marching round and round our  
line;

And our joyful cheers were broken  
with tears,  
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT LOWELL.

### SIR ANDREW BARTON.

#### THE FIRST PART.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flow-  
ers  
Bedecked the earth so trim and  
gaye,  
And Neptune with his dainty show-  
ers  
Came to present the month of  
Maye,  
King Henry rode to take the air,  
Over the River Thames past he;  
When eighty merchants of London  
came,  
And down they knelt upon their  
knee.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchants,  
Good saylors, welcome unto me:"  
They swore by the rood, they were  
saylors good,

But rich merchants they could not  
be.

"To France nor Flanders dare we  
pass,  
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare,  
And all for a robber that lyes on the  
seas,  
Who robs us of our merchant  
ware."

King Henry frowned, and turned  
him round,  
And swore by the Lord that was  
mickle of might,  
"I thought he had not been in the  
world,  
Durst have wrought England such  
unright."

The merchants sighed and said,  
"Alas!"

And thus they did their answer  
frame;

"He is a proud Scot that robs on  
the seas,  
And Sir Andrew Barton is his  
name."

The king looked over his left shoul-  
der,

And an angry look then looked he:  
"Have I never a lord in all my realm  
Will fetch yond traitor unto me?"

"Yea, that dare I," Lord Charles  
Howard says;

"Yea, that dare I with heart and  
hand;

If it please your grace to give me  
leave,

Myself will be the only man."

"Thou art but young," the king  
replied,

"Yond Scot hath numbered many  
a year:"

"Trust me, my liege, I'll make him  
quail,

Or before my prince I'll never  
appear."

"Then bowmen and gunners thou  
shalt have,

And chuse them over my realm so  
free;

Besides mariners and good sea-boys,  
To guide the great ship on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard  
chose,  
Was the ablest gunner in all the  
realm,  
Though he was threescore years and  
ten;  
Good Peter Simon was his name.  
"Peter," says he, "I must to the  
sea  
To bring home a traitor live or  
dead;  
Before all others I have chosen thee,  
Of a hundred gunners to be the  
head."

"If you, my lord, have chosen me  
Of a hundred gunners to be the  
head,  
Then hang me up on your main-  
mast tree,  
If I miss my mark one shilling  
bread." \*

My lord then chose a bowman rare,  
Whose active hands had gainèd  
fame;  
In Yorkshire was this gentleman  
born,  
And William Horseley was his  
name.

"Horseley," said he, "I must with  
speed  
Go seek a traitor on the sea,  
And now of a hundred bowmen  
brave  
To be the head I have chosen  
thee."

"If you," quoth he, "have chosen  
me  
Of a hundred bowmen to be the  
head,  
On your mainmast I'll hangèd be,  
If I miss twelvescore one penny  
bread."

With pikes, and guns, and bowmen  
bold,  
This noble Howard is gone to the  
sea;  
With a valiant heart and a pleasant  
cheer,  
Out at Thamés mouth sailed he.  
And days he scant had sailèd three,  
Upon the journey he took in hand,  
But there he met with a noble ship,  
And stoutly made it stay and  
stand.

\* Broad.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard  
said,  
"Now who thou art, and what's  
thy name;  
And show me where thy dwelling is,  
And whither bound, and whence  
thou came."  
"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth  
he,  
With a heavy heart and a careful  
mind;  
"I and my ship do both belong  
To the Newcastle that stands upon  
Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, now, Henry  
Hunt,  
As thou hast sailed by day and by  
night,  
Of a Scottish robber on the seas;  
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton,  
knight?"  
Then ever he sighed, and said,  
"Alas!"  
With a grievèd mind and well-  
away,  
"But over-well I know that wight;  
I was his prisoner yesterday."

"As I was sailing upon the sea,  
A Bordeaux voyage for to fare,  
To his hachborde he clasped me,  
And robbed me of all my merchant  
ware.  
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,  
And every man will have his own,  
And I am now to London bound,  
Of our gracious king to beg a boon."

"Thou shalt not need," Lord How-  
ard says;  
"Let me but once that robber see,  
For every penny tane thee fro  
It shall be doubled shillings  
three."  
"Now God forfend," the merchant  
said,  
"That you should seek so far  
amiss!  
God keep you out of that traitor's  
hands!  
Full little ye wot what a man he is."

"He is brass within, and steel with-  
out,  
With beams on his topcastle strong;  
And eighteen pieces of ordinance  
He carries on each side along."



"And he hath a pinnace dearly  
dight,  
St. Andrew's cross, that is his  
guide;  
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,  
And fifteen cannons on each side.

"Were ye twenty ships, and he but  
one,  
I swear by kirk, and bower, and  
hall,  
He would overcome them every one,  
If once his beams they do down-  
fall."

"This is cold comfort," said my  
lord,  
"To welcome a stranger thus to  
the sea:  
Yet I'll bring him and his ship to  
the shore,  
Or to Scotland he shall carry me."

"Then a noble gunner you must  
have,  
And he must aim well with his ee,  
And sink his pinnace into the sea,  
Or else he never overcome will be.  
And if you chance his ship to board,  
This counsell I must give withal,  
Let no man to his topcastle go  
To strive to let his beams down-  
fall.

"And seven pieces of ordinance,  
I pray your honor lend to me,  
On each side of my ship along,  
And I will lead you on the sea.  
A glass I'll get, that may be seen,  
Whether you sail by day or night,  
And to-morrow, I swear, by nine of  
the clock,  
You shall meet with Sir Andrew  
Barton, knight."

#### THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sette my lord a glass,  
So well apparent in his sight,  
And on the morrow, by nine of the  
clock,  
He showed him Sir Andrew Bar-  
ton, knight.  
His hacheborde it was hached with  
gold,  
So dearly dight it dazzled the ee;  
"Now, by my faith," Lord Howard  
said,  
"This is a gallant sight to see.

"Take in your ancients, standard  
eke,  
To close that no man may them  
see;  
And put me forth a white willow  
wand,  
As merchants use to sail the sea."  
But they stirred neither top nor  
mast;  
Stoutly they passed Sir Andrew by;  
"What English churls are yonder,"  
he said,  
"That can so little curtesie?"

"Now by the rood, three years and  
more  
I have been admiral over the sea,  
And never an English or Portugal.  
Without my leave can pass this  
way."  
Then called he forth his stout pin-  
nace;  
"Fetch back yon peddlers now to  
me:  
I swear by the mass, yon English  
churls  
Shall all hang at my mainmast  
tree."

With that the pinnace it shot off:  
Full well Lord Howard might it  
ken;  
For it stroke down my lord's fore-  
mast,  
And killed fourteen of his men.  
"Come hither, Simon," says my lord,  
"Look that thy word be true,  
thou said:  
For at the mainmast shalt thou hang,  
If thou miss thy mark one shilling  
bread."

Simon was old, but his heart was  
bold:  
His ordinance he laid right low:  
He put in chain full nine yards long,  
With other great shot less and  
more,  
And he let go his great gun's shott:  
So well he settled it with his ee,  
The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,  
He saw his pinnace sunk in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunk,  
Lord, how his heart with rage did  
swell!  
"Now, cut my ropes, it is time to be  
gone;

I'll fetch you peddlers back my-  
sell."  
When my lord saw Sir Andrew loose,  
Within his heart he was full fain;  
"Now spread your ancients, strike  
up drums,  
Sound all your trumpets out  
amain."

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew  
says,  
"Weale, howsoever this gear will  
sway:

It is my lord admiral of England,  
Is come to seek me on the sea."  
Simon had a son who shot right well,  
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;  
In at his deck he gave a shot,  
Killed threescore of his men of war.

Then Henry Hunt, with vigor hot,  
Came bravely on the other side;  
Soon hedrove down his foremast tree,  
And killed fourscore men beside.  
"Now, out alas!" Sir Andrew cried,  
"What may a man now think or  
say?

Yonder merchant thief that pierceth  
me,  
He was my prisoner yesterday.

"Come hither to me, thou Gordon  
good,  
That aye was ready at my call;  
I will give thee three hundred  
pounds  
If thou wilt let my beams down-  
fall."

Lord Howard he then called in haste,  
"Horsely, see thou be true in  
stead;  
For thou shalt at the mainmast hang,  
If thou miss twelvescore one pen-  
ny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the mainmast  
tree,  
He swarved it with might and  
main;  
But Horsely with a bearing arrow  
Stroke the Gordon through the  
brain;  
And he fell unto the haches again,  
And sore his deadly wound did  
bleed:  
Then word went through Sir An-  
drew's men,  
How that the Gordon he was dead.

"Come hither to me, James Ham-  
bilton,  
Thou art my only sister's son;  
If thou wilt let my beams downfall,  
Six hundred nobles thou hast won."  
With that he swarved the mainmast  
tree,  
He swarved it with nimble art;  
But Horsely with a broad arrow  
Pierced the Hambilton through  
the heart;

And down he fell upon the deck,  
That with his blood did stream  
amain:  
Then every Scot cried, "Walaway!  
Alas, a comely youth is slain!"  
All wo begone was Sir Andrew then,  
With grief and rage his heart did  
swell;  
"Go fetch me forth my armor of  
proof,  
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

"Go fetch me forth my armor of  
proof,  
That gilded is with gold so clear;  
God be with my brother, John of  
Barton!  
Against the Portugalls he it ware.  
And when he had on this armor of  
proof,  
He was a gallant sight to see;  
Ah! ne'er didst thou meet with liv-  
ing wight,  
My dear brother, could cope with  
thee."

"Come hither, Horsely," says my  
lord,  
"And look your shaft that it go  
right;  
Shoot a good shot in time of need,  
And for it thou shalt be made a  
knight."  
"I'll shoot my best," quoth Horsely  
then,  
"Your honor shall see, with might  
and main;  
But if I were hanged at your main-  
mast,  
I have now left but arrows twain."

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,  
With right goodwill he swarved it  
then,  
Upon his breast did Horsely hitt,  
But the arrow bounded back again.

Then Horsely spied a private place,  
With a perfect eye, in a secret part;  
Under the spole of his right arm  
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew  
says,

"A little I'm hurt, but yet not  
slain;  
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,  
And then I'll rise and fight again.  
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew  
says,

"And never flinch before the foe;  
And stand fast by St. Andrew's  
cross,  
Until you hear my whistle blow."

They never heard his whistle blow,  
Which made their hearts wax sore  
adread:

Then Horsely said, "Aboard, my  
lord,  
For well I wot Sir Andrew's  
dead."

They boarded then his noble ship,  
They boarded it with might and  
main;

Eighteen score Scots alive they  
found,  
The rest were either maimed or  
slain.

Lord Howard took a sword in hand,  
And off he smote Sir Andrew's  
head;

"I must have left England many a  
day,

If thou wert alive as thou art  
dead."

He caused his body to be cast  
Over the hatchbord into the sea,  
And about his middle three hundred  
crowns:

"Wherever thou land, this will  
bury thee."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard  
came,

And back he sailed o'er the main;  
With mickle joy and triumphing  
Into Thames' mouth he came  
again.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,  
And sealed it with seal and ring:

"Such a noble prize have I brought  
to your grace

As never did subject to a king.

"Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me,  
A braver ship was never none;  
Now hath your grace two ships of  
war,

Before in England was but one."  
King Henry's grace with royal  
cheer

Welcomed the noble Howard  
home;

"And where," said he, "is this ro-  
ver stout,  
That I myself may give the  
doom?"

"The rover, he is safe, my liege,  
Full many a fathom in the sea;  
If he were alive as he is dead,  
I must have left England many a  
day.

And your grace may thank four men  
in the ship,

For the victory we have won;  
These are William Horsely, Henry  
Hunt,  
And Peter Simon, and his son."

"To Henry Hunt," the king then  
said,

"In lieu of what was from thee  
taen,  
A noble a day now thou shalt have,  
Sir Andrew's jewels and his  
chain.

And Horsely thou shalt be a knight,  
And lands and livings shalt have  
store;

Howard shall be Earl Surry hight.  
As Howards erst have been before.

"Now Peter Simon, thou art old,  
I will maintain thee and thy son:  
And the men shall have five hun-  
dred marks

For the good service they have  
done."

Then in came the queen with ladies  
fair,

To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight;  
They weened that he were brought  
on shore,

And thought to have seen a gal-  
lant sight.

But when they see his deadly face,  
And eyes so hollow in his head,

"I would give," quoth the king, "a  
thousand marks,

This man were alive as he is dead.

Yet for the manful part he played,  
Which fought so well with heart  
and hand,  
His men shall have twelvepence a day,  
Till they come to my brother  
king's high land."

## SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine:  
"O where will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee:  
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud, loud laughed he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick  
read,  
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out at this time of the  
year,  
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be  
it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Mone-  
day morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week  
In Noroway, but twae,  
When that the lords o' Noroway  
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's  
gowd  
And a' our queen's fee."  
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!"

"For I hae brought as much white  
monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I hae brought a half-fou o'  
gude red gowd  
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry  
men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn."  
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!"

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the  
wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts  
lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves came o'er the broken  
ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast  
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step, but barely ane,  
When a bout flew out of our goodly  
ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken  
claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side  
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken  
claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapped them roun' that  
gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots  
lords  
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!  
But lang or a' the play was played,  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed  
That floated on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair came hame.

The ladies wrange their fingers  
white,  
The maidens tore their hair;  
A' for the sake of their true loves, —  
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,  
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,  
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it  
flew;  
And it was "Hey for hame!  
And ho for hame!" But the skip-  
per cried,  
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea  
faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':  
"Haud on for Dumferline!"  
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo'  
the land —  
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,  
And he steered the ship sae free;  
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,  
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in  
this, I vow;  
This is something underhand!  
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper,  
"Yer grace forgets  
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;  
And the east wind sank behind;  
And the west had a bitter word to  
say,  
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the  
north.  
Said the king: "Gar fling him  
o'er."  
Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a'  
ye're worth!  
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,  
To drink the gude French wine.  
And up she came, his daughter fair,  
And lulkit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin'  
hall,  
To the hail but and the weet;  
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's  
hersel',  
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin'  
win' —  
"What's that ahead?" quo she.  
The skipper he threw himsel' frae  
the win',  
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!  
Put to yer hand," quoth he;  
"Gin she dinna face the win' the  
mair,  
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength  
is strength,  
Whether woman's or man's at last.  
To the tiller the lady she laid her  
han',  
And the ship laid her cheek to the  
blast.

For that slender body was full o'  
soul,  
And the will is mair than shape;  
As the skipper saw when they cleared  
the berg,  
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady  
fair,  
And a princess grand to see;  
But ye are a woman, and a man wad  
sail  
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;  
Her een flashed, and syne they  
swam.  
"And what for no to heaven?" she  
says,  
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the  
good ship's helm,  
Until the day did daw;  
And the skipper he spak, but what  
he said  
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship, she lay to,  
With the land far on the lee;  
And up came the king upo' the  
deck,  
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:  
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.  
Said the king, like a prince, "I was  
a' wrang,  
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the  
stars cam oot,  
And the ship turned to the shore;  
And, afore the sun was up again,  
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-  
heid,  
And the king he stept on the land.  
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he  
said,  
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,  
The king his blade he drew:  
Said the king, "How daured ye con-  
tre me?  
I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,  
"For the Lord alone can do that;  
And besides ye took it intil yer ain  
han',  
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my  
ring;  
For ance I am at your beck.  
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o'  
Doon,  
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at  
the king  
In his een for all his croon;  
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's  
ring,  
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's  
face, —  
A wrathful man to see:  
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;  
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his  
ship,  
And he drew his biting blade;  
And he struck the chain that held  
her fast,  
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;  
And tramp, tramp, down the  
pier,  
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,  
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady  
fair;  
"His life ye daurna spill!"  
"Will ye come atween me and my  
hate?"  
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam the knights wi' spur  
and spear,  
For they heard the iron ring.  
"Gin ye care na for yer father's  
grace,  
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,  
Right lowly on my knee;  
But I stand and look the king in the  
face,  
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the  
deck,  
And the cable splashed in the sea.  
The good ship spread her wings sae  
white,  
And away with the skipper goes  
she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,  
And a brave lady beside?  
And a woman with whom a man  
might sail

Into the heaven wi' pride?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### WRECK OF "THE GRACE OF SUNDERLAND."

"He's a rare man,  
Our parson; half a head above us all."

"That's a great gift, and notable,"  
said I.

"Ay, Sir; and when he was a younger  
man

He went out in the life-boat very oft,  
Before 'The Grace of Sunderland'  
was wrecked.

He's never been his own man since  
that hour;

For there were thirty men aboard of  
her,

Anigh as close as you are now to me,  
And ne'er a one was saved.

They're lying now,  
With two small children, in a row:  
the church

And yard are full of seamen's graves,  
and few

Have any names.

She bumped upon the reef;  
Our parson, my young son, and  
several more

Were lashed together with a two-inch  
rope,

And crept along to her; their mates  
ashore

Ready to haul them in. The gale  
was high,

The sea was all a boiling seething  
froth,

And God Almighty's guns were  
going off,

And the land trembled.

"When she took the ground,  
She went to pieces like a lock of hay  
Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it  
came to that,

The captain reeled on deck with  
two small things,

One in each arm — his little lad and  
lass.

Their hair was long and blew before  
his face,

Or else we thought he had been  
saved; he fell,

But held them fast. The crew, poor  
luckless souls!

The breakers licked them off; and  
some were crushed,

Some swallowed in the yeast, some  
flung up dead,

The dear breath beaten out of them:  
not one

Jumped from the wreck upon the  
reef to catch

The hands that strained to reach,  
but tumbled back

With eyes wide open. But the cap-  
tain lay

And clung — the only man alive.  
They prayed —

'For God's sake, captain, throw the  
children here!'

'Throw them!' our parson cried;  
and then she struck:

And he threw one, a pretty two  
years' child,

But the gale dashed him on the  
slippery verge,

And down he went. They say they  
heard him cry.

"Then he rose up and took the other  
one,

And all our men reached out their  
hungry arms,

And cried out, 'Throw her, throw  
her!' and he did.

He threw her right against the pa-  
son's breast,

And all at once a sea broke over them.  
And they that saw it from the shore

have said

It struck the wreck, and piecemeal  
scattered it,

Just as a woman might the lump of  
salt

That 'twixt her hands into the  
kneading-pan

She breaks and crumbles on her  
rising bread.

"We hauled our men in: two of them were dead —  
The sea had beaten them, their heads hung down;  
Our parson's arms were empty, for the wave  
Had torn away the pretty, pretty lamb;  
We often see him stand beside her grave:  
But 'twas no fault of his, no fault of his."

JEAN INGELow.

### THE DROWNED LOVERS.

WILLIE stands in his stable door,  
And clapping at his steed;  
And looking o'er his white fingers,  
His nose began to bleed.

"Gie corn to my horse, mother;  
And meat to my young man:  
And I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,  
I'll win ere she lie down."

"O bide this night wi' me, Willie,  
O bide this night wi' me;  
The best an' cock o' a' the reest,  
At your supper shall be."

"A' your cocks, and a' your reests,  
I value not a prin;  
For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,  
I'll win ere she lie down."

"Stay this night wi' me, Willie,  
O stay this night wi' me;  
The best an' sheep in a' the flock  
At your supper shall be."

"A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,  
I value not a prin;  
For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,  
I'll win ere she lie down."

"O an' ye gang to Meggie's bower,  
Sae sair against my will,  
The deepest pot in Clyde's water,  
My malison ye's feel."

"The guld steed that I ride upon  
Cost me thrice thretty pound;  
And I'll put trust in his swift feet,  
T' hae me safe to land."

As he rade ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
The noise that was in Clyde's water  
Wou'd fear'd five hunder men.

"Ye're roaring loud, Clyde water,  
Your waves seem ower strang;  
Make me your wreck as I come back,  
But spare me as I gang."

Then he is on to Meggie's bower,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie," he said,  
"Ye'll open, lat me come in."

"O wha is this at my bower door,  
That calls me by my name?"  
"It is your first love, sweet Willie,  
This night newly come hame."

"I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,  
As few hae I therein;  
The best an' love that ever I had,  
Was here just late yestreen."

"The warstan stable in a' your stables,  
For my puir steed to stand;  
The warstan bower in a' your bowers,  
For me to lie therein:  
My boots are fu' o' Clyde's water,  
I'm shivering at the chin."

"My barns are fu' o' corn, Willie,  
My stables are fu' o' hay;  
My bowers are fu' o' gentlemen;—  
They'll nae remove till day."

"O fare-ye-well, my fause Meggie,  
O farewell, and adieu;  
I've gotten my mither's malison,  
This night coming to you."

As he rode ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den;  
The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
Took Willie's cane fra him.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,  
To catch his cane again;  
The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
Took Willie's hat frae him.



He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,  
To catch his hat thro' force;  
The rushing that was, in Clyde's  
water  
Took Willie frae his horse.

His brither stood upo' the bank,  
Says, "Fye, man, will ye drown?  
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse  
head,  
And learn how to sowm."

"How can I turn to my horse head,  
And learn how to sowm?  
I've gotten my mither's malison,  
It's here that I maun drown!"

The very hour this young man sank  
Into the pot sae deep,  
Up it waken'd his love, Meggie,  
Out o' her drowsy sleep.

"Come here, come here, my mither  
dear,  
And read this dreary dream;  
I dream'd my love was at our gates,  
And nane wad let him in."

"Lye still, lye still now, my Meg-  
gie,  
Lye still and tak your rest;  
Sin' your true love was at your gates,  
It's but twa quarters past."

Nimble, nimble raise she up,  
And nimble pat she on;  
And the higher that the lady cried,  
The louder blew the win'.

The first an' step that she stepp'd in,  
She stepped to the queet;  
"Ohon, alas!" said that lady,  
"This water's wondrous deep."

The next an' step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the knee;  
Says she, "I cou'd wade farther in,  
If I my love cou'd see."

The next an' step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the chin;  
The deepest pot in Clyde's water,  
She got sweet Willie in.

"You've had a cruel mither, Willie,  
And I have had anither;  
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,  
Like sister an' like brither."

## WINSTANLEY.

WINSTANLEY's deed, you kindly  
folk,

With it I fill my lay,  
And a nobler man ne'er walked the  
world,  
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship "Snowdrop" tarried  
long,  
Up at the vane looked he;  
"Belike," he said, for the wind had  
dropped,  
"She lieth becalmed at sea."

The lovely ladies flocked within,  
And still would each one say,  
"Good mercer, be the ships come  
up?"  
But still he answered, "Nay."

Then stepped two mariners down the  
street,  
With looks of grief and fear:  
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,  
We bring you evil cheer!"

"For the good ship 'Snowdrop'  
struck, — she struck  
On the rock, — the Eddystone,  
And down she went with threescore  
men,  
We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep, with freight and  
crew,  
Past any help she lies,  
And never a bale has come to shore  
Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth o' gold and comely  
frieze,"  
Winstanley said, and sighed,  
"For velvet coif, or costly coat,  
They fathoms deep may bide.

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and  
kind,  
O mariners, bold and true,  
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,  
A-thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast  
Shall feel a weight within,  
For a waft of wind he shall be  
'feared,  
And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy  
To pace the cheerful town,  
And see the lovely ladies gay  
Step on in velvet gown."

The "Snowdrop" sank at Lammas  
tide,  
All under the yeasty spray;  
On Christmas Eve the brig "Con-  
tent"  
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,  
So jolly as he sat then,  
While drank the toast and praised  
the roast  
The round-faced Aldermen, —

While serving lads ran to and fro,  
Pouring the ruby wine,  
And jellies trembled on the board,  
And towering pasties fine, —

While loud huzzas ran up the roof  
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,  
And holly-boughs from rafters hung  
Dropped down their berries red, —

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,  
With every rising tide,  
How the wave washed in his sailor  
lads,  
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board:  
"Now, stranger, who be ye?"  
He looked to right, he looked to left,  
And "Rest you merry," quoth he;

For you did not see the brig go down,  
Or ever a storm had blown;  
For you did not see the white wave  
rear  
At the rock, — the Eddystone.

"She drave at the rock with stern-  
sails set;  
Crash went the masts in twain;  
She staggered back with her mortal  
blow,  
Then leaped at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and  
strong;  
The misty moon looked out!  
And the water swarmed with sea-  
men's heads,  
And the wreck was strewed about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea  
As I clung to the rock alone;  
Then she heeled over, and down she  
went,  
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one!  
For naught could bide the shock."  
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,  
"And see this deadly rock.

"For never again shall bark o' mine  
Sail over the windy sea,  
Unless, by the blessing of God, for  
this  
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town  
All in the sleet and the snow;  
And he looked around on shore and  
sound,  
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,  
And shot up its stately head,  
Reared, and fell over, and reared  
again:  
"Tis the rock! the rock!" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way:  
"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,  
"I am a mercer of London town,  
And owner of vessels three, —

"But for your rock of dark renown,  
I had five to track the main."  
"You are one of many," the old  
Mayor said,  
"That on the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer! your words  
ring right,  
Well with my thoughts they chime,  
For my two sons to the world to come  
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good Master  
Mayor,  
And a score of shipwrights free,  
For I think to raise a lantern tower  
On this rock o' destiny."

The old Mayor laughed, but sighed  
also:  
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash;  
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it  
out  
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,  
He shall have evil lot;  
For the calmest seas that tumble there  
Froth like a boiling pot.

"And the heavier seas few look on  
nigh,  
But straight they lay him dead;  
A seventy-gun-ship, sir! — they'll  
shoot  
Higher than her masthead.

"Oh, beacons sighted in the dark,  
They are right welcome things,  
And pitchpots flaming on the shore  
Show fair as angel wings.

"Hast gold in hand? then light the  
land,  
It 'longs to thee and me;  
But let alone the deadly rock  
In God Almighty's sea."

Yet said he, "Nay, — I must away,  
On the rock to set my feet;  
My debts are paid, my will I made,  
Or ever I did thee greet.

"If I must die, then let me die  
By the rock, and not elsewhere;  
If I may live, O let me live  
To mount my lighthouse stair."

The old Mayor looked him in the face,  
And answered, "Have thy way;  
Thy heart is stout, as if round about  
It was braced with an iron stay:

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy  
men,  
Put off from the storm-rid shore;  
God with thee be, or I shall see  
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,  
And foam flew up the lea,  
Morning and even the drifted snow  
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose him men and gear;  
He said, "My time I waste,"  
For the seas ran seething up the shore,  
And the wrack drove on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,  
Pacing the strand alone,  
Or ever he sat his manly foot  
On the rock, — the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,  
And worked with power and might:  
Whatever the man reared up by day  
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,  
He sailed to shore at flow;  
And at his side, by that same tide,  
Came bar and beam also.

"Give in, give in," the old Mayor  
cried,  
"Or thou wilt rue the day."  
"Yonder he goes," the townsfolk  
sighed,  
But the rock will have its way.

"For all his looks that are so stout,  
And his speeches brave and fair,  
He may wait on the wind, wait on  
the wave,  
But he'll build no lighthouse  
there."

In fine weather and foul weather  
The rock his arts did flout,  
Through the long days and the short  
days,  
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather  
Another year came in;  
"To take his wage," the workmen  
said,  
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,  
And a sea-fog settled down,  
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea,  
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,  
As he was wont to do:  
They showed in the fog like ghosts  
full faint, —  
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed away,  
For a long eight days and more;  
"God help our men," quoth the  
women then;  
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and  
dread:  
"Where may our mariners be?"  
But the brooding fog lay soft as down  
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,  
The thirteenth day at e'en;  
"As I am a man," the captain cried,  
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my  
masters all,  
At sea, in the fog and the rain,  
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping  
low,  
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant  
showed,  
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee;  
What manner of creatures may be  
those  
That built upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be  
praised!"  
And they flocked to the shore  
again:  
All over the Hoe that livelong night,  
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased; and the red sun reared his  
head,  
And the rolling fog did flee;  
And, lo! in the offing faint and far  
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer  
The stately tower uprose;  
In foul weather, with hunger and  
cold,  
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,  
To fire the wick afar;  
And Plymouth in the silent night  
Looked out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore:  
Said he, "My work is done;  
I hold it strong to last as long  
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,  
Borne down with ruin and rout,  
Another than I shall rear it high,  
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,  
For now the way is plain;  
And though I were dead," Winstanley  
said,  
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest  
night  
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere  
good,  
Amid their tremulous stirs,  
To count each stroke when the mad  
waves broke,  
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,  
That I should with it fall;  
Since, for my part, I have built my  
heart  
In the courses of its wall.

"Ay! I were fain, long to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest  
night  
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,  
And left the rock renowned,  
And summer and winter his pilot star  
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,  
That he would put to sea,  
To scan once more his lighthouse  
tower  
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm  
broke,  
And wrecks came plunging in;  
None in the town that night lay down  
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling  
graves,  
And each flung up its dead;  
The seething flow was white below,  
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray  
dawn, —  
Broke on the trembling town,  
And men looked south to the harbor  
mouth,  
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth  
sleep,  
Who made it shine afar,

And then in the night that drowned  
its light,  
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious  
glooms

At Westminster they show;  
The brave and the great lie there in  
state:

Winstanley lieth low.

JEAN INGELow.

### FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd  
hears,

A cry as of a dog or fox;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks:  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen  
Glancing from that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;  
With something, as the shepherd  
thinks,

Unusual in its cry:  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear:  
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June December's  
snow;

A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land,  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the ravens' croak  
In symphony austere;  
Thither the rainbow comes—the  
cloud—

And mists that spread the flying  
shroud;

And sunbeams: and the sounding  
blast,

That, if it could, would hurry past,  
But that enormous barrier binds it  
fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a  
while  
The shepherd stood; then makes his  
way

Towards the dog, o'er rocks and  
stones,

As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground;  
The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fallen, that place of  
fear!

At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear:  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this  
way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell!

A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering  
nigh,

Repeating the same timid cry,  
This dog had been through three  
months' space

A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the  
day

On which the traveller thus had died  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side:

How nourished here through such  
long time

He knows, who gave that love sub-  
lime,

And gave that strength of feeling,  
great

Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

### HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the  
mighty Helvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me  
gleaned misty and wide;

All was still, save by fits, when the  
eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the  
echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the  
 Red-tarn was bending,  
 And Catchedicam its left verge was  
 defending,  
 One huge nameless rock in the  
 front was ascending,  
 When I marked the sad spot  
 where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the  
 brown mountain heather,  
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay  
 stretched in decay,  
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
 Till the mountain-winds wasted  
 the tenantless clay.  
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely  
 extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute  
 favorite attended,  
 The much-loved remains of her  
 master defended,  
 And chased the hill-fox and the  
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his  
 silence was slumber?  
 When the wind waved his garment,  
 how oft didst thou  
 start?  
 How many long days and long weeks  
 didst thou number,  
 Ere he faded before thee, the  
 friend of thy heart?  
 And, oh, was it meet, that, no requiem  
 read o'er him, —  
 No mother to weep, and no friend to  
 deplore him,  
 And thou, little guardian, alone  
 stretched before him, —  
 Unhonored the Pilgrim from life  
 should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the  
 Peasant has yielded,  
 The tapestry waves dark round  
 the dim-lighted hall;  
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin  
 is shielded,  
 And pages stand mute by the canopied  
 pall:  
 Through the courts, at deep midnight,  
 the torches are gleaming;  
 In the proudly-arched chapel the  
 banners are beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred  
 music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a Chief of the People  
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of  
 nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the  
 meek mountain lamb,  
 When, wildered, he drops from  
 some cliff huge in stature,  
 And draws his last sob by the side  
 of his dam.  
 And more stately thy couch by this  
 desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray  
 plover flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness  
 thy dying,  
 In the arms of Helvellyn and  
 Catchedicam.

SCOTT.

#### GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds,  
 And bards have sung them well:  
 I of good George Nidiver  
 Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains  
 A hunter bold was he:  
 Keen his eye and sure his aim  
 As any you should see.

A little Indian boy  
 Followed him everywhere,  
 Eager to share the hunter's joy,  
 The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer  
 Fell by the hunter's skill,  
 The boy was always near  
 To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft  
 Between two mountains steep,  
 Shut in both right and left,  
 Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,  
 With hunger fierce and fell,  
 Rush at them unawares  
 Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,  
 And ran with terror wild:  
 One of the pair of savage beasts  
 Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun, —  
 He knew *one* charge was all, —  
 And through the boy's pursuing foe  
 He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver  
 Came on with dreadful pace:  
 The hunter stood unarmed,  
 And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood:  
 Against those frightful paws  
 The rifle butt, or club of wood,  
 Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,  
 And looked him in the face:  
 The wild beast stopped amazed,  
 Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,  
 Although his heart beat high:  
 Again the creature stopped,  
 And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,  
 Nor yet an inch gave way;  
 The bear turned slowly round,  
 And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind  
 It would be hard to spell:  
 What thoughts were in George  
 Nidiver  
 I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,  
 Swift choice of generous part,  
 Showed in its passing gleam  
 The depths of a brave heart.

E. H.

### SVEND VONVED.

[From the old Danish.]

SVEND VONVED binds his sword to  
 his side;  
 He fain will battle with knights of  
 pride.

"When may I look for thee once  
 more here?"

When roast the heifer, and spice the  
 beer?"

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"When stones shall take, of them-  
 selves, a flight,  
 And ravens' feathers are woxen  
 white,

Then expect Svend Vonved home:  
 In all my days, I will never come."  
 Look out, look out, Svend Vonved

His mother took that in evil part:  
 "I hear, young gallant, that mad  
 thou art;  
 Wherever thou goest, on land or sea,  
 Disgrace and shame shall attend on  
 thee."  
 Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

He kissed her thrice with his lips of  
 fire:  
 "Appease, O mother, appease thine  
 ire!  
 Ne'er wish me any mischance to  
 know,  
 For thou canst not tell how far I may  
 go."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Then I will bless thee, this very  
 day;  
 Thou never shalt perish in any fray;  
 Success shall be in thy courser tall,  
 Success in thyself which is best of  
 all.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Success in thy hand, success in thy  
 foot,  
 In struggle with man, in battle with  
 brute;  
 The Holy God and Saint Drotten dear  
 Shall guide and watch thee through  
 thy career."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved took up the word  
 again —

"I'll range the mountain, and rove  
 the plain,  
 Peasant and noble I'll wound and  
 slay;  
 All, all, for my father's wrong shall  
 pay."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

His helm was blinking against the  
 sun,  
 His spurs were clinking his heels  
 upon,  
 His horse was springing, with bridle  
 ringing,  
 While sat the warrior wildly singing  
 Look out, look out, Svend Vonved

He rode and lilted, he rode and sang,  
Then met he by chance Sir Thulé Vang;  
Sir Thulé Vang, with his twelve sons bold,  
All cased in iron, the bright and cold.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved took his sword from his side,  
He fain would battle with knights so tried;  
The proud Sir Thulé he first ran through,  
And then, in succession, his sons he slew.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved binds his sword to his side,  
It lists him farther to ride, to ride;  
He rode along by the grené shaw,  
The Brute-carl there with surprise he saw.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

A wild swine sat on his shoulders broad,  
Upon his bosom a black bear snored;  
And about his fingers with hair o'erhung,  
The squirrel sported and weasel clung.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Now, Brute-carl, yield thy booty to me,  
Or I will take it by force from thee.  
Say, wilt thou quickly thy beasts forego,  
Or venture with me to bandy a blow?"  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Much rather, much rather, I'll fight with thee,  
Than thou my booty should get from me:  
I never was bidden the like to do,  
Since good King Esmer in fight I slew."  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"And didst thou slay King Esmer fine?  
Why, then thou slewest dear father mine;

And soon, full soon, shalt thou pay for him,  
With the flesh hackt off from thy every limb!"  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

They drew a circle upon the sward;  
They both were dour, as the rocks are hard;  
Forsooth, I tell you, their hearts were steeled,—  
The one to the other no jot would yield.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

They fought for a day, — they fought for two, —  
And so on the third they were fain to do;  
But ere the fourth day reached the night,  
The Brute-carl fell, and was slain outright.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved binds his sword to his side,  
Farther and farther he lists to ride;  
He rode at the foot of a hill so steep,  
There saw he a herd as he drove the sheep.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Now listen, Herd, with the fleecy care;  
Listen, and give me answers fair.  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"What is rounder than a wheel?  
Where do they eat the hollest meal?  
Where does the sun go down to his seat?  
And where do they lay the dead man's feet?  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"What fills the valleys one and all?  
What is clothed best in the monarch's hall?  
What cries more loud than cranes can cry?  
And what in whiteness the swan out-vie?  
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Who on his back his beard doth wear?  
Who 'neath his chin his nose doth bear?



What's more black than the blackest  
sloe?

And what is swifter than a roe?

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Where is the bridge that is most  
broad?

What is, by man, the most ab-  
horred?

Where leads, where leads, the high-  
est road up?

And say where the hottest of drink  
they sup?"

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"The sun is rounder than a wheel.

They eat at the altar the holiest  
meal.

The sun in the West goes down to  
his seat:

And they lay to the East the dead  
man's feet.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Snow fills the valleys, one and all.  
Man is clothed best in the monarch's  
hall.

Thunder cries louder than cranes  
can cry.

Angels in whiteness the swan out-  
vie.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"His beard on his back the lapwing  
wears.

His nose 'neath his chin the elfin  
bears.

More black is sin than the blackest  
sloe:

And thought is swifter than any roe.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Ice is of bridges the bridge most  
broad.

The toad is, of all things, the most  
abhorred.

To paradise leads the highest road  
up:

And in hell the hottest of drink they  
sup."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved binds his sword to his  
side,

It lists him farther to ride, to ride:

He found upon the desolate wold

A burly knight, of aspect bold.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Now tell me, Rider, noble and  
good,

Where does the fish stand up in the  
flood?

Where do they mingle the best, best  
wine?

And where with his knights does  
Vidrick dine?

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved."

"The fish in the East stands up in  
the flood.

They drink in the North the wine  
so good.

In Halland's hall does Vidrick dine,  
With his swains around, and his  
warriors fine."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

From his breast Svend Vonved a  
gold ring drew,

At the foot of the knight the gold  
ring he threw;

"Go! say thou wert the very  
last man

Who gold from the hand of Svend  
Vonved wan."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Then in he went to his lonely bow-  
er,

There drank he the wine, the wine  
of power;

His much-loved harp he played  
upon

Till the strings were broken every  
one.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

*Translated from the old Danish by*  
GEORGE BORROW.

### THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn.

To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!

His fiery courser snuffs the morn,  
And thronging serfs their lord

pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed.

Dash through the bush, the brier,  
the brake;

While answering hound, and horn,  
and steed,

The mountain echoes startling  
wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed  
day  
Had painted yonder spire with  
gold,  
And, calling sinful man to pray,  
Loud, long, and deep the bell had  
tollèd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;  
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!  
When, spurring from opposing sides,  
Two Stranger Horsemen join the  
train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
The right-hand steed was silver  
white,  
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young  
and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of  
May;

The left, from eye of tawny glare,  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid  
ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on  
high,  
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble  
lord!

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match the princely chase, af-  
ford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging  
knell,"

Cried the fair youth, with silver  
voice;

"And for devotion's choral swell,  
Exchange the rude unhallowed  
noise.

"To-day the ill-omened chase for-  
bear,

You bell yet summons to the fane;  
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,  
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in  
vain." —

"Away, and sweep the glades  
along!"

The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;  
"To muttering monks leave matin-  
song,  
And bells, and books, and mys-  
teries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent  
steed,  
And, launching forward with a  
bound,  
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike  
rede,  
Would leave the jovial horn and  
hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!  
With pious fools go chant and  
pray! —

Well hast thou spoke, my dark-  
browed friend;  
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser  
light,  
O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and  
hill;

And on the left, and on the right,  
Each Stranger Horseman followed  
still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled  
thorn,

A stag more white than mountain  
snow;

And louder rung the Wildgrave's  
horn,

"Hark forward, forward! holla,  
ho!"

A heedless wretch has crossed the  
way;

He gasps, the thundering hoofs  
below; —

But, live who can, or die who may,  
Still, "Forward, forward!" on  
they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,  
A field with autumn's blessings  
crowned;

See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,  
A husbandman with toil em-  
browned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!  
Spare the poor's pittance," was  
his cry,

"Earned by the sweat these brows  
have poured  
In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger  
pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey;

The impetuous Earl no warning  
heeds,  
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,  
Or dread the scourge's echoing  
blow!"—

Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,  
"Hark forward, forward! holla,  
ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound  
Clears the poor laborer's humble  
pale;

Wild follows man, and horse, and  
hound,  
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and  
horn,

Destructive sweep the field along;  
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,  
Fell Famine marks the maddening  
throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey  
Scours moss and moor, and holt  
and hill;

Hard run, he feels his strength de-  
cay,  
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;  
He seeks the shelter of the crowd:  
Amid the flock's domestic herd  
His harmless head he hopes to  
shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and  
hill,

His track the steady bloodhounds  
trace;

O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,  
The furious Earl pursues the  
chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—

"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare  
These herds, a widow's little all;  
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy  
care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger  
pleads,

The left still cheering to the prey;  
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,  
But furious keeps the onward  
way.

"Unmannered dog! To stop my  
sport,  
Vain were thy cant and beggar  
whine,  
Though human spirits, of thy sort,  
Were tenants of these carrion  
kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla,  
ho!"

And through the herd, in ruthless  
scorn,  
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;  
Down sinks their mangled herds-  
man near;  
The murderous cries the stag appal.—  
Again he starts, new-nerved by  
fear.

With blood besmeared, and white  
with foam,  
While big the tears of anguish pour,  
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,  
The humble hermit's hallowed  
bower.

But man and horse, and horn and  
hound,  
Fast rattling on his traces go;  
The sacred chapel rung around  
With, "Hark away! and, holla,  
ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,  
The holy hermit poured his  
prayer:

"Forbear with blood God's house to  
stain;  
Revere his altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to  
plead,  
Which, wronged by cruelty, or  
pride,

Draw vengeance on the ruthless  
head:—

Be warned at length, and turn  
aside."—

Still the Fair Horseman anxious  
pleads;

The Black, wild whooping, points  
the prey:

Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,  
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,  
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;  
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,  
Not God himself, shall make me  
turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his  
horn,

"Hark forward, forward! holla,  
ho!"

But off, on whirlwind's pinions  
borne,

The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and  
hound,

And clamor of the chase, were gone;  
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle  
sound,

A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl  
around;

He strove in vain to wake his horn,  
In vain to call: for not a sound  
Could from his anxious lips be  
borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;  
No distant baying reached his ears;  
His courser, rooted to the ground,  
The quickening spur unmindful  
bears.

Still dark and darker frown the  
shades,

Dark as the darkness of the grave;  
And not a sound the still invades,  
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head  
At length the solemn silence  
broke;

And from a cloud of swarthy red,  
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair!  
Apostate Spirit's hardened tool!  
Scorner of God! Scourge of the  
poor!  
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the  
wood;

Forever roam the affrighted wild;  
And let thy fate instruct the proud,  
God's meanest creature is his  
child."

"'Twas hushed: one flash, of som-  
bre glare,  
With yellow tinged the forests  
brown;

Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling  
hair,  
And horror chilled each nerve and  
bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing  
rill;

A rising wind began to sing;  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
Brought storm and tempest on its  
wing.

Earth heard the call;—her entrails  
rend;

From yawning rifts, with many a  
yell,  
Mixed with sulphureous flames, as-  
cend

The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:  
His eye like midnight lightning  
glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and  
thorn,

With many a shriek of helpless  
woe;

Behind him hound, and horse, and  
horn,

And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild Despair's reverted eye,  
Close, close behind, he marks the  
throng.

With bloody fangs, and eager cry;  
In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful  
chase,

Till time itself shall have an end:  
By day, they scour earth's caverned  
space,

At midnight's witching hour, as-  
cend.

This is the horn, and hound, and  
horse,

That oft the lated peasant hears;  
Appalled he signs the frequent cross,  
When the wild din invades his  
ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
 For human pride, for human woe,  
 When, at his midnight mass, he hears  
 The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"

SCOTT: *trans. from* BÜRGER.

### ALICE BRAND.

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle are  
 singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the  
 hounds are in cry,  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land  
 Is lost for love of you;  
 And we must hold by wood and  
 wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so  
 bright,  
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so  
 blue,  
 That on the night of our luckless  
 flight,  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the  
 beech  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers  
 small,  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaugh-  
 tered deer,  
 To keep the cold away." —

"O Richard! if my brother died,  
 'Twas but a fatal chance;  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet  
 gray,  
 As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land,  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-  
 wood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing:  
 On the beech's pride, and oak's  
 brown side,  
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who woned within the hill, —  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined  
 church,

His voice was ghostly shrill.  
 "Why sounds yon stroke on beech  
 and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairies' fatal green?"

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
 For thou wert christened man;  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
 For muttered word or ban."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-  
 wood,  
 Though the birds have stilled their  
 singing;  
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
 Before Lord Richard stands,  
 And, as he crossed and blessed him-  
 self,

"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly  
 elf,  
 "That is made with bloody  
 hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
 That woman void of fear. —  
 "And if there's blood upon his hand,  
 'Tis but the blood of deer." —

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of  
 mood!  
 It cleaves unto his hand,  
 The stain of thine own kindly blood.  
 The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice  
 Brand,  
 And made the holy sign, —  
 "And if there's blood on Richard's  
 hand,  
 A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?" —

"It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was  
snatched away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mould,  
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once — she crossed  
him twice —  
That lady was so brave;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady  
bold;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are  
singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunferm-  
line gray,  
When all the bells were ringing.  
SCOTT.

# THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"THEY made her a grave too cold  
and damp  
For a soul so warm and true;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the  
Dismal Swamp,  
Where all night long, by a firefly  
lamp,  
She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear;  
Long and loving our life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-  
tree,  
When the footstep of death is  
near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he  
speeds, —  
His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of  
reeds,  
Through many a fen where the ser-  
pent feeds,  
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to  
sleep,  
If slumber his eyelids knew,  
He lay where the deadly vine doth  
weep  
Its venomous tear, and nightly  
steep  
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred  
the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in  
his ear,  
Till he starting cried, from his  
dream awake,  
"O when shall I see the dusky  
Lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor  
bright  
Quick over its surface played, —  
"Welcome," he said "my dear one's  
light!"  
And the dim shore echoed for many  
a night  
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birch-  
en bark,  
Which carried him off from shore;  
Far he followed the meteor spark,  
The wind was high and the clouds  
were dark,  
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's  
camp,  
This lover and maid so true  
Are seen, at the hour of midnight  
damp,  
To cross the Lake by a firefly  
lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe!  
MOORE.

## CHILD DYRING.

CHILD DYRING has ridden him up  
under òe,

(And O gin I were young!)

There wedded he him sae fair a may.

(I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.)

Thegither they lived for seven lang  
year,

(And O, &c.)

And they seven bairnes hae gotten  
in fere.

(I' the greenwood, &c.)

Sae Death's come there intill that  
stead,

And that winsome lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him up  
under òe,

And syne he has married anither  
may.

He's married a may, and he's fessen  
her hame;

But she was a grim and a laidly  
dame.

When into the castell court drave she,  
The seven bairnes stood wi' the  
tear in their ee.

The bairnes they stood wi' dule and  
doubt;—

She up wi' her foot, and she kicked  
them out.

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnes she  
gave:

"But hunger and hate frae me ye's  
have."

She took frae them the bowster blae,  
And said, "Ye sall ligg i' the bare  
strae!"

She took frae them the groff wax-  
light:

Says, "Now ye sall ligg i' the mirk  
a' night!"

'Twas lang i' the night, and the  
bairnies grat:

Their mither she under the mools  
heard that;

That heard the wife under the eard  
that lay:

"For sooth maun I to my bairnies  
gae!"

That wife can stand up at our Lord's  
knee,

And "May I gang and my bairnies  
see?"

She priggd sae sair, and she priggd  
sae lang,

That he at the last gae her leave to  
gang.

"And thou sall come back when the  
cock does crow;

For thou nae langer sall bide  
awa."

Wi' her banes sae stark a bowt she  
gae;

She's riven baith wa' and marble  
gray.

When near to the dwelling she can  
gang,

The dogs they wow'd till the lift it  
rang.

When she came till the castell  
yett,

Her eldest dochter stood thereat.

"Why stand ye here, dear dochter  
mine?

How are sma brithers and sisters  
thine?"—

"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair  
and fine;

But ye are nae dear mither of  
mine."

"Och! how should I be fine or  
fair?

My cheek is pale, and the ground's  
my lair."

"My mither was white, wi' cheek  
sae red,

But thou art wan, and liker ane  
dead?"

"Och, how should I be white and  
red;

Sae lang as I've been cauld and  
dead?"

When she came till the chalmer  
in,  
Down the bairns' cheeks the tears  
did rin.

She buskit the tane, and she brushed  
it there;  
She kem'd and plaited the tither's  
hair.

Till her eldest dochter syne said  
she,  
"Ye bid Child Dyring come here to  
me."

When he cam till the chalmer in,  
Wi' angry mood she said to him;

"I left you routh o' ale and bread;  
My bairnes quail for hunger and  
need.

"I left ahind me braw bowsters  
blae;  
My bairnes are ligging i' the bare  
strae.

"I left ye sae mony a groff wax-  
light;  
My bairnes ligg i' the mirk a'  
night.

"Gin aft I come back to visit thee,  
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck  
shall be."

Up spak little Kirstin in bed that  
lay:  
"To thy bairnies I'll do the best I  
may."

Aye when they heard the dog nirr  
and bell,  
Sae gae they the bairnies bread and  
ale.

Aye when the dog did mow, in  
haste,  
They cross'd and sain'd themselves  
frae the ghaist.

Aye whan the little dog yowl'd, with  
fear  
They shook at the thought that the  
dead was near.

SCOTT.

## CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Being a true relation of the inhuman  
murder of two children of a deceased gen-  
tleman in Norfolk, England, whom he left  
to the care of his brother; but the wicked  
uncle, in order to get the children's estate,  
contrived to have them destroyed by two  
ruffians whom he hired for that purpose;  
with an account of the heavy judgments  
of God, which befell him, for this inhuman  
deed, and of the untimely end of the two  
bloody ruffians. To which is added a  
word of advice to executors, &c.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
These words which I do write;  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time, brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk lived of late,  
Whose fame and credit did sur-  
mount  
Most men of his estate.

So sick he was, and like to die,  
No help he then could have;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possess one grave.

No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kind;  
In love they lived, in love they  
died,  
And left two babes behind;—

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three years old;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And made of beauteous mould.

The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundreds pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane  
Two hundred pounds in gold,  
For to be paid on marriage day,  
Which might not be controlled.

But, if these children chanced to die  
Ere they to age did come,  
The uncle should possess the wealth;  
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,  
"Look to my children dear,  
Be good unto my boy and girl:  
No friend else have I here.



"To God and you I do commend  
My children night and day:  
A little while be sure we have  
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father, mother both,  
"And uncle, all in one;  
God knows what will become of them  
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespoke the mother dear,  
"O brother kind!" quoth she,  
"You are the man must bring my babes  
To wealth or misery.

"If you do keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward:  
If otherwise you seem to deal,  
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,  
She kissed her children small;  
"God bless you both, my children dear!"  
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then the brother spoke  
To the sick couple there;  
"The keeping of your children dear,  
Sweet sister, never fear.

"God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children dear,  
When you're laid in the grave."

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them home unto his house,  
And much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But for their wealth he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,  
Who were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young,  
And slay them in a wood;

And told his wife and all he had,  
He did those children send,  
To be brought up in fair London,  
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at the tide,  
And smiling with a merry mind,  
They on cock-horse should ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly  
As they rode on the way,  
To them that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had  
Made murderers' hearts relent;  
And they that took the deed to do,  
Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him  
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,  
So here they fell in strife:  
With one another they did fight  
About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood  
Did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood,  
Where babes do quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
When tears stood in their eye,  
And bid them come, and go with him,  
And see they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them thus,  
While they for bread complain;  
"Stay here," quoth he: "I'll bring  
you bread  
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down;  
But never more they saw the man  
Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with blackberries  
Were all besmeared and dyed;  
But, when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two little babes  
Till death did end their grief:  
In one another's arms they died,  
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes  
Of any man receives;  
But robin red-breast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
Upon the uncle fell;  
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his  
house,  
His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
His lands were barren made;  
His cattle died within the field,  
And nothing with him staid.

And in a voyage to Portugal,  
Two of his sons did die;  
And to conclude, himself was  
brought  
Unto much misery.

He pawned and mortgaged all his  
lands  
Ere seven years came about;  
And now at length, this wicked act  
By this means did come out:

The fellow that did take in hand  
These children for to kill  
Was for a robbery judged to die,  
As was God's blessed will.

Who did confess the very truth  
That is herein expressed:  
The uncle died, where he, for debt,  
Did in the prison rest.

#### A WORD OF ADVICE TO EXECUTORS.

All ye who be executors made,  
And overseers eke,  
Of children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right;  
Lest God, by such like misery,  
Your wicked deeds requite.

ANON.

#### THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

SWEEP ho! Sweep ho!  
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Tired and hungry both is he,  
And he whistles vacantly.

Sooty black his rags and skin,  
But the child is fair within.

Ice and cold are better far  
Than his master's curses are.

Mother of this little one,  
Could'st thou see thy little son!

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!  
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

At the great man's door he knocks,  
Which the servant maid unlocks.

Now let in with laugh and jeer,  
In his eye there stands a tear.

He is young, but soon will know  
How to bear both word and blow.

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!  
In the chimney sleet and snow.

Gladly should his task be done,  
Were't the last beneath the sun.

Faithfully it now shall be,  
But, soon spent, down droppeth he.

Gazes round as in a dream,  
Very strange, but true, things seem.

Led by a fantastic power  
Which sets by the present hour,

Creeps he to a little bed,  
Pillows there his aching head,

And, poor thing! he does not know  
There he lay long years ago!

E. S. H.

#### THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"What is good for a bootless bené?"  
With these dark words begins my  
tale;

And their meaning is, "Whence can  
comfort spring,  
When prayer is of no avail?"

"What is good for a bootless bené?"  
The falconer to the lady said;  
And she made answer, "Endless  
sorrow!"

For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,  
 And from the look of the falconer's  
     eye;  
 And from the love which was in her  
     soul  
 For her youthful Romilly.

— Young Romilly through Barden  
     Woods  
 Is ranging high and low;  
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
 To let slip up on buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful  
     chasm,  
 How tempting to bestride!  
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in  
 With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called "the  
     Strid,"  
 A name which it took of yore:  
 A thousand years hath it borne that  
     name,  
 And shall, a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
 And what may now forbid  
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth  
     time,  
 Shall bound across "the Strid"?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared  
     he  
 That the river was strong, and the  
     rocks were steep!  
 —But the greyhound in the leash  
     hung back,  
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
 And strangled by a merciless force;  
 For never more was young Romilly  
     seen  
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
 And long unspeaking sorrow:  
 Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,  
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,  
 A solace she might borrow  
 From death, and from the passion  
     of death;  
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
 Which was to be to-morrow:  
 Her hope was a farther-looking hope,  
 And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,  
 And proudly did its branches wave:  
 And the root of this delightful tree  
 Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
 And her first words were, "Let  
     there be

In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
 A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;  
 And Wharf, as he moved along,  
 To matins joined a mournful voice,  
 Nor failed at evensong.

And the lady prayed in heaviness  
 That looked not for relief!  
 But slowly did her succor come,  
 And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
 That shall lack a timely end,  
 If but to God we turn and ask  
 Of Him to be our friend!

WORDSWORTH.

## THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry  
     tower,  
 The ringers ran by two, by three;  
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before:  
     Good ringers, pull your best,"  
     quoth he.  
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston  
     bells!  
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,  
     Play uppe 'The Brides of En-  
     derby!'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde, —  
 The Lord that sent it, He knows  
     all;  
 But in myne ears doth still abide  
 The message that the bells let  
     fall:  
 And there was nought of strange,  
     beside

The flights of mews and peewits pied,  
By millions crouched on the old  
sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne  
eyes;

The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth.—

My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,

Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,

From the meads where melick  
groweth

Faintly came her milking song. —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
"For the dews will soone be falling;

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yel-  
low;

Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe  
Lightfoot,

Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;

Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe  
Lightfoot,

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,  
When I beginue to think howe long,

Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and  
strong;

And all the aire it seemeth mee  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),

That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,

Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the  
greene;

And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side

That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges  
are

Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,

And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea

Came downe that kyndly message  
free,

The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the  
sky,

And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,

And where the lordly steeple  
shows.

They sayde, "And why should this  
thing be,

What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;

For shippes ashore beyond the  
scorpe,

They have not spared to wake the  
towne;

But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates  
flee,

Why ring 'The Brides of Ender-  
by?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might  
and main.

He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath

Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is  
downe,

The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne

Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:

"God save you, mother!" straight  
he saith;

"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds  
away

With her two bairns I marked her  
long;

And ere you bells beganne to play,  
Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy sea,  
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Ender-  
by!"

With that he cried and beat his  
breast;

For lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises  
loud;  
Shaped like a curling snow-white  
cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward  
pressed,

Shook all her trembling bankes  
amaine;

Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls  
again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin  
and rout, —

Then beaten foam flew round  
about, —

Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to  
beat,

Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping  
by:

I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower,  
red and high, —

A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awsome bells they were to  
mee,

That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless  
rowed;

And I, — my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:  
And yet he moaned beneath his  
breath.

"O come in life, or come in death!  
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?

Thou didst, thou didst my daugh-  
ter deare!

The waters laid thee at his doore.

Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the  
grass;

That ebbe swept out the flocks to  
sea;

A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To manye more than myne and  
me:

But each will mourn his own, (she  
saith).

And sweeter woman ne'er drew  
breath

Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more

By the reedy Lindis' shore,  
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,

Ere the early dewes be falling;

I shall never hear her song,

"Cusha, Cusha!" all along.

Where the sunny Lindis floweth,

Goeth, floweth;

From the meads where melick grow-  
eth,

When the water winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more

Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver:

Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,

To the sandy lonesome shore;

I shall never hear her calling,

"Leave your meadow grasses mel-  
low,

Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe

Lightfoot;

Quit your pipes of parsley hollow.

Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and fol-  
low;

Lightfoot, Whitefoot,

From your clovers lift the head:

Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELow.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY; OR, THE  
DEATH OF SIR CHARLES  
BAWDIN.

I.

THE feathered songster chanticleer  
Had wound his bugle horn,  
And told the early villager  
The coming of the morn.

II.

King Edward sawe the ruddy streaks  
Of light eclipse the grey;  
And heard the raven's croaking  
throat  
Proclaim the fated day.

III.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for,  
by the God  
That sits enthroned on high!  
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows  
twain,  
To-day shall surely die."

IV.

Then with a jug of nappy ale  
His knights did on him wait.  
"Go tell the traitor, that to-day  
He leaves this mortal state."

V.

Sir Canterlone then bended low,  
With heart brimful of woe;  
He journeyed to the castle-gate,  
And to Sir Charles did go.

VI.

But when he came, his children  
twain,  
And eke his loving wife,  
With briny tears did wet the floor,  
For good Sir Charles's life.

VII.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canter-  
lone,  
"Bad tidings do I bring."  
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir  
Charles,  
"What says thy traitor king?"

VIII.

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun  
Does from the welkin fly,  
He hath upon his honor sworn,  
That thou shalt surely die."

IX.

"We all must die," quoth braye Sir  
Charles,  
"Of that I'm not affeared;  
What boots to live a little space?  
Thank Jesu, I'm prepared;

X.

"But tell thy king, for mine he's  
not,  
I'd sooner die to-day  
Than live his slave, as many are,  
Though I should live for aye."

XI.

Then Canterlone he did go out,  
To tell the mayor straight  
To get all things in readiness  
For good Sir Charles's fate.

XII.

Then Master Canning sought the  
king,  
And fell down on his knee:  
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your  
grace  
To move your clemency."

XIII.

Then quoth the king, "Your tale  
speak out,  
You have been much our friend;  
Whatever your request may be,  
We will to it attend."

XIV.

"My noble liege! all my request  
Is for a noble knight,  
Who, though mayhap he has done  
wrong,  
He thought it still was right:

XV.

"He has a spouse and children  
twain,  
All ruined are for aye,  
If that you are resolved to let  
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

## XVI.

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"  
The king in fury said;  
"Before the evening star doth  
shine,  
Bawdin shall loose his head;

## XVII.

"Justice does loudly for him call,  
And he shall have his meed;  
Speak, Master Canning! What thing  
else  
At present do you need?"

## XVIII.

"My noble liege," good Canning  
said,  
"Leave justice to our God,  
And lay the iron rule aside;  
Be thine the olive rod.

## XIX.

"Was God to search our hearts and  
reins,  
The best were sinners great;  
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,  
In all this mortal state.

## XX.

"Let mercy rule thine infant reign,  
'Twill fast thy crown full sure;  
From race to race thy family  
All sovereigns shall endure:

## XXI.

"But if with blood and slaughter  
thou  
Begin thy infant reign,  
Thy crown upon thy children's  
brows  
Will never long remain."

## XXII.

"Canning, away! this traitor vile  
Has scorned my power and me;  
How canst thou then for such a man  
Intreat my clemency?"

## XXIII.

"My noble liege! the truly brave  
Will val'rous actions prize,  
Respect a brave and noble mind,  
Although in enemies."

## XXIV.

"Canning, away! By God in Heav-  
en,  
That did my being give,  
I will not taste a bit of bread  
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

## XXV.

"By Mary and all Saints in Heaven,  
This sun shall be his last;"  
Then Canning dropped a briny tear,  
And from the presence passed.

## XXVI.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,  
He to Sir Charles did go,  
And sat him down upon a stool,  
And teares began to flow.

## XXVII.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir  
Charles;  
"What boots it how or when;  
Death is the sure, the certain fate  
Of all we mortal men.

## XXVIII.

"Say, why, my friend, thy honest  
soul  
Runs over at thine eye;  
Is it for my most welcome doom  
That thou dost child-like cry?"

## XXIX.

Quoth godly Canning, "I do weep,  
That thou so soon must die,  
And leave thy sons and helpless  
wife;  
'Tis this that wets mine eye."

## XXX.

"Then dry the tears that out thine  
eye  
From godly fountains spring;  
Death I despise, and all the power  
Of Edward, traitor king.

## XXXI.

"When through the tyrant's wel-  
come means  
I shall resign my life,  
The God I serve will soon provide  
For both my sons and wife.

## XXXII.

"Before I saw the lightsome sun,  
This was appointed me;  
Shall mortal man repine or grudge  
What God ordains to be?"

## XXXIII.

"How oft in battle have I stood,  
When thousands died around;  
When smoking streams of crimson  
blood  
Imbrued the fattened ground:

## XXXIV.

"How did I know that every dart  
That cut the airy way,  
Might not find passage to my heart,  
And close mine eyes for aye?"

## XXXV.

"And shall I now, for fear of death,  
Look wan and be dismayed?  
No! from my heart fly childish fear,  
Be all the man displayed.

## XXXVI.

"Ah! Godlike Henry! God forfend,  
And guard thee and thy son,  
If 'tis His will; but if 'tis not,  
Why then His will be done.

## XXXVII.

"My honest friend, my fault has been  
To serve God and my prince;  
And that I no time-server am,  
My death will soon convince.

## XXXVIII.

"In London city was I born,  
Of parents of great note;  
My father did a noble arms  
Emblazon on his coat:

## XXXIX.

"I make no doubt but he is gone  
Where soon I hope to go;  
Where we forever shall be blest,  
From out the reach of woe:

## XL.

"He taught me justice and the laws  
With pity to unite;

And eke he taught me how to know  
The wrong cause from the right:

## XLI.

"He taught me with a prudent hand,  
To feed the hungry poor,  
Nor let my servant drive away  
The hungry from my door:

## XLII.

"And none can say but all my life  
I have his wordys kept;  
And summed the actions of the  
day  
Each night before I slept.

## XLIII.

"I have a spouse, go ask of her,  
If I defiled her bed?  
I have a king, and none can lay  
Black treason on my head.

## XLIV.

"In Lent, and on the holy eve,  
From flesh I did refrain;  
Why should I then appear dismayed  
To leave this world of pain?"

## XLV.

"No! hapless Henry! I rejoice,  
I shall not see thy death;  
Most willingly in thy just cause  
Do I resign my breath.

## XLVI.

"Oh, fickle people! ruined land!  
Thou wilt ken peace nae mae;  
While Richard's sons exalt them-  
selves,  
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

## XLVII.

"Say, were ye tired of godly peace,  
And godly Henry's reign,  
That you did chop your easy days  
For those of blood and pain?"

## XLVIII.

"What though I on a sled be drawn,  
And mangled by a hind?  
I do defy the traitor's power,  
He can not harm my mind;



## XLIX.

"What though, uphoisted on a pole,  
My limbs shall rot in air,  
And no rich monument of brass  
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

## L.

"Yet in the holy book above,  
Which time can't eat away,  
There with the servants of the Lord  
My name shall live for aye.

## LL.

"Then welcome death! for life  
eterne  
I leave this mortal life:  
Farewell, vain world, and all that's  
dear,  
My sons and loving wife!

## LII.

"Now death as welcome to me  
comes,  
As e'er the month of May;  
Nor would I even wish to live,  
With my dear wife to stay."

## LIII.

Quoth Canning, "'Tis a goodly  
thing  
To be prepared to die;  
And from this world of pain and  
grief  
To God in Heaven to fly."

## LIV.

And now the bell began to toll,  
And clarions to sound;  
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet  
A prancing on the ground:

## LV.

And just before the officers  
His loving wife came in,  
Weeping unfeigned tears of woe,  
With loud and dismal din.

## LVI.

"Sweet Florence! now I pray, for-  
bear, —  
In quiet let me die;  
Pray God that every Christian soul  
May look on death as I.

## LVII.

"Sweet Florence! why these briny  
tears?  
They wash my soul away,  
And almost make me wish for life,  
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

## LVIII.

"'Tis but a journey I shall go  
Unto the land of bliss;  
Now, as a proof of husband's love,  
Receive this holy kiss."

## LIX.

Then Florence, faltering in her say,  
Trembling these wordys spoke,  
"Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!  
My heart is well nigh broke:

## LX.

"Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt  
thou go,  
Without thy loving wife!  
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,  
It eke shall end my life."

## LXI.

And now the officers came in  
To bring Sir Charles away,  
Who turned to his loving wife,  
And thus to her did say:

## LXII.

"I go to life, and not to death;  
Trust thou in God above,  
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,  
And in their hearts Him love:

## LXIII.

"Teach them to run the noble race  
That I their father run:  
Florence! should death thee take, —  
adieu!  
Ye officers, lead on."

## LXIV.

Then Florence raved as any mad,  
And did her tresses tear;  
"Oh! stay, my husband! lord! and  
life!" —  
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

## LXV.

Till tired out with raving loud,  
 She fellen on the floor;  
 Sir Charles exerted all his might,  
 And marched from out the door.

## LXVI.

Upon a sled he mounted then,  
 With looks full brave and sweet;  
 Looks that enshone ne more concern  
 Than any in the street.

## LXVII.

Before him went the council-men,  
 In scarlet robes and gold,  
 And tassels spangling in the sun,  
 Much glorious to behold:

## LXVIII.

The friars of Saint Augustine next  
 Appeared to the sight,  
 All clad in homely russet weeds,  
 Of godly monkish plight:

## LXX.

In different parts a godly psalm  
 Most sweetly did they chant;  
 Behind their backs six minstrels  
 came,  
 Who tuned the strung bataunt.

## LXX.

Then five and twenty archers came;  
 Each one the bow did bend,  
 From rescue of King Henry's friends  
 Sir Charles for to defend.

## LXXI.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,  
 Drawn on a cloth-laid sled,  
 By two black steeds in trappings  
 white,  
 With plumes upon their head:

## LXXII.

Behind him five and twenty more  
 Of archers strong and stout,  
 With bended bow each one in hand,  
 Marched in goodly rout:

## LXXIII.

Saint James's Friars marched next,  
 Each one his part did chant;

Behind their backs six minstrels  
 came,  
 Who tuned the strung bataunt:

## LXXIV.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,  
 In cloth of scarlet decked;  
 And their attending-men each one,  
 Like Eastern princes trickt.

## LXXV.

And after them a multitude  
 Of citizens did throng:  
 The windows were all full of heads,  
 As he did pass along.

## LXXVI.

And when he came to the high cross,  
 Sir Charles did turn and say,  
 "O Thou, that savest man from sin,  
 Wash my soul clean this day!"

## LXXVII.

At the great minster window sat  
 The king in mickle state,  
 To see Charles Bawdin go along  
 To his most welcome fate.

## LXXVIII.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough,  
 That Edward he might hear,  
 The brave Sir Charles he did stand  
 up,  
 And thus his words declare:

## LXXIX.

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor  
 vile!  
 Exposed to infamy;  
 But be assured, disloyal man!  
 I'm greater now than thee.

## LXXX.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,  
 Thou wearest now a crown;  
 And hast appointed me to die,  
 By power not thine own.

## LXXXI.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;  
 I have been dead till now,  
 And soon shall live to wear a crown  
 For aye upon my brow;

## LXXXII.

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some  
few years,  
Shall rule this fickle land,  
To let them know how wide the rule  
'Twixt king and tyrant hand:

## LXXXIII.

"Thy power unjust, thou traitor  
slave!  
Shall fall on thy own head" —  
From out of hearing of the king  
Departed then the sled.

## LXXXIV.

King Edward's soule rushed to his  
face,  
He turned his head away,  
And to his brother Gloucester  
He thus did speak and say:

## LXXXV.

"To him that so-much-dreaded death  
No ghastly terrors bring;  
Behold the man! he spake the truth,  
He's greater than a king!"

## LXXXVI.

"So let him die!" Duke Richard said;  
"And may each one our foes  
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,  
And feed the carrion crows."

## LXXXVII.

And now the horses gently drew  
Sir Charles up the high hill;  
The axe did glisten in the sun,  
His precious blood to spill.

## LXXXVIII.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,  
As up a gilded car  
Of victory, by val'rous chiefs  
Gained in the bloody war:

## LXXXIX.

And to the people he did say,  
"Behold you see me die,  
For serving loyally my king,  
My king most rightfully.

## XC.

"As long as Edward rules this land,  
No quiet will you know;

Your sons and husbands shall be  
slain,  
And brooks with blood shall flow.

## XCI.

"You leave your good and lawful  
king,  
When in adversity;  
Like me, unto the true cause stick,  
And for the true cause die."

## XCII.

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,  
A prayer to God did make,  
Beseeching Him unto Himself  
His parting soul to take.

## XCIII.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head  
Most seemly on the block;  
Which from his body fair at once  
The able headsman stroke;

## XCIV.

And out the blood began to flow,  
And round the scaffold twine;  
And tears, enough to wash't away,  
Did flow from each man's eyne.

## XCV.

The bloody axe his body fair  
Into four partés cut;  
And every part and eke his head,  
Upon a pole was put.

## XCVI.

One part did rot on Kynwulft-hill,  
One on the minster tower,  
And one from off the castle-gate  
The crowen did devour;

## XCVII.

The other on St. Powle's good gate.  
A dreary spectacle;  
His head was placed on the high cross,  
In high-street most nobel.

## XCVIII.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:  
God prosper long our king,  
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,  
In heaven God's mercy sing!

THOMAS CHATTERTON

THE MASS.

WITH naked foot, and sackcloth vest,  
And arms infolded on his breast,

Did every pilgrim go;  
The standers-by might hear uneath,  
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn  
breath,

Through all the lengthened row:  
No lordly look, nor martial stride,  
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,  
Forgotten their renown;

Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide  
To the high altar's hallowed side,

And there they knelt them down:  
Above the suppliant chieftains wave  
The banners of departed brave;  
Beneath the lettered stones were laid  
The ashes of their fathers dead;  
From many a garnished niche around,  
Stern saints and tortured martyrs  
frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
With sable cowl and scapular,  
And snow-white stoles, in order due,  
The holy Fathers, two and two,

In long procession came:  
Taper, and host, and book they bare,  
And holy banner, flourished fair  
With the Redeemer's name.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,  
And blessed them as they kneeled;  
With holy cross he signed them all,  
And prayed they might besage in hall,  
And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers  
were said,

And solemn requiem for the dead;  
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,  
For the departed spirit's weal;  
And ever in the office close

The hymn of intercession rose;  
And far the echoing aisles prolong  
The awful burden of the song, —  
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;  
While the pealing organ rung;  
Were it meet with sacred strain  
To close my lay, so light and vain,  
Thus the holy Fathers sung:—

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
away,

What power shall be the sinner's  
stay?

How shall he meet that dreadful  
day?

When, shrivelling like a parched  
scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more  
dread,

Swells the high trump that wakes  
the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful  
day,

When man to judgment wakes from  
clay,

Be THOU the trembling sinner's  
stay,

Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away!

SCOTT.

FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

"AND whither would you lead me  
then?"

Quoth the Friar of orders gray;  
And the ruffians twain replied again,  
"By a dying woman to pray."—

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,  
A sight bodes little harm,  
A lady as a lily bright,  
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar gray,  
And see thou shrive her free!  
Else shall the sprite that parts to-  
night,

Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals read,  
When thou'rt to convent gone,  
And bid the bell of St. Benedict  
Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,  
Blindfolded as he came;—  
Next morning all, in Littlecot Hall  
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an altered man,  
The village crones can tell;  
He looks pale as clay, and strives to  
pray,  
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,  
He'll beard him in his pride;—  
If he meet a Friar of orders gray,  
He droops and turns aside.

SCOTT.

### GRÆME AND BEWICK.

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle  
gane:

Sir Robert Bewick there met he;  
And arm in arm to the wine they  
did go,

And they drank till they were  
baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the  
cup,

"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's  
to thee!

And here's to our twae sons at hame!  
For they like us best in our ain  
countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,  
And learned some books that he  
could read,

They might hae been twae brethren  
bauld,

And they might hae bragged the  
Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is  
but bad,

And billie to my son he canna be:

"Ye sent him to school, and he  
wadna learn:

Ye bought him books, and he  
wadna read."—

"But my blessing shall he never  
earn,

Till I see how his arm can defend  
his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning  
called;

A reckoning then called he;

And he paid a crown, and it went  
roun';

It was all for the gude wine and  
free.

And he has to the stable gane,  
Where there stude thirty steeds  
and three;

He's ta'en his ain horse amang them  
a',  
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said  
Christie Græme,

"But where sae lang frae hame  
were ye?"—

"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,  
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,  
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met  
me;

He says ye're a lad, and ye are but  
bad,

And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to school, and ye wadna  
learn;

I bought ye books, and ye wadna  
read;

Wherefore my blessing ye shall  
never earn,

Till I see with Bewick thou save  
thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father;  
That ever sic a thing suld be!

Billie Bewick was my master, and  
I was his scholar,

And aye sae weel as he learned  
me."—

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer  
loon,

And of thy talking let me be!

If thou does na end me this quarrel  
soon,

There is my glove, I'll fight wi'  
thee."—

Then Christie Græme he stooped  
low

Unto the ground, you shall under-  
stand;—

"O father, put on your glove again,  
The wind has blown it from your  
hand?"—

"What's that thou says, thou limmer  
loon?

How darest thou stand to speak to  
me?

If thou do not end this quarrel  
soon,

There's my right hand, thou shalt  
fight with me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,  
 To consider weel what then should be;  
 Whether he should fight with his auld father,  
 Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,  
 God's blessing I shall never win;  
 But if I strike at my auld father,  
 I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,  
 It is God's will, so let it be;  
 But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,  
 That I shall be the next man's die." —

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,  
 And on his head a cap of steel,  
 And sword and buckler by his side;  
 Ogin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,  
 And talk of him again belive;  
 And we will talk of bounny Bewick,  
 Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,  
 And handle swords without any doubt,  
 He took his sword under his arm,  
 And he walked his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,  
 And a' to see what there might be,  
 Till he spied a man in armour bright,  
 Was riding that way most hostile.

"O wha is yon that came this way,  
 Sae hostile that hither came?  
 I think it be my brother dear!  
 I think it be young Christie Græme. —

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,  
 And thrice ye're welcome unto me!" —

"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,  
 When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,  
 Wi' your father Bewick there met he:  
 He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,  
 And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to school, and I wadna learn;  
 He gae me books, and I wadna read;  
 Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,  
 Till he see how my arm can guard my head." —

"O God forbid, my billie dear,  
 That ever such a thing suld be!  
 We'll take three men on either side,  
 And see if we can our fathers agree." —

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,  
 And of thy talking let me be!  
 But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,  
 Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me." —

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,  
 As weel I see there is on thine." —  
 "But as little harness as is on thy back,  
 As little, billie, shall be on mine." —

Then he's thrown aff his coat o' mail  
 His cap of steel away flung he;  
 He stuck his spear into the ground,  
 And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,  
 And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he;  
 He laid his hand upon the dyke,  
 And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours;  
 When twae lang hours were come and gane,  
 The sweat drapped fast frae aff them baith,  
 But a drop of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ack-  
ward stroke,  
Ane ackward stroke stricken  
sickerlie;  
He has hit him under the left breast,  
And dead-wounded to the ground  
fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear!  
Arise and speak three words to  
me! —  
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly  
wound,  
Or if God and good leeching may  
succour thee?" —

"O horse, O horse, now, billie  
Græme,  
And get thee far from hence with  
speed:  
And get thee out of this country,  
That none may know who has  
done the deed." —

"O I hae slain thee, billie Bewick,  
If this be true thou tellest to me;  
But I made a vow, ere I came frae  
hame,  
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitched his sword in a  
moodie-hill,  
And he has leaped twenty lang  
feet and three,  
And on his ain sword's point he lap,  
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert  
Bewick,  
And his brave son alive saw he;  
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,  
"For I think ye hae gotten the  
victorie." —

"O hald your tongue, my father dear!  
Of your prideful talking let me be!  
Ye might hae drunken your wine in  
peace,  
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and  
deep,  
And a grave to hald baith him  
and me;  
But lay Christie Græme on the  
sunny side,  
"For I'm sure he wan the vic-  
torie."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried.  
"Alack! was I not much to blame?  
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad  
That e'er was born unto my  
name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord  
Græme,  
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper  
lack!  
I durst hae ridden the Border  
through,  
Had Christie Græme been at my  
back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,  
And thirty horseman guarding me,  
And Christie Græme been at my  
back,  
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,  
I've lost the key but and the lock:  
I durst hae ridden the world round,  
Had Christie Græme been at my  
back."  
SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELST.

### KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon  
Of a notable prince that was called  
King John;  
And he ruled England with main  
and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and main-  
tained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so  
merry  
Concerning the Abbot of Canter-  
búry;  
How for his house-keeping and high  
renown,  
They rode poste for him to fair Lon-  
don towne.

An hundred men the king did heare  
say,  
The abbot kept in his house every  
day;  
And fifty golde chaynes without any  
doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot  
about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it  
of thee,  
Thou keapest a farre better house  
than mee;  
And for thy house-keeping and high  
renowne,  
I feare thou work'st treason against  
my crown."

"My liege" quo' the abbot, "I would  
it were knowne  
I never spend nothing, but what is  
my owne;  
And I trust your grace will doe me  
no deere,  
For spending of my owne true-gotten  
geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault  
it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest  
must dye;  
For except thou canst answer me  
questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy  
bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when  
I'm in this stead,  
With my crowne of golde so faire on  
my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of  
birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny  
what I am worthe.

"Secondly, tell me, without any  
doubt,  
How soone I may ride the whole  
world about;  
And at the third question thou must  
not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do  
think."

"O these are hard questions for my  
shallow witt.  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as  
yet:  
But if you will give me but three  
weeks space,  
Ile do my endeavour to answer your  
grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee  
will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou  
hast to live;

For if thou dost not answer my  
questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are for-  
feit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that  
word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and  
Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so  
wise,  
That could with his learning an  
answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of com-  
fort so cold,  
And he met his shepheard a-going to  
fold:

"How now, my lord abbot, you are  
welcome home;  
What newes do you bring us from  
good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepheard, I  
must give,  
That I have but three days more to  
live;  
For if I do not answer him questions  
three,  
My head will be smitten from my  
body.

"The first is to tell him, there in  
that stead,  
With his crowne of golde so fair on  
his head,  
Among all his liege-men so noble of  
birth,  
To within one penny of what he is  
worth.

"The seconde, to tell him without  
any doubt,  
How soone he may ride this whole  
world about;  
And at the third question I must  
not shrinke,  
But tell him there truly what he  
does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you  
never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learne a wise  
man witt?  
Lend me horse, and serving men,  
and your apparel,  
And Ile ride to London to answeere  
your quarrel.



"Nay frowne not, if it hath bin  
told unto me,  
I am like your lordship, as ever may  
be;  
And if you will but lend me your  
gowne,  
There is none shall know us at fair  
London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou  
shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant  
and brave,  
With crozier, and miter, and rochet,  
and cope,  
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the  
pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the  
king he did say,  
"Tis well thou'rt come back to  
keepe thy day:  
For and if thou canst answer my  
questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved  
shall be."

"And first, when thou seest me here  
in this stead,  
With my crowne of golde so fair on  
my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of  
birthe,  
Tell me to one penny what I am  
worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was  
sold  
Among the false Jewes, as I have  
bin told:  
And twenty-nine is the worth of  
thee,  
For I thinke thou art one penny  
worsor than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by  
St. Bittel,  
"I did not think I had been worth  
so littel!  
— Now secondly tell me, without  
any doubt,  
How soone I may ride this whole  
world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and  
ride with the same  
Until the next morning he riseth  
again;

And then your grace need not make  
any doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride  
it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by  
St. Jone,  
"I did not think it could be gone so  
soone!  
— Now from the third question thou  
must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do  
thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make  
your grace merry;  
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canter-  
búry;  
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain  
you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for  
him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by  
the Masse,  
"He make thee lord abbot this day  
in his place!"  
"Now naye, my liege, be not in  
such speede,  
For alacke I can neither write ne  
reade."

"Four nobles a week, then I will  
give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast showne  
unto me;  
And tell the old abbot when thou  
comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon  
from good King John."

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

#### THE SALLY FROM COVEN- TRY.

"Passion o' me!" cried Sir Richard  
Tyrone,  
Spurning the sparks from the broad  
paving-stone,  
"Better turn nurse and rock chil-  
dren to sleep.  
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry  
Keep.  
No, by my halidom, no one shall  
say,  
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city  
away."

Passion o' me! how he pulled at his  
 beard!  
 Fretting and chafing if any one  
 sneered,  
 Clapping his breastplate and shak-  
 ing his fist,  
 Giving his grizzly moustachios a  
 twist,  
 Running the protocol through with  
 his steel,  
 Grinding the letter to mud with his  
 heel.

Then he roared out for a pottle of  
 sack,  
 Clapped the old trumpeter twice on  
 the back,  
 Leaped on his bay with a dash and  
 a swing,  
 Bade all the bells in the city to ring,  
 And when the red flag from the  
 steeple went down,  
 Open they flung every gate in the  
 town.

To boot! and to horse! and away  
 like a flood,  
 A fire in their eyes, and a sting in  
 their blood;  
 Hurrying out with a flash and a  
 flare,  
 A roar of hot guns, a loud trumpet-  
 er's blare,  
 And first, sitting proud as a king on  
 his throne,  
 At the head of them all dashed Sir  
 Richard Tyrone.

Crimson, and yellow, and purple  
 and dun,  
 Fluttering scarf, flowing bright in  
 the sun,  
 Steel like a mirror on brow and on  
 breast,  
 Scarlet and white on their feather  
 and crest,  
 Banner that blew in a torrent of red,  
 Borne by Sir Richard, who rode at  
 their head.

The "trumpet" went down — with  
 a gash on his poll,  
 Struck by the parters of body and  
 soul.  
 Forty saddles were empty; the  
 horses ran red  
 With foul Puritan blood from the  
 slashes that bled.

Curses and cries and a gnashing of  
 teeth,  
 A grapple and stab on the slippery  
 heath,  
 And Sir Richard leaped up on the  
 fool that went down,  
 Proud as a conqueror donning his  
 crown.  
 They broke them away through a  
 flooding of fire,  
 Trampling the best blood of London  
 to mire,  
 When suddenly rising a smoke and  
 a blaze,  
 Made all "the dragon's sons" stare  
 in amaze:  
 "O ho!" quoth Sir Richard, "my  
 city grows hot,  
 I've left it rent-paid to the villainous  
 Scot."

G. W. THORNBURY.

#### HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris  
 and he;  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we gal-  
 loped all three;  
 "Good speed!" cried the watch as  
 the gate-bolts undrew,  
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us  
 galloping through;  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights  
 sank to rest,  
 And into the midnight we galloped  
 abreast.

Not a word to each other: we kept  
 the great pace  
 Neck and neck, stride by stride,  
 never changing our place.  
 I turned in my saddle and made its  
 girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup and set  
 the pique right,  
 Re-buckled the check-strap, chained  
 slacker the bit;  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a  
 whit.

'Twas moonset at starting, but while  
 we drew near  
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight  
 dawned clear;  
 At Boom, a great yellow star came  
 out to see,

At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain  
as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple  
we heard the half chime;  
So Joris broke silence with "Yet  
there is time."

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden  
the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood  
black every one  
To stare through the mist at us gal-  
loping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland,  
at last,  
With resolute shoulders each but-  
ting away  
The haze, as some bluff river head-  
land its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one  
sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked  
out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence, —  
ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, its own  
master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes,  
which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in gal-  
loping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and  
cried Joris, "Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the  
fault's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix;" — for one  
heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched  
neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of  
the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shud-  
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping. Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no  
cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pit-  
less laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle  
bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Dalhelm a dome-spire  
sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for  
Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all  
in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead  
as a stone,  
And there was my Roland to bear  
the whole weight  
Of the news, which alone could save  
Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of  
blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-  
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each  
holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go  
belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned,  
patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet name, my  
horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,  
any noise bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland gal-  
loped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flock-  
ing round,  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my  
knees on the ground,  
And no voice but was praising this  
Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our  
last measure of wine,  
Which, (the burgesses voted by com-  
mon consent,)  
Was no more than his due who  
brought good news from  
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of  
the west,  
Through all the wide Border his  
steed was the best;  
And save his good broadsword, he  
weapon had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all  
alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless  
in war,  
There never was knight like the  
young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he  
 stopped not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford  
 there was none;  
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant  
 came late;  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard  
 in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave  
 Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby  
 Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and  
 brothers and all:  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his  
 hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said  
 never a word,)  
 "O come ye in peace here, or come  
 ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
 Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my  
 suit you denied;—  
 Love swells like the Solway, but  
 ebbs like its tide—  
 And now am I come, with this lost  
 love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one  
 cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more  
 lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the  
 young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the  
 knight took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he  
 threw down the cup.  
 She looked down to blush, and she  
 looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear  
 in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her  
 mother could bar,—  
 "Now tread we a measure!" said  
 young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her  
 face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did  
 grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her  
 father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling  
 his bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered,  
 "'Twere better by far,  
 To have matched our fair cousin  
 with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word  
 in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall-door,  
 and the charger stood near;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady  
 he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he  
 sprang!  
 "She is won! we are gone, over  
 bank, bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that fol-  
 low," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes  
 of the Netherby clan;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,  
 they rode and they ran:  
 There was racing and chasing on  
 Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er  
 did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless  
 in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like  
 young Lochinvar?

SCOTT.

## RHOTRUDA.

In the golden reign of Charlemagne  
 the king,  
 The three and thirtieth year, or  
 thereabout,  
 Young Eginardus, bred about the  
 court,  
 (Left mother-naked at a postern-  
 door,)  
 Had thence by slow degrees ascended  
 up;—  
 First page, then pensioner, lastly the  
 king's knight  
 And secretary; yet held these steps  
 for naught  
 Save as they led him to the Princess'  
 feet,  
 Eldest and loveliest of the regal  
 three,  
 Most gracious too, and liable to love:  
 For Bertha was betrothed; and she,  
 the third,

Giselia, would not look upon a man.  
 So, bending his whole heart unto  
 this end,  
 He watched and waited, trusting to  
 stir to fire  
 The indolent interest in those large  
 eyes,  
 And feel the languid hands beat in  
 his own,  
 Ere the new spring. And well he  
 played his part;  
 Slipping no chance to bribe, or brush  
 aside,  
 All that would stand between him  
 and the light;  
 Making fast foes in sooth, but feeble  
 friends.  
 But what cared he, who had read of  
 ladies' love,  
 And how young Launcelot gained  
 his Guinevere;  
 A foundling too, or of uncertain  
 strain?  
 And when one morning, coming  
 from the bath,  
 He crossed the Princess on the pal-  
 ace-stair,  
 And kissed her there in her sweet  
 disarray,  
 Nor met the death he dreamed of, in  
 her eyes, —  
 He knew himself a hero of (old)  
 romance;  
 Not seconding, but surpassing, what  
 had been.

And so they loved; if that tumultu-  
 ous pain  
 Be love, — disquietude of deep de-  
 light,  
 And sharpest sadness: nor though  
 he knew her heart  
 His very own, — gained on the in-  
 stant too,  
 And like a waterfall that at one leap  
 Plunges from pines to palms, — shat-  
 tered at once  
 To wreaths of mist, and broken  
 spray-bows bright,  
 He loved not less, nor wearied of  
 her smile;  
 But through the daytime held aloof  
 and strange  
 His walk; mingling with knightly  
 mirth and game;  
 Solicitous but to avoid alone  
 Aught that might make against him  
 in her mind;

Yet strong in this, — that, let the  
 world have end,  
 He had pledged his own, and held  
 Rhotruda's troth.

But Love, who had led these lovers  
 thus along,  
 Played them a trick one windy night  
 and cold:  
 For Eginardus, as his wont had  
 been,  
 Crossing the quadrangle, and under  
 dark, —  
 No faint moonshine, nor sign of any  
 star, —  
 Seeking the Princess' door, such  
 welcome found,  
 The knight forgot his prudence in  
 his love;  
 For lying at her feet, her hands in  
 his,  
 And telling tales of knightship and  
 emprise,  
 And ringing war; while up the  
 smooth white arm  
 His fingers slid insatiable of touch,  
 The night grew old: still of the hero-  
 deeds  
 That he had seen, he spoke; and  
 bitter blows  
 Where all the land seemed driven  
 into dust!  
 Beneath fair Pavia's wall, where  
 Loup beat down  
 The Longobard, and Charlemagne  
 laid on,  
 Cleaving horse and rider; then, for  
 dusty drought  
 Of the fierce tale, he drew her lips  
 to his,  
 And silence locked the lovers fast  
 and long,  
 Till the great bell crashed One into  
 their dream.

The castle-bell! and Eginard not  
 away!  
 With tremulous haste she led him  
 to the door,  
 When, lo! the courtyard white with  
 fallen snow,  
 While clear the night hung over it  
 with stars.  
 A dozen steps, scarce that, to his  
 own door:  
 A dozen steps? a gulf impassable!  
 What to be done? Their secret  
 must not lie

Bare to the sneering eye with the  
first light;  
She could not have his footsteps at  
her door!  
Discovery and destruction were at  
hand:  
And, with the thought, they kissed,  
and kissed again;  
When suddenly the lady, bending,  
drew  
Her lover towards her half-unwil-  
lingly,  
And on her shoulders fairly took him  
there, —  
Who held his breath to lighten all  
his weight, —  
And lightly carried him the court-  
yard's length  
To his own door; then, like a fright-  
ened hare,  
Fled back in her own tracks unto  
her bower,  
To pant awhile, and rest, that all  
was safe.

But Charlemagne the king, who had  
risen by night  
To look upon memorials, or at  
ease  
To read and sign an ordinance of  
the realm, —  
The Fanolehen, or Cunigosteura  
For tithing corn, so to confirm the  
same,  
And stamp it with the pommel of  
his sword, —  
Hearing their voices in the court  
below,  
Looked from his window, and beheld  
the pair.

Angry, the king; yet laughing-half  
to view  
The strangeness and vagary of the  
feat;  
Laughing indeed! with twenty minds  
to call  
From his inner bed-chamber the  
Forty forth,  
Who watched all night beside their  
monarch's bed,  
With naked swords and torches in  
their hands,  
And test this lover's-knot with steel  
and fire;  
But with a thought, "To-morrow  
yet will serve

To greet these mummers," softly the  
window closed,  
And so went back to his corn-tax  
again.

But, with the morn, the king a meet-  
ing called  
Of all his lords, courtiers and kin-  
dred too,  
And squire and dame, — in the great  
Audience Hall  
Gathered; where sat the king, with  
the high crown  
Upon his brow; beneath a drapery  
That fell around him like a cataract,  
With flecks of colour crossed and can-  
cellate;  
And over this, like trees about a  
stream,  
Rich carven-work, heavy with wreath  
and rose,  
Palm and palmirah, fruit and fron-  
dage, hung.

And more the high Hall held of rare  
and strange;  
For on the king's right hand Læna  
bowed  
In cloudlike marble, and beside her  
crouched  
The tongueless lioness; on the other  
side,  
And poising this, the second Sappho  
stood, —  
Young Erexcæa, with her head dis-  
crowned,  
The anadema on the horn of her  
lyre;  
And by the walls there hung in  
sequence long  
Merlin himself, and Uterpendragon,  
With all their mighty deeds; down  
to the day  
When all the world seemed lost in  
wreck and rout, —  
A wrath of crashing steeds and men;  
and, in  
The broken battle fighting hope-  
lessly,  
King Arthur, with the ten wounds  
on his head!

But not to gaze on these, appeared  
the peers.  
Stern looked the king, and, when the  
court was met, —  
The lady and her lover in the  
midst, —

Spoke to his lords, demanding them  
of this:

"What merits he, the servant of the  
king,

Forgetful of his place, his trust, his  
oath,

Who, for his own bad end, to hide  
his fault,

Makes use of her, a Princess of the  
realm,

As of a mule;—a beast of burthen!  
—borne

Upon her shoulders through the  
winter's night,

And wind and snow?"—"Death!"  
said the angry lords;

And knight and squire and minion  
murmured, "Death!"

Not one discordant voice. But  
Charlemagne,

Though to his foes a circulating  
sword,

Yet, as a king, mild, gracious, exora-  
ble,

Blest in his children too, with but  
one born

To vex his flesh like an ingrowing  
nail,—

Looked kindly on the trembling pair,  
and said:

"Yes, Eginardus, well hast thou  
deserved

Death for this thing; for, hadst thou  
loved her so,

Thou shouldst have sought her  
Father's will in this,—

Protector and disposer of his child,—  
And asked her hand of him, her lord

and thine.

Thy life is forfeit here; but take it,  
thou!—

Take even two lives for this forfeit  
one;

And thy fair portress—wed her;  
honour God,

Love one another, and obey the  
king."

Thus far the legend; but of Rho-  
trude's smile,

Or of the lords' applause, as truly  
they

Would have applauded their first  
judgment too,

We nothing learn: yet still the story  
lives;

Shines like a light across those dark  
old days,

Wonderful glimpse of woman's wit  
and love;

And worthy to be chronicled with  
hers

Who to her lover dear threw down  
her hair,

When all the garden glanced with  
angry blades!

Or like a picture framed in battle-  
pikes

And bristling swords, it hangs before  
our view;—

The palace-court white with the  
fallen snow,

The good king leaning out into the  
night

And Rhotrude bearing Eginard on  
her back.

TUCKERMAN.

### GLENLOGIE.

THREE score o' nobles rade up the  
king's ha',

But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o'  
them a',

Wi' his milk-white steed and his  
bonnie black e'e,

"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie  
for me!"

"O haud your tongue, daughter,  
ye'll get better than he;"

"O say nae sae, mither, for that  
canna be;

Though Doumlie is richer, and  
greater than he,

Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certain-  
ly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to  
win hose and shoon,

Will gae to Glenlogie, and come  
again soon?"

"O here am I a bonnie boy, to win  
hose and shoon,

Will gae to Glenlogie and come  
again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas  
"wash and go dine;"

'Twas "wash ye, my pretty boy, wash  
and go dine,"

"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion,  
and it ne'er shall be mine

To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till  
I dine."

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee;"

The first line that he read, a low smile gave he,

The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;

But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;

Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;"

But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,

O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he came to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there;

Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben,

But red and rosy grew she, whene'er he sat down;

She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e.

"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

SMITH'S SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

### THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

"O Waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk, Gin your feathering be sheen!"

"And waly, waly, my master dear, Gin ye look pale and lean!"

"O have ye tint, at tournament, Your sword, or yet your spear?  
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,  
Whom ye may not win near?"

"I have not tint, at tournament, My sword nor yet my spear;  
But sair I mourn for my true love,  
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
Ye can baith speak and flee;

Ye sall carry a letter to my love,  
Bring an answer back to me."

"But how sall I your true love find,  
Or how suld I her know?  
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,  
An eye that ne'er her saw."

"O weel sall ye my true love ken,  
Sae sune as ye her see;  
For, of a' the flowers of fair Eng-  
land,  
The fairest flower is she.

"The red, that's on my true love's cheek,  
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;  
The white, that is on her breast bare,  
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bouer-door  
There grows a flowering birk;  
And ye maun sit and sing thereon  
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four and twenty fair ladyes  
Will to the mass repair;  
But weel may ye my ladye ken,  
The fairest ladye there."

Lord William has written a love-letter,  
Put it under his pinion gray;  
And he is awa to southern land  
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bouer  
There grew a flowering birk;  
And he sat down and sung thereon  
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair  
Amang her maidens free;  
For the flower that springs in May  
morning  
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's gate,  
And sat him on a pin;  
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,  
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low, low note,  
And syne he sang a clear;  
And aye the o'erword o' the sang  
Was—"Your love can no win  
here."—



"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',  
The wine flows you amang,  
While I gang to my shot-window,  
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
The sang ye sung yestreen;  
For weel I ken, by your sweet sing-  
ing,  
Ye are frae my true love sen."

O first he sang a merry sang,  
And syne he sang a grave;  
And syne he picked his feathers gray,  
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord Wil-  
liam;  
He says he's sent ye three;  
He canna wait your love langer,  
But for your sake he'll die." —

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,  
And brew his bridal ale;  
And I shall meet him at Mary's  
kirk,  
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,  
And a moanfu' woman was she;  
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,  
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,  
A boon I beg of thee!" —  
"Ask not that haughty Scottish lord,  
For him you ne'er shall see:

"But, for your honest asking else,  
Weel granted it shall be." —  
"Then gin I die in Southern land,  
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,  
Ye's gar the mass be sung;  
And the next kirk that ye come to,  
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when you come to St. Mary's  
kirk,  
Ye's tarry there till night."  
And so her father pledged his word,  
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bouer  
As fast as she could fare;  
And she has drank a sleepy draught,  
That she had mixed wi' care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,  
That was sae bright of blee,  
And she seemed to be as surely dead  
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,  
"Tak ye the burning lead,  
And drap a drap on her bosome,  
To try if she be dead."

They took a drap o' boiling lead,  
They drapped it on her breast;  
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,  
She's dead without the priest."

She neither chattered with her teeth,  
Nor shivered with her chin;  
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,  
"There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,  
And hewed to her a bier;  
They hewed it frae the solid aik,  
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,  
And sewed to her a kell;  
And every stitch that they put in  
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,  
They garr'd the bells be rung;  
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,  
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's  
kirk,  
There stude spearmen all in a raw;  
And up and started Lord William,  
The chieftane amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he  
said,

"Let me look her upon:"  
But as soon as Lord William touched  
her hand,  
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,  
Till her pale colour was gone;  
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,  
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,  
And one glass of your wine;  
For I hae fasted these three lang  
days,  
All for your sake and mine. —

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven  
bawld brothers,  
Gae hame and blaw your horn!  
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the  
skaith,  
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,  
That wished my saul gude rest;  
But wae to my cruel step-dame,  
Garr'd burn me on the breast."—

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman!  
An ill death may ye die!  
For we left father and sisters at hame  
Breaking their hearts for thee."

SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

### ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for  
burning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turn-  
ing,  
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the  
spinning,  
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the  
winning.  
Come, read me my riddle! come,  
hearken my tale!  
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-  
a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances  
in pride,  
And he views his domains upon  
Arkindale side.  
The mere for his net, and the laud  
for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the park  
for the tame;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer  
of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than  
Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a  
knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his  
blade be as bright;  
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at  
his word;  
And the best of our nobles his bon-  
net will vail,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore  
meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
The mother, she asked of his house-  
hold and home:

"Though the castle of Richmond  
stand fair on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows  
gallanter still;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with  
its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles!"  
said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother  
was stone;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade  
him be gone;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail  
and their cry:  
He had laughed on the lass with his  
bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a  
love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was  
Allen-a-Dale!

SCOTT.

### GLENARA.

O, HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad  
in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with  
weeping and wail?  
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments  
for his dear;  
And her sire and her people are  
called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourn-  
ers and shroud;  
Her kinsmen they followed, but  
mourned not aloud;  
Their plaids all their bosoms were  
folded around;  
They marched all in silence, — they  
looked on the ground.

In silence they reached, over moun-  
tain and moor,  
To a heath where the oak-tree grew  
lonely and hoar;  
"Now here let us place the gray  
stone of her cairn; —  
Why speak ye no word?" said Glen-  
ara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge ye, ye clan  
of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why  
cloud ye your brows?"

So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,  
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;  
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—  
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn,

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

CAMPBELL.

#### FITZ TRAVER'S SONG.

'TWAS All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;  
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,  
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,  
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,  
To show to him the ladye of his heart,  
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;

Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,  
That he should see her form in life and limb,  
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

Dark was the vaulted room of grammarie,  
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,  
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,  
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light  
On mystic implements of magic might;  
On cross, and character, and talisman,  
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:  
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,  
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,  
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;  
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,  
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;  
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem  
To form a lordly and a lofty room,  
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,  
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,  
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant,—but how passing fair  
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!  
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,  
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;  
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,  
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,  
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find:—

That favored strain was Surrey's  
raptured line,  
That fair and lovely form, the Lady  
Geraldine.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the  
lovely form,  
And swept the goodly vision all  
away;—  
So royal envy rolled the murky storm  
O'er my beloved Master's glorious  
day.

Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant!  
Heaven repay  
On thee, and on thy children's  
latest line,  
The wild caprice of thy despotic  
sway,  
The gory bridal bed, the plundered  
shrine,  
The murdered Surrey's blood, the  
tears of Geraldine!

SCOTT.

# LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,  
Of me you shall not win renown:  
You thought to break a country  
heart  
For pastime, ere you went to town.  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
I saw the snare, and I retired:  
The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
I know you proud to bear your  
name,  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I  
came.  
Nor would I break for your sweet  
sake  
A heart that dotes on truer charms.  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
Some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is,  
I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
You put strange memories in my  
head.

Not thrice your branching limes  
have blown

Since I beheld young Laurence  
dead.

Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:  
A great enchantress you may be;  
But there was that across his throat  
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
When thus he met his mother's  
view,  
She had the passions of her kind,  
She spake some certain truths of  
you.

Indeed I heard one bitter word  
That scarce is fit for you to hear;  
Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere  
de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
There stands a spectre in your hall:  
The guilt of blood is at your door:  
You changed a wholesome heart  
to gall.

You held your course without re-  
morse,  
To make him trust his modest  
worth,  
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,  
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From you blue heavens above us  
bent,  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman  
blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere;  
You pine among your halls and  
towers:  
The languid light of your proud eyes  
Is wearied of the rolling hours.  
In glowing health, with boundless  
wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks  
as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 If Time be heavy on your hands,  
 Are there no beggars at your gate,  
 Nor any poor about your lands?  
 Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,  
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,  
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

TENNYSON.

### LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

*A poet writes to his friend. — Place,  
 a room in Wycombe Hall. — Time,  
 late in the evening.*

DEAR my friend and fellow-student,  
 I would lean my spirit o'er you:  
 Down the purple of this chamber,  
 tears should scarcely run at  
 will:  
 I am humbled who was humble!  
 Friend, — I bow my head be-  
 fore you!  
 You should lead me to my peasants!  
 — but their faces are too still.

There's a lady, — an earl's daughter;  
 she is proud and she is noble:  
 And she treads the crimson carpet,  
 and she breathes the perfumed  
 air;  
 And a kingly blood sends glances up  
 her princely eye to trouble,  
 And the shadow of a monarch's  
 crown is softened in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands,  
 she has castles by the breakers,  
 She has farms and she has manors,  
 she can threaten and com-  
 mand,  
 And the palpitating engines snort in  
 steam across her acres,  
 As they mark upon the blasted hea-  
 ven the measure of her land.

There are none of England's daugh-  
 ters who can show a prouder  
 presence;  
 Upon princely suitors praying, she  
 has looked in her disdain:  
 She has sprung of English nobles, I  
 was born of English peasants;  
 What was *I* that I should love her, —  
 save for competence to pain!

I was only a poor poet, made for  
 singing at her casement,  
 As the finches or the thrushes, while  
 she thought of other things.  
 Oh, she walked so high above me,  
 she appeared to my abasement,  
 In her lovely silken murmur, like an  
 angel clad in wings!

Many vassals bow before her as her  
 carriage sweeps their door-  
 ways;  
 She has blest their little children, —  
 as a priest or queen were she.  
 Far too tender, or too cruel far, her  
 smile upon the poor was,  
 For I thought it was the same smile  
 which she used to smile on me.

She has voters in the commons, she  
 has lovers in the palace, —  
 And of all the fair court-ladies, few  
 have jewels half as fine:  
 Oft the prince has named her beau-  
 ty, 'twixt the red wine and  
 the chalice:  
 Oh, and what was *I* to love her? my  
 Beloved, my Geraldine!

Yet I could not choose but love her, —  
 I was born to poet uses, —  
 To love all things set above me, all  
 of good and all of fair:  
 Nymphs of mountain, not of valley,  
 we are wont to call the Muses.  
 And in nympholeptic climbing, poets  
 pass from mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and be-  
 cause the people praised me,  
 With their critical deduction for the  
 modern writer's fault;  
 I could sit at rich men's tables, —  
 though the courtesies that  
 raised me,  
 Still suggested clear between us the  
 pale spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her pres-  
 ence: — "Will your book ap-  
 pear this summer?"  
 Then returning to each other, "Yes,  
 our plans are for the moors;"  
 Then with whisper dropped behind  
 me, — "There he is! the latest  
 comer!"  
 Oh, she only likes his verses! what  
 is over, she endures.

"Quite low born! self-educated!  
somewhat gifted though by  
nature, —

And we make a point by asking him,  
of being very kind; —

You may speak, he does not hear  
you; and besides, he writes no  
satire, —

All these serpents kept by charmers,  
leave their natural sting be-  
hind."

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I  
stood up there among them,

Till, as frost intense will burn you,  
the cold scorning scorched my  
brow;

When a sudden silver speaking,  
gravely cadenced, overrung  
them,

And a sudden silken stirring touched  
my inner nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her!  
With a calm and regnant  
spirit,

Slowly round she swept her eye-  
lids, and said clear before  
them all,

"Have you such superfluous honor,  
sir, that able to confer it,

You will come down, Mr. Bertram,  
as my guest to Wycombe  
Hall?"

Here she paused, — she had been  
paler at the first word of her  
speaking;

But because a silence followed it,  
blushed somewhat as for  
shame;

Then, as scorning her own feeling,  
resumed calmly — "I am seek-  
ing

More distinction than these gentle-  
men think worthy of my  
claim.

"Nevertheless, you see, I seek it —  
not because I am a woman,"

(Here her smile sprang like a foun-  
tain, and, so overflowed her  
mouth,)

"But because my woods in Sussex  
have some purple shades at  
gloaming

Which are worthy of a king in state,  
or poet in his youth.

"I invite you, Mr. Bertram, to no  
scene for worldly speeches, —

Sir, I scarce should dare, — but only  
where God asked the thrushes  
first, —

And if *you* will sing beside them, in  
the covert of my beeches,

I will thank you for the woodlands,  
. . . for the human world at  
worst."

Then she smiled around right child-  
ly, then she gazed around  
right queenly;

And I bowed, — I could not answer!  
Alternate light and gloom, —

While as one who quells the lions,  
with a steady eye serenely,

She, with level fronting eyelids,  
passed out stately from the  
room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I  
can hear them still around me,  
With their leafy tide of greenery  
still rippling up the wind!

Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex!  
where the hunter's arrow  
found me,

When a fair face and a tender voice  
had made me mad and blind!

In that ancient hall of Wycombe,  
thronged the numerous guests  
invited,

And the lovely London ladies trod  
the floors with gliding feet;

And their voices low with fashion,  
not with feeling, softly freight-  
ed

All the air about the windows, with  
elastic laughter sweet.

For at eve, the open windows flung  
their light out on the terrace,

Which the floating orbs of curtains  
did with gradual shadow  
sweep:

While the swans upon the river, fed  
at morning by the heiress,

Trembled downward through their  
snowy wings at music in their  
sleep.

And there evermore was music, both  
of instrument and singing;

Till the finches of the shrubberies  
grew restless in the dark;

But the cedars stood up motionless,  
each in a moonlight ringing,  
And the deer, half in the glimmer,  
strewed the hollows of the  
park.

And though sometimes she would  
blind me with her silver-cord-  
ed speeches,  
To commix my words and laughter  
with the converse and the jest,  
Oft I sat apart, and gazing on the  
river through the beeches,  
Heard, as pure the swans swam  
down it, her pure voice o'er-  
float the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman,  
hoof of steed, and laugh of  
rider  
Spread out cheery from the court-  
yard till we lost them in the  
hills;  
While herself and other ladies, and  
her suitors left beside her,  
Went a-wandering up the gardens  
through the laurels and abeles.

Thus, her foot upon the new-mown  
grass,—bareheaded.—with the  
flowing  
Of the virginal white vesture gath-  
ered closely to her throat;  
With the golden ringlets in her neck  
just quickened by her going,  
And appearing to breathe sun for  
air, and doubting if to float,—

With a branch of dewy maple, which  
her right hand held above her,  
And which trembled a green sha-  
dow in betwixt her and the  
skies,  
As she turned her face in going,  
thus, she drew me on to love  
her,  
And to worship the divineness of  
the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly:  
her lips have serious sweetness,  
And her front is calm,—the dimple  
rarely ripples on her cheek:  
But her deep blue eyes smile con-  
stantly,—as if they in discreet-  
ness  
Kept the secret of a happy dream  
she did not care to speak.

Thus she drew me the first morning,  
out across into the garden:  
And I walked among her noble  
friends, and could not keep  
behind:

Spake she unto all and unto me,—  
“Behold, I am the warden  
Of the song-birds in these lindens,  
which are cages to their mind.

“But within this swarded circle,  
into which the lime-walk  
brings us,—  
Whence the beeches rounded green-  
ly, stand away in reverent  
fear;  
I will let no music enter, saving  
what the fountain sings us,  
Which the lilies round the basin  
may seem pure enough to hear.

“The live air that waves the lilies  
waves this slender jet of water,  
Like a holy thought sent feebly up  
from soul of fasting saint!  
Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleep-  
ing! (Lough the sculptor  
wrought her,)  
So asleep she is forgetting to say  
*Hush!*—a fancy quaint!

“Mark how heavy white her eye-  
lids! not a dream between  
them lingers!  
And the left hand's index droppeth  
from the lips upon the cheek:  
And the right hand,—with the sym-  
bol rose held slack within the  
fingers,—  
Has fallen back within the basin,—  
yet this Silence will not speak!

“That the essential meaning grow-  
ing may exceed the special  
symbol,  
Is the thought as I conceive it: it  
applies more high and low.  
Our true noblemen will often through  
right nobleness grow humble.  
And assert an inward honor by de-  
nying outward show.”

“Nay, your Silence,” said I, “truly  
holds her symbol rose but  
slackly,  
Yet *she* holds it—or would scarcely  
be a Silence to our ken!

And your nobles wear their ermine  
on the outside, or walk blackly  
In the presence of the social law, as  
most ignoble men.

"Let the poets dream such dream-  
ing! Madam, in these British  
Islands,

'Tis the substance that wanes ever,  
'tis the symbol that exceeds;

Soon we shall have nought but sym-  
bol! and for statues like this  
Silence,

Shall accept the rose's image, — in  
another case, the weed's."

"Not so quickly!" she retorted, —  
"I confess where'er you go, you  
Find for things, names; — shows for  
actions, and pure gold for  
honor clear;

But when all is run to symbol in the  
Social, I will throw you

The world's book which now reads  
dryly, and sit down with Si-  
lence here."

Half in playfulness she spoke, I  
thought, and half in indigna-  
tion;

Friends who listened laughed her  
words off while her lovers  
deemed her fair;

A fair woman — flushed with feeling,  
in her noble-lighted station

Near the statue's white reposing, —  
and both bathed in sunny air!

With the trees round, not so distant  
but you heard their vernal  
murmur,

And beheld in light and shadow the  
leaves in and outward move;

And the little fountain leaping  
toward the sun-heart to be  
warmer,

And recoiling in a tremble from the  
too much light above.

'Tis a picture for remembrance! and  
thus, morning after morning,  
Did I follow as she drew me by the  
spirit to her feet, —

Why, her greyhound followed also!  
dogs — we both were dogs for  
scorning, —

To be sent back when she pleased it,  
and her path lay through the  
wheat.

And thus, morning after morning,  
spite of vows and spite of sor-  
row,

Did I follow at her drawing, while  
the week-days passed along;

Just to feed the swans this noontide,  
or to see the fawns to-morrow,

Or to teach the hill-side echo some  
sweet Tuscan in a song.

Ay, for sometimes on the hill-side,  
while we sat down in the  
gowans,

With the forest green behind us,  
and its shadow cast before;

And the river running under; and  
across it from the rowans

A brown partridge whirring near us,  
till we felt the air it bore, —

There, obedient to her praying, did  
I read aloud the poems

Made by Tuscan flutes, or instru-  
ments more various of our  
own;

Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, —  
or the subtle interflowings

Found in Petrarch's sonnets, — here's  
the book — the leaf is folded  
down! —

Or at times a modern volume, —  
Wordsworth's solemn-  
thoughted idyl,

Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's  
enchanted revery, —

Or from Browning some "Pome-  
granate," which, if cut deep  
down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinc-  
tured, of a veined humanity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely,  
some new poem of my mak-  
ing, —

Poets ever fail in reading their own  
verses to their worth, —

For the echo in you breaks upon the  
words which you are speaking,

And the chariot-wheels jar in the  
gate through which you drive  
them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of  
books, the silence round us  
flinging

A slow arm of sweet compression,  
felt with beatings at the breast,



She would break out on a sudden,  
 in a gush of woodland singing.  
 Like a child's emotion in a god, — a  
 nalad tired of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce  
 I know which is divinest, —  
 For her looks sing too, — she modu-  
 lates her gestures on the tune;  
 And her mouth stirs with the song,  
 like song; and when the notes  
 are finest,  
 'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal  
 light, and seem to swell them  
 on.

Then we talked, — oh, how we talked!  
 her voice, so cadenced in the  
 talking,  
 Made another singing — of the soul!  
 a music without bars, —  
 While the leafy sounds of wood-  
 lands, humming round where  
 we were walking,  
 Brought interposition worthy sweet,  
 — as skies about the stars.

And she spake such good thoughts  
 natural, as if she always  
 thought them, —  
 And had sympathies so rapid, open,  
 free as bird on branch,  
 Just as ready to fly east as west,  
 whichever way besought them,  
 In the birchen wood a chirrup, or a  
 cock-crow in the grange.

In her utmost rightness there is truth,  
 — and often she speaks lightly,  
 Has a grace in being gay, which even  
 mournful souls approve,  
 For the root of some grave earnest  
 thought is under-struck so  
 rightly,  
 As to justify the foliage and the  
 waving flowers above.

And she talked on, — we talked, rather!  
 upon all things — sub-  
 stance — shadow —  
 Of the sheep that browsed the  
 grasses, — of the reapers in the  
 corn, —  
 Of the little children from the  
 schools, seen winding through  
 the meadow, —  
 Of the poor rich world beyond them,  
 still kept poorer by its scorn.

So of men, and so of letters, — books  
 are men of higher stature,  
 And the only men that speak aloud  
 for future times to hear:  
 So, of mankind in the abstract, which  
 grows slowly into nature,  
 Yet will lift the cry of "progress," as  
 it trod from sphere to sphere.

And her custom was to praise me  
 when I said, — "The Age culls  
 simples,  
 With a broad clown's back turned  
 broadly to the glory of the  
 stars —  
 We are gods by our own reck'ning. —  
 and may well shut up the  
 temples,  
 And wield on, amid the incense-  
 steam, the thunder of our cars.

"For we throw out acclamations of  
 self-thanking, self-admiring,  
 With, at every mile run faster, —  
 'O the wondrous, wondrous  
 age!'  
 Little thinking if we work our souls  
 as nobly as our iron,  
 Or if angels will commend us at the  
 goal of pilgrimage.

"Why, what is this patient entrance  
 into nature's deep resources,  
 But the child's most gradual learn-  
 ing to walk upright without  
 bane?  
 When we drive out from the cloud  
 of steam, majestic white  
 horses,  
 Are we greater than the first men  
 who led black ones by the  
 mane?

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if  
 we struck the stars in rising.  
 If we wrapped the globe intensely  
 with one hot electric breath,  
 'Twere but power within our *tether*. —  
 no new spirit-power compris-  
 ing,  
 And in life we were not greater men,  
 nor bolder men in death."

She was patient with my talking;  
 and I loved her, loved her  
 certes,  
 As I loved all Heavenly objects,  
 with uplifted eyes and hands!

As I loved pure inspirations, — loved  
the graces, loved the virtues,  
In a Love content with writing his  
own name on desert sands.

Or at least I thought so purely! —  
thought no idiot Hope was  
raising

Any crown to crown Love's silence, —  
silent Love that sat alone, —

Out, alas! the stag is like me, — he,  
that tries to go on grazing

With the great deep gun-wound in  
his neck, then reels with sud-  
den moan.

It was thus I reeled! I told you that  
her hand had many suitors —

But she smiles them down imperially,  
as Venus did the waves; —

And with such a gracious coldness,  
that they cannot press their  
futures

On the present of her courtesy,  
which yieldingly enslaves.

And this morning, as I sat alone  
within the inner chamber,

With the great saloon beyond it lost  
in pleasant thought serene, —

For I had been reading Camoens —  
that poem you remember,

Which his lady's eyes are praised in,  
as the sweetest ever seen;

And the book lay open, and my  
thought flew from it, taking  
from it

A vibration and impulsion to an end  
beyond its own,

As the branch of a green osier, when  
a child would overcome it,

Springs up freely from his clasping  
and goes swinging in the sun.

As I mused I heard a murmur, — it  
grew deep as it grew longer —

Speakers using earnest language, —  
"Lady Geraldine, you *would!*"

And I heard a voice that pleaded  
ever on, in accents stronger,

As a sense of reason gave it power  
to make its rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice, — it was an  
earl's, of soul that matched  
his station —

Soul completed into lordship, — might  
and right read on his brow:

Very finely courteous, — far too proud  
to doubt his domination

Of the common people, — he atones  
for grandeur by a bow.

High, straight forehead, nose of  
eagle, cold blue eyes, of less  
expression

Than resistance, coldly casting off  
the looks of other men,

As steel, arrows, — unelastic lips,  
which seem to taste possession,

And be cautious lest the common  
air should injure or distract.

For the rest, accomplished, upright, —  
ay, and standing by his order

With a bearing not ungraceful; fond  
of art, and letters too;

Just a good man made a proud man,  
as the sandy rocks that border

A wild coast, by circumstances, in a  
regnant ebb and flow.

Thus I knew that voice, — I heard  
it — and I could not help the  
hearkening:

In the room I stood up blindly, and  
my burning heart within

Seemed to seethe and fuse my senses,  
till they ran on all sides dark-  
ening,

And scorched, weighed like melted  
metal round my feet that stood  
therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading,  
for love's sake, — for wealth,  
position,

For the sake of liberal uses, and  
great actions to be done, —

And she interrupted gently, "Nay,  
my lord, the old tradition

Of your Normans, by some worthier  
hand than mine is, should be  
won."

"Ah, that white hand," he said  
quickly, — and in his he either  
drew it

Or attempted — for with gravity and  
instance she replied, —

"Nay, indeed, my lord, this talk is  
vain, and we had best eschew  
it,

And pass on like friends, to other  
points less easy to decide."

What he said again, I know not. It  
is likely that his trouble  
Worked his pride up to the surface,  
for she answered in slow  
scorn, —

“And your lordship judges rightly.  
Whom I marry, shall be noble,  
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush  
to think how he was born.”

There, I maddened! her words stung  
me! Life swept through me  
into fever,

And my soul sprang up astonished;  
sprang full-statured in an hour:  
Know you what it is when anguish,  
with apocalyptic NEVER,  
To a Pythian height dilates you, —  
and despair sublimates to power?

From my brain the soul-wings bud-  
ded! — waved a flame about  
my body,

Whence conventions coiled to ashes:  
I felt self-drawn out, as man,  
From amalgamate false natures; and  
I saw the skies grow ruddy  
With the deepening feet of angels,  
and I knew what spirits can.

I was mad, — inspired, — say either!  
anguish worketh inspiration, —  
Was a man or beast — perhaps so; for  
the tiger roars when speared;  
And I walked on, step by step, along  
the level of my passion —  
Oh my soul! and passed the doorway  
to her face, and never feared.

He had left her, — peradventure,  
when my footstep proved my  
coming, —

But for *her*, — she half arose, then sat  
— grew scarlet and grew pale:  
Oh she trembled! — ’tis so always  
with a worldly man or woman  
In the presence of true spirits, — what  
else *can* they do but quail?

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in  
among its forest brothers  
Far too strong for it! then drooping,  
bowed her face upon her  
hands, —

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal  
truths of her and others!

I, she planted in the desert, swathed  
her, windlike, with my sands.

I plucked up her social fictions,  
bloody-rooted though leaf-ver-  
dant,

Trod them down with words of  
shaming, — all the purple and  
the gold,

All the “landed stakes” and lord-  
ships, — all that spirits pure  
and ardent

Are cast out of love and honor be-  
cause chancing not to hold.

“For myself I do not argue,” said I,  
“though I love you, madam;  
But for better souls that nearer to  
the height of yours have trod.  
And this age shows to my thinking,  
still more infidels to Adam,  
Than directly, by profession, simple  
infidels to God.

“Yet, O God,” I said, “O grave,” I  
said, “O mother’s heart and  
bosom,

With whom first and last are equal,  
saint and corpse and little  
child!

We are fools to your deductions, in  
these figments of heart-clos-  
ing!

We are traitors to your causes, in  
these sympathies defiled!

“Learn more reverence, madam, not  
for rank or wealth, — *that*  
needs no learning;

*That* comes quickly — quick as sin  
does, ay, and culminates to  
sin;

But for Adam’s seed, *MAN!* Trust  
me, ’tis a clay above your  
scorning,

With God’s image stamped upon it,  
and God’s kindling breath  
within.

“What right have you, madam, gaz-  
ing in your palace-mirror  
dally,

Getting so by heart your beauty,  
which all others must adore.

While you draw the golden ringlets  
down your fingers, to vow  
gayly

You will wed no man that’s only  
good to God, — and nothing  
more?

"Why, what right have you, made  
fair by that same God,—the  
sweetest woman  
Of all women He has fashioned,—  
with your lovely spirit-face,  
Which would seem too near to van-  
ish if its smile were not so  
human,  
And your voice of holy sweetness,  
turning common words to  
grace,

"What right can you have, God's  
other works to scorn, despise,  
revile them  
In the gross, as mere men, broadly,  
—not as noble men, for-  
sooth,—  
As mere Pariahs of the outer world,  
forbidden to assail them  
In the hope of living, dying, near  
that sweetness of your mouth?

"Have you any answer, madam? If  
my spirit were less earthly,  
If its instrument were gifted with a  
better silver string,  
I would kneel down where I stand,  
and say,—Behold me! I am  
worthy  
Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am  
worthy as a king.

"As it is,—your ermined pride, I  
swear, shall feel this stain  
upon her,—  
That I, poor, weak, tost with pas-  
sion, scorned by me and you  
again,  
Love you, Madam,—dare to love  
you,—to my grief and your  
dishonor,—  
To my endless desolation, and your  
impotent disdain!"

More mad words like these,—more  
madness! friend, I need not  
write them fuller;  
And I hear my hot soul dropping  
on the lines in showers of  
tears—  
Oh, a woman! friend, a woman!  
Why, a beast had scarce been  
duller  
Than roar bestial loud complaints  
against the shining of the  
spheres.

But at last there came a pause. I  
stood all vibrating with thun-  
der  
Which my soul had used. The  
silence drew her face up like  
a call.  
Could you guess what word she  
uttered? She looked up, as if  
in wonder,  
With tears beaded on her lashes, and  
said "Bertram!" it was all.

If she had cursed me,—and she  
might have,—or if even, with  
queenly bearing  
Which at needs is used by women,  
she had risen up and said,  
"Sir, you are my guest, and therefore  
I have given you a full hear-  
ing,—  
Now, beseech you, choose a name  
exactng somewhat less in-  
stead,"—

I had borne it!—but that "Bertram"  
—why it lies there on the  
paper,  
A mere word, without her accent,—  
and you cannot judge the  
weight  
Of the calm which crushed my pas-  
sion! I seemed drowning in  
a vapor,—  
And her gentleness destroyed me  
whom her scorn made deso-  
late.

So, struck backward and exhausted  
by that inward flow of passion  
Which had rushed on, sparing noth-  
ing, into forms of abstract  
truth,  
With a logic agonizing through un-  
seemly demonstration,  
And with youth's own anguish turn-  
ing grimly gray the hairs of  
youth,—

By the sense accursed and instant,  
that if even I spake wisely,  
I spake basely,—using truth,—if  
what I spake indeed was  
true,—  
To avenge wrong on a woman,—her,  
who sat there weighing nicely  
A full manhood's worth, found  
guilty of such deeds as I could  
do!—

With such wrong and woe exhausted  
— what I suffered and occa-  
sioned, —

As a wild horse through a city runs  
with lightning in his eyes,  
And then dashing at a church's cold  
and passive wall, impassioned,  
Strikes the death into his burning  
brain, and blindly drops and  
dies, —

So I fell, struck down before her!  
Do you blame me friend, for  
weakness?

'Twas my strength of passion slew  
me! — fell before her like a  
stone;

Fast the dreadful world rolled from  
me, on its roaring wheels of  
blackness!

When the light came I was lying in  
this chamber — and alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lack-  
eys to bear out the sickly  
burden,

And to cast it from her scornful  
sight, — but not *beyond* the  
gate —

She was too kind to be cruel, and too  
haughty not to pardon

Such a man as I, — 'twere something  
to be level to her hate.

But for me, — you now are conscious  
why, my friend, I write this  
letter,

How my life is read all backward,  
and the charm of life undone!

I shall leave her house at dawn; — I  
would to-night, if I were bet-  
ter; —

And I charge my soul to hold my  
body strengthened for the sun.

When the sun has dyed the oriel, I  
depart with no last gazes,

No weak moanings — one word only  
left in writing for her hands,

Out of reach of all derision, and some  
unavailing praises,

To make front against this anguish  
in the far and foreign lands.

Blame me not, I would not squander  
life in grief; — I am abstemious:

I but nurse my spirit's falcon, that  
its wings may soar again:

There's no room for tears of weak-  
ness in the blind eyes of a  
Phemius:

Into work the poet kneads them, —  
and he does not die *till then*.

#### CONCLUSION.

Bertram finished the last pages,  
while along the silence ever  
Still in hot and heavy splashes, fell  
the tears on every leaf:

Having ended, he leans backward in  
his chair, with lips that quiver  
From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep  
unwritten thoughts of grief.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'tis  
a dream! — a dream of mer-  
cies!

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains,  
how she standeth still and  
pale!

'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent  
to soften his self-curses —

Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er  
the tossing of his wail.

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing  
through me! are ye eyes that  
did undo me?"

Shining eyes, like antique jewels set  
in Parian statue-stone!

Underneath that calm white fore-  
head, are ye ever burning  
torrid

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my  
heart and life undone?"

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in  
the air, the purple curtain

Swelleth in and swelleth out around  
her motionless pale brows;

While the gliding of the river sends  
a rippling noise forever

Through the open casement whitened  
by the moonlight's slant re-  
pose.

Said he — "Vision of a lady! stand  
there silent, stand there steady.

Now I see it plainly, plainly; now I  
cannot hope or doubt —

There, the brows of mild repression,  
— there, the lips of silent pas-  
sion,

Curved like an archer's bow to send  
the bitter arrows out."

Ever, evermore the while in a slow  
silence she kept smiling,  
And approached him slowly, slowly,  
in a gliding measured pace;  
With her two white hands extended,  
as if praying one offended,  
And a look of supplication, gazing  
earnest in his face.

Said he, — "Wake me by no gesture,  
— sound of breath, or stir of  
vesture;  
Let the blessed apparition melt not  
yet to its divine!  
No approaching, — hush! no breath-  
ing! or my heart must swoon  
to death in  
That too utter life thou bringest —  
O thou dream of Geraldine!"

Ever, evermore the while in a slow  
silence she kept smiling —  
But the tears ran over lightly from  
her eyes, and tenderly;  
"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me?  
Is no woman far above me  
Found more worthy of thy poet-heart  
than such a one as I?"

Said he — "I would dream so ever,  
like the flowing of that river,  
Flowing ever in a shadow greenly  
onward to the sea;  
So, thou vision of all sweetness —  
princely to a full complete-  
ness, —  
Would my heart and life flow on-  
ward — deathward — through  
this dream of THEE!"

Ever, evermore the while in slow  
silence she kept smiling,  
While the silver tears ran faster down  
the blushing of her cheeks;  
Then with both her hands enfolding  
both of his, she softly told him,  
"Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . .  
'tis the vision only speaks."

Softened, quickened to adore her, on  
his knee he fell before her, —  
And she whispered low in triumph,  
— "It shall be as I have sworn!  
Very rich he is in virtues, — very  
noble — noble, certes;  
And I shall not blush in knowing  
that men call him lowly born!"  
E. B. BROWNING.

# ÆNONE, OR THE CHOICE OF PARIS.

"DEAR mother Ida, harken ere I  
die.  
He smiled, and opening out his  
milk-white palm  
Disclosed a fruit of true Hesperian  
gold,  
That smelt ambrosially, and while I  
looked  
And listened, the full-flowing river  
of speech  
Came down upon my heart.  
"My own Ænone,  
Beautiful-browed Ænone, my own  
soul,  
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming  
rind ingraven .  
"For the most fair," would seem to  
award it thine,  
As lovelier than whatever Oread  
haunt  
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace  
Of movement, and the charm of  
married brows."

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I  
die.  
He prest the blossom of his lips to  
mine,  
And added, 'This was cast upon the  
board,  
When all the full-faced presence of  
the Gods  
Ranged in the halls of Peleus;  
whereupon  
Rose feud, with question unto whom  
'twere due:  
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-  
eve,  
Delivering, that to me, by common  
voice,  
Elected umpire, Heré comes to-day.  
Pallas and Aphrodité, claiming each  
This meed of fairest. Thou, within  
the cave  
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest  
pine,  
Mayst well behold them unbeheld,  
unheard  
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of  
Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I  
die.  
It was the deep midnight: one silvery  
cloud

Had lost his way between the piney  
 sides  
 Of this long glen. Then to the  
 bower they came,  
 Naked they came to that smooth-  
 swarded bower,  
 And at their feet the crocus brake  
 like fire,  
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
 Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,  
 And overhead the wandering ivy  
 and vine,  
 This way and that, in many a wild  
 festoon  
 Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled  
 boughs  
 With bunch and berry and flower  
 through and through.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,  
 And o'er him flowed a golden cloud,  
 and leaned  
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant  
 dew.  
 Then first I heard the voice of her,  
 to whom  
 Coming through Heaven, like a light  
 that grows  
 Larger and clearer, with one mind  
 the Gods  
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris  
 made  
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
 Unquestioned, overflowing revenue  
 Wherewith to embellish state, 'from  
 many a vale  
 And river-sundered champaign  
 clothed with corn,  
 Or labored mines undrainable of ore.  
 Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax  
 and toll,  
 From many an inland town and  
 haven large,  
 Mast-thronged beneath her shadow-  
 ing citadel  
 In glassy bays among her tallest  
 towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 Still she spake on and still she spake  
 of power,  
 'Which in all action is the end of all;  
 Power fitted to the season; wisdom-  
 bred  
 And throned of wisdom—from all  
 neighbor crowns  
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand

Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such  
 boon from me,  
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris,  
 to thee king-born,  
 A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-  
 born,  
 Should come most welcome, seeing  
 men, in power,  
 Only, are likest gods, who have at-  
 tained  
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats  
 Above the thunder, with undying  
 bliss  
 In knowledge of their own suprem-  
 acy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly  
 fruit  
 Out at arm's-length, so much the  
 thought of power  
 Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where  
 she stood  
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared  
 limbs  
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-  
 headed spear  
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning  
 cold,  
 The while, above, her full and ear-  
 nest eye  
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry  
 cheek  
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made  
 reply.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge,  
 self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sover-  
 eign power.  
 Yet not for power (power of herself  
 Would come uncalled for), but to  
 live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without  
 fear;  
 And, because right is right, to follow  
 right  
 Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-  
 quence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I  
 die.  
 Again she said: 'I woo thee not  
 with gifts.  
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what  
 I am,  
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,  
If gazing on divinity disrobed  
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge  
of fair,  
Unbiased by self-profit, oh! rest  
thee sure  
That I shall love thee well and cleave  
to thee,  
So that my vigor, wedded to thy  
blood,  
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a  
God's,  
To push thee forward through a life  
of shocks,  
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance  
grow  
Sinewed with action, and the full-  
grown will,  
Circled through all experiences, pure  
law,  
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased,  
And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O  
Paris,  
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me  
not,  
Or hearing would not hear me, woe  
is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountained  
Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
Idalian Aphrodité beautiful,  
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in  
Paphian wells,  
With rosy slender fingers backward  
drew  
From her warm brows and bosom  
her deep hair  
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid  
throat  
And shoulder: from the violets her  
light foot  
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her  
rounded form  
Between the shadows of the vine-  
bunches  
Floated the glowing sunlights, as  
she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I  
die.  
She with a subtle smile in her mild  
eyes,  
The herald of her triumph, drawing  
nigh  
Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise  
thee

The fairest and most loving wife in  
Greece,'  
She spoke and laughed: I shut my  
sight for fear:  
But when I looked, Paris had raised  
his arm,  
And I beheld great Heré's angry  
eyes,  
As she withdrew into the golden  
cloud,  
And I was left alone within the  
bower,  
And from that time to this I am  
alone,  
And I shall be alone until I die."

TENNYSON.

### THE ISLAND.

How pleasant were the songs of  
Toobonai,  
When summer's sun went down the  
coral bay!  
Come let us to the islet's softest  
shade,  
And hear the warbling birds! the  
damsels said:  
The wood-dove from the forest  
depth shall coo,  
Like voices of the gods from Bolo-  
too;  
We'll cull the flowers that grow  
above the dead,  
For these most bloom where rests  
the warrior's head;  
And we will sit in twilight's face,  
and see  
The sweet moon dancing through  
the tooa-tree,  
The lofty accents of whose sighing  
bough  
Shall sadly please us as we lean be-  
low;  
Or climb the steep, and view the  
surf in vain  
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the  
main,  
Which spurn in columns back the  
baffled spray.  
How beautiful are these, how happy  
they,  
Who, from the toil and tumult of  
their lives,  
Steal to look down where nought  
but ocean strives!



Even he too loves at times the blue  
lagoon,  
And smooths his ruffled mane be-  
neath the moon.

Yes — from the sepulchre we'll gath-  
er flowers,  
Then feast like spirits in their  
promised bowers,  
Then plunge and revel in the rolling  
surf,  
Then lay our limbs along the tender  
turf,  
And wet and shining from the spor-  
tive toil,  
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant  
oil,  
And plait our garlands gathered  
from the grave,  
And wear the wreaths that sprung  
from out the brave.  
But lo! night comes, the Mooa  
wooes us back,  
The sound of mats is heard along  
our track;  
Anon the torchlight-dance shall fling  
its sheen  
In flashings mazes o'er the Marly's  
green;  
And we too will be there; we too re-  
call  
The memory bright with many a  
festival,  
Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when  
foes  
For the first time were wafted in  
canoes.  
Strike up the dance, the cava bowl  
fill high,  
Drain every drop! — to-morrow we  
may die.  
In summer garments be our limbs  
arrayed;  
Around our waist the Tappa's white  
displayed;  
Thick wreaths shall form our cor-  
onal, like spring's,  
And round our necks shall glance  
the Hooni strings;  
So shall their brighter hues contrast  
the glow  
Of the dusk bosoms that beat high  
below.  
Thus rose a song, — the harmony of  
times  
Before the winds blew Europe o'er  
these climes.

True, they had vices, — such are  
nature's growth, —  
But only the barbarians' — we have  
both;  
The sordor of civilization, mixed  
With all the savage which man's fall  
hath fixed.  
Who hath not seen dissimulation's  
reign,  
The prayers of Abel linked to deeds  
of Cain?  
Who such would see, may from his  
lattice view  
The old world more degraded than  
the new. —  
Now *new* no more, save where  
Columbia rears  
Twin giants, born by freedom to  
her spheres,  
Where Chimborazo, over air, earth,  
wave,  
Glares with his Titan eye, and sees  
no slave.

BYRON.

#### THE SEA-CAVE.

YOUNG Neuha plunged into the deep,  
and he  
Followed: her track beneath her  
native sea  
Was as a native's of the element,  
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she  
went,  
Leaving a streak of light behind her  
heel,  
Which struck and flashed like an  
amphibious steel.  
Closely, and scarcely less expert to  
trace  
The depths where divers hold the  
pearl in chase,  
Torquil, the nursling of the North-  
ern seas,  
Pursued her liquid steps with art  
and ease.  
Deep — deeper for an instant Neuha  
led  
The way — then upward soared —  
and, as she spread  
Her arms, and flung the foam from  
off her locks,  
Laughed, and the sound was an-  
swered by the rocks.  
They had gained a central realm of  
earth again,  
But looked for tree, and field, and  
sky, in vain.

Around she pointed to a spacious  
 cave,  
 Whose only portal was the keyless  
 wave,  
 (A hollow archway by the sun un-  
 seen,  
 Save through the billows' glassy  
 veil of green,  
 In some transparent ocean holiday,  
 When all the finny people are at  
 play),  
 Wiped with her hair the brine from  
 Torquil's eyes,  
 And clapped her hands with joy at  
 his surprise.  
 Forth from her bosom the young  
 savage drew  
 A pine torch, strongly girded with  
 gnattoo;  
 A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to  
 keep  
 Its latent sparkle from the sapping  
 deep.  
 This mantle kept it dry; then from  
 a nook  
 Of the same plantain leaf, a flint  
 she took,  
 A few shrunk withered twigs, and  
 from the blade  
 Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and  
 thus arrayed  
 The grot with torchlight. Wide it  
 was and high,  
 And showed a self-born Gothic can-  
 opy;  
 The arch upreared by Nature's archi-  
 tect,  
 The architrave some earthquake  
 might erect;  
 The buttress from some mountain's  
 bosom hurled,  
 When the poles crashed and water  
 was the world;  
 There, with a little tinge of phan-  
 tasy,  
 Fantastic faces moped and mowed  
 on high,  
 And then a mitre or a shrine would  
 fix  
 The eye upon its seeming crucifix.  
 Then Nature played with the sta-  
 lactites,  
 And built herself a chapel of the seas.  
 And Neuha took her Torquil by the  
 hand,  
 And waved along the vault her kin-  
 dled brand,

And led him into each recess, and  
 showed  
 The secret places of their new abode.  
 Nor these alone, for all had been  
 prepared  
 Before, to soothe the lover's lot she  
 shared;  
 The mat for rest; for dress the fresh  
 gnattoo,  
 The sandal-oil to fence against the  
 dew;  
 For food the cocoa-nut, the yam,  
 the bread  
 Born of the fruit; for board the  
 plantain spread  
 With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell  
 which bore  
 A banquet in the flesh if covered o'er;  
 The gourd with water recent from  
 the rill,  
 The ripe banana from the mellow  
 hill;  
 A pine torch pile to keep undying  
 light;  
 And she herself as beautiful as night,  
 To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the  
 scene,  
 And make their subterranean world  
 serene.  
 She had foreseen, since first the  
 stranger's sail  
 Drew to their isle, that force or  
 flight might fail,  
 And formed a refuge of the rocky  
 den  
 For Torquil's safety from his coun-  
 trymen.  
 Each dawn had wafted there her  
 light canoe,  
 Laden with all the golden fruits that  
 grew;  
 Each eve had seen her gliding  
 through the hour  
 With all could cheer or deck 'their  
 sparry bower;  
 And now she spread her little store  
 with smiles,  
 The happiest daughter of the loving  
 isles.

---

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by  
 dawn of day  
 Swam smoothly forth to catch the  
 rising ray,  
 And watch if aught approached the  
 amphibious lair  
 Where lay her lover, saw a sail in  
 air:

It flapped, it filled, then to the grow-  
 ing gale  
 Bent its broad arch: her breath be-  
 gan to fail  
 With fluttering fear, her heart beat  
 thick and high,  
 While yet a doubt sprung where its  
 course might lie:  
 But no! it came not; fast and far  
 away,  
 The shadow lessened as it cleared  
 the bay.  
 She gazed, and flung the sea-foam  
 from her eyes,  
 To watch as for a rainbow in the  
 skies.  
 On the horizon verged the distant  
 deck,  
 Diminished, dwindled to a very  
 speck—  
 Then vanished. All was ocean, all  
 was joy!

BYRON.

#### SONG OF THE TONGA-ISLAND- ERS.

COME to Licoö! the sun is riding  
 Down hills of gold to his coral  
 bowers;  
 Come where the wood-pigeon's moan  
 is chiding  
 The song of the wind, while we  
 gather flowers.

Let us plait the garland, and weave  
 the chi,  
 While the wild waves dance on our  
 iron strand;  
 To-morrow these waves may wash  
 our graves,  
 And the moon look down on a ruined  
 land.

Let us light the torches, and dip our  
 hair  
 In the fragrant oil of the sandal-tree;  
 Strike the bonjoo, and the oola share,  
 Ere the death-gods hear our jubilee.

Who are they that in floating towers  
 Come with their skins of curdled  
 snows?  
 They shall see our maidens dress our  
 bowers,  
 While the hooni shines on their sun-  
 ny brows.

Who shall mourn when red with  
 slaughter,  
 Finow sits on the funeral stone?  
 Who shall weep for his dying daugh-  
 ter?  
 Who shall answer the red chief's  
 moan?

He shall cry unheard by the funeral  
 stone,  
 He shall sink unseen by the split  
 canoe,  
 Though the plantain-bird be his  
 alone,  
 And the thundering gods of Fanfon-  
 noo.

Let us not think 'tis but an hour  
 Ere the wreath shall drop from the  
 warrior's waist;  
 Let us not think 'tis but an hour  
 We have on our perfumed mats to  
 waste.

Shall we not banquet, though Ton-  
 ga's king  
 To-morrow may hurl the battle-  
 spear?  
 Let us whirl our torches, and tread  
 the ring,—  
 He only shall find our foot-prints  
 here.

We will dive, — and the turtle's track  
 shall guide  
 Our way to the cave where Hoonga  
 dwells,  
 Where under the tide he hides his  
 bride,  
 And lives by the light of its starry  
 shells.

Come to Licoö! in yellow skies  
 The sun shines bright, and the wild  
 waves play;  
 To-morrow for us may never rise;—  
 Come to Licoö, to-day, to-day.

ANONYMOUS.

#### AMY WENTWORTH.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys  
 They dance so light along:  
 The bloom upon her parted lips  
 Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!  
 Her thoughts are not of thee:  
 She better loves the salted wind,  
 The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
 That at its anchor swings;  
 The murmur of the stranded shell  
 Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her  
 praise,  
 But dreams the while of one  
 Who watches from his sea-blown  
 deck  
 The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,  
 And every fog-wreath dim,  
 And bids the sea-birds flying north  
 Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of  
 men  
 He perilled life to save,  
 And grateful prayers like holy oil  
 To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!  
 Fair toast of all the town!—  
 The skipper's jerkin ill beseems  
 The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth  
 wear  
 For him the blush of shame  
 Who dares to set his manly gifts  
 Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
 And blood is not like wine;  
 Nor honored less than he who heirs  
 Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
 If love be Fortune's spur;  
 And never maiden stoops to him  
 Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,  
 With stately stairways worn  
 By feet of old Colonial knights  
 And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch  
 The English ivy twines,  
 Trained back to show in English oak  
 The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
 Ancestral faces frown,—  
 And this has worn the soldier's  
 sword,  
 And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
 She walks the gallery-floor  
 As if she trod her sailor's deck  
 By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-  
 side,  
 And green are Elliot's bowers;  
 Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
 The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
 To see the white gulls fly;  
 His greeting from the Northern sea  
 Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
 As in its romance old,  
 Shall homeward ride with silken  
 sails  
 And masts of beaten gold!

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
 And high and low mate ill;  
 But love has never known a law  
 Beyond its own sweet will!

WHITTIER.

### LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,  
 And clouds are highest up in air,  
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:  
 Lovers long-betrothed were they:  
 They two will wed the morrow morn:  
 God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,  
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
 He loves me for my own true worth,  
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
 Said, "Who was this that went  
 from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady  
 Clare,  
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,

"That all comes round so just and fair:

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread!  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be true,

To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,

When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.  
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."  
She said, "Not so: but I will know  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!

Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown.

She was no longer Lady Clare:  
She went by dale, and she went by  
down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,  
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

Why come you drest like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born," she said,  
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"For I am yours in word and in deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail:  
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:  
He turned and kissed her where  
she stood:

"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born.  
And I," said he, "the lawful heir.  
We two will wed to-morrow morn.  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

TENNYSON.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

YOUNG Jamie lo'ed me weel, and  
 he sought me for his bride,  
 But saving a crown he had naething  
 else beside;  
 To make that crown a pound, my  
 Jamie gaed to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were  
 baith for me.  
 He had na been awa a week but only  
 twa,  
 When my mither she fell sick, and  
 the cow was stown awa,  
 My father brak his arm, and my  
 Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray cam' a-court-  
 ing to me.

My father cou'dna work, and my  
 mither cou'dna spin;  
 I toiled baith day and night, but  
 their bread I cou'dna win;  
 Auld Rob maintained them baith,  
 and wi' tears in his ee  
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh, will  
 you marry me?  
 My heart it said nay; I looked for  
 Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the  
 ship it proved a wrack,  
 The ship it proved a wrack, — why  
 didna Jenny dee?  
 And why do I live to say, Oh, waes  
 me!

Auld Robin argued sair, though my  
 mither didna speak,  
 She looked in my face till my heart  
 was like to break;  
 So they gied him my hand, though  
 my heart was at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray is a gude man  
 to me.  
 I hadna been a wife a week but only  
 four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully ae day  
 at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd-  
 na think it he,  
 Until he said, Jenny, I'm come to  
 marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle  
 did we say,  
 We took but ae kiss, and tore our-  
 selves away:

I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like  
 to dee;  
 And why do I live to say, Oh, waes  
 me!  
 I gang like a ghaist, I carena to  
 spin,  
 I darena think on Jamie, for that  
 wad be a sin;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife for to  
 be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto  
 me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE  
BONNY.

O, WALY, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly you burn-side,  
 Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an alk,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bowed, and syne it brak, —  
 Sae my true love did light by me!

O, waly, waly, but love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning  
 dew.

O, wherefore should I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by  
 me;

St. Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou  
 blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves off the  
 tree?

O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing thaw's inclemency;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to  
 me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kissed,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,  
And pinned it with a silver pin.

O, O, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysel were dead and gane  
And the green grass growin' ower me!

ANONYMOUS.

### FAIR ANNIE.

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,  
And learn to lie your lane;  
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,  
A braw bride to bring hame.  
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;  
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,  
That I bring o'er the dale?" —

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale;  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring o'er the dale." —

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair." —

"But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane?  
Have I not born seven sons to thee,  
And am with child again?" —

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
Another in her hand;  
And she's up to the highest tower,  
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
And look o'er yon sea-strand,  
And see your father's new-come bride,  
Before she come to land." —

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,  
Come frae the castle wa'!  
I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
Ye'll let yoursell down fa'." —

And she gaed down, and farther down,  
Her love's ship for to see;  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,  
The bride's ship to behold;  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;  
I wot she did'na fail!  
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,  
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house,  
Lord Thomas;  
You're welcome to your land;  
You're welcome, with your fair ladye,  
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's ladye,  
You're welcome to your bowers;  
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,  
For a' that's here is yours." —

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee,  
Annie;  
Sae dearly as I thank thee;  
You're the likest to my sister Annie,  
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,  
And stole my sister away;  
The shame scoup in his company  
And land where'er he gaed!" —

She hang ae napkin at the door,  
Another in the ha';  
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,  
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables  
With white bread and with wine;  
And aye she drank the wan water,  
To haud her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,  
With white bread and with brown;  
And ay she turned her round about,  
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,  
Hung on a silver pin;  
And aye he wipes the tear trickling  
Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turned him round about,  
And smiled amang his men,  
Says—"Like ye best the old ladye,  
Or her that's new come hame?"—

When bells were rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And a' men bound to bed,  
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,  
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,  
To hear what they might say;  
"And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,  
"That I should see this day!

"Gin my seven sons were seven  
young rats,  
Running on the castle wa',  
And I were a grey cat mysell,  
I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven  
young hares,  
Running o'er yon lilly lee,  
And I were a grew hound mysell,  
Soon worried they a' should be."—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,  
And drearie was her sang;  
And ever, as she sobbed and grat,  
"Wae to the man that did the  
wrang!"—

"My gown is on," said the new-come  
bride,

"My shoes are on my feet,  
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,  
And see what gars her greet.

"What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair  
Annie,  
That ye make sic a moan?

Has your wine barrells cast the girds,  
Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,  
Or wha was't was your mother?  
And had you ony sister, Annie,  
Or had you ony brother?"—

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;  
And a' the folk about the house,  
To me were sister and brother."—

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your  
father,  
I wot sae was he mine;  
And it shall not be for lack o'gowd,  
That ye your love sall tyne.

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,  
It ne'er was wrangled for me,  
But an ae kiss of his merry mouth,  
As we cam owre the sea."

"Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,  
Awa, awa frae me:  
I wudna hear my Annie greet,  
For a' the gold I got wi' thee."

"O I have seven ships o' mine ain,  
A' loaded to the brim;  
And I will gie them a' to thee,  
Wi' four to thine eldest son,  
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven  
That I gae maiden hame!"

SCOTT'S VERSION.

## GRISELDA.

### THE CLERKES TALE.

Ther is right at the West side of  
Itaille  
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,  
A lusty plain, abundant of vitaille,  
Ther many a toun and tour thou  
maist behold,  
That founded were in time of fa-  
thers old,  
And many another delitable sighte.  
And Saluces this noble ctree  
highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that  
land,  
As were his worthy elders him before,  
And obeysant, ay redy to his hand,



Were all his lieges, bothe lesse and more:  
 Thus in delit he liveth, and hath done yore,  
 Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune,  
 Both of his lordes, and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to spoken of linage.  
 The gentilest yborne of Lombardie,  
 A faire person, and strong, and yong of age,  
 And ful of honour and of curtesie:  
 Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,  
 Save in som thinges that he was to blame,  
 And Walter was this yongé lordés name.

I blame him thus, that he considered nought  
 In time coming what might him betide,  
 But on his lust present was all his thought,  
 And for to hauke and hunt on every side:  
 Wel neigh all other curés let he slide,  
 And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)  
 Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Only that point his peple baresosore,  
 That flockmel on a day to him they went.  
 And one of them, that wisest was of lore,  
 (Or ellés that the lord wold best assent  
 That he shuld tell him what the peple ment,  
 Or ellés coud he wel shew suich matere)  
 He to the markis said as ye shall here.

"O noble markis, your humanitee  
 Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,  
 As oft as time is of necessitee,  
 That we to you may tell our hevinesse:  
 Accepteth, lord, then of your gentillesse,  
 That we with pitous herte unto you plaine,  
 And let your érés not my vois disdaine.

Al have I not to don in this matere  
 More than another man hath in this place,  
 Yet for as moch as ye, my lord so dere  
 Han alway shewed me favour and grace,  
 I dare the better aske of you a space  
 Of audience, to shewen our request.  
 And ye, my lord, to don right as you lest.

For certes, lord, so wel us liketh you  
 And all your werke, and ever have don, that we  
 Ne couden not ourself devisen how  
 We mighten live in more felicittee:  
 Save one thing, lord, if it your wilké be,  
 That for to be a wedded man you lest,  
 Then were your peple in soverain hertés rest.

Boweth your nekke under the blisful yok  
 Of soveraintee, and not of servise,  
 Which that men clepen spousalile or wedlok:  
 And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtés wise,  
 How that our dayes passe in sondry wise;  
 For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,  
 Ay fleth the time, it wol no man abide.

And though your grené youthe floure as yet,  
 In crepeth age alway as still as stone,  
 And deth menaceth every age, and smit  
 In eche estat, for ther escapeth none:  
 And al so certain, as we knowe eche one  
 That we shul die, as uncertain we all  
 Ben of that day whan deth shal on us fall.

Accepteth then of us the trewe entent,  
 That never yet refuseden your hest,  
 And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assent,  
 Chese you a wife in short time at the mest,

Borne of the gentillest and of the best  
Of all this lond, so that it oughté  
seme  
Honour to God and you, as we can  
deme.

Deliver us out of all this besy  
drede,  
And take a wif, for highé Goddés  
sake:  
For if it so befell, as God forbede,  
That thurgh your deth your linage  
shulde slake,  
And that a strange successour shuld  
take  
Your heritage, o! wo were us on  
live:  
Wherefore we pray you hastily to  
wive."

Hir meké praiére and hir pitous  
chere  
Made the markis for to han pitee.  
"Ye wol," quod he, "min owen  
peple dere,  
To that I never ere thought con-  
strainen me.  
I me rejoycèd of my libertee,  
That selden time is found in mar-  
riage:  
Ther I was free, I moste ben in ser-  
vage.

"But natheles I see your trewe  
entent,  
And trust upon your wit, and have  
don ay:  
Wherefore of my free will I wol as-  
sent  
To wedden me, as sone as ever I  
may.  
But ther as ye han profred me to-  
day  
To chesen me a wife, I you relese  
That chois, and pray you of that  
profer cese.

"For God it wot, that children of-  
ten ben  
Unlike hir worthy eldres them be-  
fore,  
Bountee cometh al of God, not of  
the stren,  
Of which they ben ygendred and  
ybore:  
I trust in Goddés bountee, and ther-  
fore

My mariage, and min estat, and  
rest  
I him betake, he may do as him  
lest.

"Let me alone in chosing of my  
wife,  
That charge upon my bak I wol en-  
dure:  
But I you pray, and charge upon  
your life,  
That what wif that I take, ye me  
assure  
To worship her while that her life  
may dure,  
In word and work both here and  
elles where,  
As she an emperourés daughter  
were.

"And forthermore this shuln ye  
swere, that ye  
Again my chois shal never grutch ne  
strive.  
For sith I shal forgo my libertee  
At your request, as ever mote I  
thrive,  
Where as min herte is set, ther wol  
I wive:  
And but ye wol assent in such man-  
ere,  
I pray you speke no more of this  
matere."

With hertly will they sworn and  
assenten  
To all this thing, ther saide not one  
wight nay.  
Beseching him of grace, or that  
they wenten,  
That he wold granten them a cer-  
tain day  
Of his spousesaile, as soon as ever he  
may,  
For yet alway the peple somewhat  
dred,  
Lest that this markis wolde no wif  
wed.

He granted hem a day, such as  
him lest,  
On which he wold be wedded sikerly,  
And said he did all this at hir re-  
quest.  
And they with humble herte ful  
buxumly  
Knelling upon their knees ful rever-  
ently.

Him thanked all, and thus they had  
an end  
Of their entente, and home agen they  
wend.

And hereupon he to his officeres  
Commanbeth for the festé to purvay.  
And to his priveé knightes and  
squieres  
Such charge he gave, as him list on  
them lay:

And they to his commandément obey,  
And eche of them doth all his dili-  
gence  
To do unto the feste all reverence.

#### PARS SECUNDA.

Nought far fro thilke paleis hon-  
ourable,  
Wher as this markis shope his mar-  
riage,  
Ther stood a thorpe, of sighte delita-  
ble,  
In which that pouré folk of that  
village  
Hadden their bestés and their her-  
bergage,  
And of hir labour toke hir suste-  
tenance,  
After that the erthe gave them  
abundance.

Among this pouré folk ther dwelt  
a man,  
Which that was holden poorest of  
them all:  
But highé God somtimé senden can  
His grace unto a litel oxes stall:  
Janicola men of that thorpe him call.  
A doughter had he, faire enough to  
sight,  
And Grisildis this yongé maiden  
hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beau-  
tee,  
Then was she one the fairest under  
sonne:  
Ful pourléy yfostred up was she:  
No likerous lust was in hire herte  
yronne;  
Wel offer of the well than of the  
tonne  
She dranke, and for she woldé vertue  
plese,  
She knew wel labour, but none idel  
ese.

But though this mayden tendre  
were of age,  
Yet in the brest of her virginitee  
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe  
corage : -  
And in great reverence and charitee  
Her oldé pouré father fostred she:  
A few sheep spinning on the feld she  
kept,  
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homeward came,  
she wolde bring  
Wortes and other herbés times oft,  
The which she shred and sethe for  
her living,  
And made her bed ful hard, and  
nothing soft:  
And ay she kept her fadres life on  
loft  
With every obeisance and diligence,  
That child may don to fadres rever-  
ence.

Upon Grisilde, this pouré creature,  
Ful often sithe this markis sette his  
eye,  
As he on hunting rode paraventure:  
And whan it fell that he might hire  
espie,  
He not with wanton loking of folie  
His eyen cast on her, but in sad  
wise  
Upon her chere he wold him oft  
avise,

Commending in his herte her  
womanhede,  
And eke her vertue, passing any  
wight  
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as  
dede.  
For though the peple have no great  
insight  
In virtue, he considered ful right  
Her bountee, and disposed that he  
wold  
Wedde her only, if ever he wedden  
shold.

The day of wedding came, but no  
wight can  
Tellen what woman that it shuldé  
be,  
For which mervailé wondred many  
a man,  
And saiden, whan they were in pri-  
vetee,

Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee ?  
 Wol he not wedde ? alas, alas the  
     while !  
 Why wol he thus himself and us  
     begile ?

But natheles this markis hath do  
     make  
 Of gemmes, sette in gold and in  
     asure,  
 Broches and ringes, for Grisildes  
     sake,  
 And of her clothing toke he the  
     mesure  
 Of a maiden like unto her stature,  
 And eke of other ornamentés all,  
 That unto swiche a wedding shuldé  
     fall.

The time of underne of the same  
     day  
 Approcheth, that this wedding  
     shuldé be,  
 And all the paleis put was in ar-  
     ray,  
 Both halle and chambres, eche in  
     his degree,  
 Houses of office stuffed with plen-  
     tee  
 Ther mayst thou see of dainteous  
     vitaillé,  
 That may be found, as far as lasteth  
     Itaille.

This real markis richély arraide,  
 Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,  
 The which unto the festé weren  
     praide,  
 And of his retenue the bachelerie,  
 With many a sound of sondry mel-  
     odie,  
 Unto the village, of the which I told,  
 In this array the righté way they  
     hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful inno-  
     cent,  
 That for her shapen was all this  
     array,  
 To fetchen water at a welle is went,  
 And cometh home as sone as ever  
     she may.  
 For wel she had herd say, that thilké  
     day  
 The markis shuldé wedde, and, if  
     she might,  
 She woldé fayn han seen some of  
     that sight.

She thought, "I wol with other  
     maidens stond,  
 That ben my felawes, in our dore,  
     and see  
 The markisesse, and therto wol I fond  
 To don at home, as soon as it may be,  
 The labour which that longeth unto  
     me,  
 And than I may at leiser her behold,  
 If she this way unto the castel hold."

And as she wolde over the thres-  
     wold gon,  
 The markis came and gan her for to  
     call,  
 And she set down her water-pot anon  
 Beside the threswold in an oxes stall,  
 And down upon her knees she gan to  
     fall,  
 And with sad countenance kneleth  
     still,  
 Til she had herd what was the lordés  
     will.

This thoughtful markis spake unto  
     this maid  
 Ful soberly, and said in this manere :  
 "Wher is your fader, Grisildis ?" he  
     said.  
 And she with reverence in humble  
     chere  
 Answered, "Lord, he is al redy here."  
 And in she goth withouten lenger  
     lette,  
 And to the markis she hire fader  
     fette.

He by the hand than toke this  
     poure man,  
 And saide thus, whan he him had  
     aside :  
 "Janicola, I neither may nor can  
 Longer the plesance of mine herté  
     hide,  
 If that thou vouchesauf, what so  
     betide,  
 Thy daughter wol I take or that I  
     wend  
 As for my wif, unto her livés end.

"Thou lovest me, that wot I wel  
     certain,  
 And art my faithful liegeman ybore,  
 And all that liketh me, I dare wel  
     sain  
 It liketh thee, and specially therfore  
 Tell me that point, that I have said  
     before,

If that thou wolt unto this purpos  
drawe,  
To taken me as for thy son in lawe."

This soden cas this man astoned  
so,  
That red he wex, abaist, and al  
quaking  
He stood, unnethes said he wordes  
mo,  
But only thus; "Lord," quod he,  
"my willing  
Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking  
I wol no thing, min owen lord so  
dere,  
Right as you list, governeth this  
matere."

"Than wol I," quod this markis  
softely,  
"That in thy chambre, I, and thou,  
and she,  
Have a collation, and wost thou why?  
For I wol ask her, if it her wille be  
To be my wif, and rule her after  
me:  
And all this shal be done in thy  
presence,  
I wol not speke out of thine au-  
dience."

And in the chambre, while they  
were about  
The trettee, which as ye shul after  
here,  
The peple came into the hous with-  
out,  
And wondred them, in how honest  
manere  
Ententifly she kept hire fader dere:  
But utterly Grisildis wonder night,  
For never erst ne saw she swiche a  
sight.

No wonder is though that she be  
astoned,  
To see so gret a gest come in that  
place,  
She never was to non such gestes  
woned,  
For which she loked with ful pale  
face.  
But shortly forth this matere for to  
chace,  
These are the wordes that the  
markis said  
To this benigné, veray, faithful  
maid.

"Grisilde," he said, "ye shul wel  
understond,  
It liketh to your fader and to me.  
That I you wedde, and eke it may so  
stond  
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:  
But thise demaundés aske I first  
(quod he)  
That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,  
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise?"

"I say this, be ye redy with good  
herte  
To all my lust, and that I freely may  
As me best thinketh do you laugh or  
smerte,  
And never ye to grutchen, night ne  
day,  
And eke whan I say yea, ye say not  
nay,  
Neither by word, ne frowning coun-  
tenance?  
Swere this, and here I swere our alli-  
ance."

Wondring upon this thing, quak-  
ing for drede,  
She saide, "Lord, indigne and un-  
worthy  
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me  
bede,  
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:  
And here I swere, that never will-  
ingly  
In werk, ne thought, I n'll you dis-  
obeie  
For to be ded, though me were loth  
to deie."

"This is ynough, Grisilde min,"  
quod he.  
And forth he goth with a ful sobre  
chere,  
Out at the dore, and after then came  
she,  
And to the peple he said in this  
manere:  
"This is my wif," quod he, "that  
stondeth here.  
Honoureth her, and loveth her, I  
pray,  
Who so me loveth, ther n'is no more  
to say."

And for that nothing of her oldé  
gere  
She shulde bring into his hous, he  
bad

That women shuld despoilen her  
 right there,  
 Of which thise ladies weren nothing  
 glad  
 To handle her clothes wherin she  
 was clad:  
 But natheles this maiden bright of  
 hew  
 Fro foot to hed they clothed han all  
 new.

Her heres han they kempt, that  
 lay untressed  
 Ful rudely, and with her fingres smal  
 A coroune on her hed they han  
 ydressed,  
 And sette her ful of nouches gret  
 and smal:  
 Of her array what shuld I make a  
 tale?  
 Unneth the peple her knew for her  
 fairnesse,  
 Whan she transmewèd was in swiche  
 richesse.

This markis hath her spoused with  
 a ring  
 Brought for the same cause, and than  
 her sette  
 Upon an hors snow-white, and wel  
 ambling,  
 And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,  
 (With joyful peple, that her lad and  
 mette)  
 Conveyed her, and thus the day they  
 spende  
 In revel, til the sonnè gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to  
 chace,  
 I say, that to this newé markisesse  
 God hath swiche favour sent her of  
 his grace,  
 That it ne semeth not by likelinesse  
 That she was borne and fed in rude-  
 nesse,  
 As in a cote, or in an oxes stall,  
 But nourished in an emperoures hall.

To every wight she waxen is so dere,  
 And worshipful, that folk ther she  
 was bore  
 And fro her birthé knew her yere by  
 yere,  
 Unnethes trowed they, but dorst han  
 swore,  
 That to Janicle, of which I spake  
 before,

She doughter n'as, for as by con-  
 jecture  
 Hem thoughte she was another crea-  
 ture.

For though that ever vertuous  
 was she,  
 She was encreased in swiche excel-  
 lence  
 Of thewés good, yset in high boun-  
 tee,  
 And so discrete, and faire of elo-  
 quence,  
 So benigne, and so digne of rev-  
 erence,  
 And coude so the peples herte em-  
 brace,  
 That eche her loveth that loketh on  
 her face.

Nor only of Saluces in the toun  
 Published was the bountee of her  
 name,  
 But eke beside in many a regioun,  
 If one saith wel, another saith the  
 same:  
 So spredeth of her hie bountee the  
 fame,  
 That men and women, yong as wel  
 as old,  
 Gon to Saluces upon her to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but réally,  
 Wedded with fortunat honestetee,  
 In Goddés peace liveth ful esily  
 At home, and grace ynowh outward  
 had he:  
 And for he saw that under low de-  
 gree  
 Was honest vertue hid, the peple  
 him held  
 A prudent man, and that is seen ful  
 seild.

Not only this Grisildis thurgh  
 her wit  
 Coude all the fete of wifly homli-  
 nesse,  
 But eke whan that the cas required  
 it,  
 The comuné profit coude she re-  
 dresse:  
 Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne  
 hevinesse  
 In all the lond, that she ne coude  
 apese,  
 And wisely bring hem all in hertés  
 ese.

Though that her husbond absent  
were or non,  
If gentlemen, or other of that contree  
Were wroth, she wolde bringen them  
at one,  
So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,  
And judgement of so gret equitee,  
That she from heven sent was, as  
men wend,  
Peple to save, and every wrong to  
amend.

Not longe time after that this  
Grisilde  
Was wedded, she a doughter hath  
ybore,  
All had hire lever han borne a knave  
childe:  
Glad was the markis and his folk  
therefore,  
For though a maiden childe come  
all before,  
She may unto a knave child atteine  
By likelyhed, sin she n'is not bar-  
reine.

#### PARS TERTIA.

Ther fell, as it befalleth times mo,  
Whan that this childe had souked  
but a throwe,  
This markis in his herte longed so  
To tempt his wif, her sadnesse for  
to knowe,  
That he ne might out of his herte  
throwe  
This marvellous desir his wif to  
assay,  
Needles, God wot, he thought hire  
to affray.

He had assaied her enough before,  
And found her ever good, what  
nedeth it  
Her for to tempt, and alway more  
and more?  
Though some men praise it for a  
subtil wit,  
But as for me, I say that evil it sit  
To assay a wife when that it is no  
nede,  
And putten her in anguish and in  
drede.

For which this markis wrought in  
this manere;  
He came a-night alone ther as she lay  
With sterné face, and with ful trouble  
chere,

And sayde thus: "Grisilde" (quod  
he) "that day  
That I you toke out of your poure  
array,  
And put you in estat of high noblesse,  
Ye han it not forgotten, as I gesse.

"I say, Grisilde, this present dig-  
nitee,  
In which that I have put you, as I  
trow,  
Maketh you not forgetful for to be  
That I you toke in poure estat ful  
low,  
For only wele ye mote yourselven  
know.  
Take hede of every word that I you  
say,  
Ther is no wight that hereth it but  
we tway.

"Ye wote yourself wel how that  
ye came here  
Into this hous, it is not long ago,  
And though to me ye be right lefe  
and dere,  
Unto my gentils ye be nothing so:  
They say, to hem it is gret shame  
and wo  
For to be suggetes, and ben in ser-  
vage  
To thee, that borne art of a smal  
linage.

"And namely since thy doughter  
was ybore,  
These wordes han they spoken  
douteles,  
But I desire, as I have don before,  
To live my lif with them in rest and  
peace:  
I may not in this case be reccheles;  
I mote do with thy doughter for the  
best,  
Not as I wold, but as my gentils lest.

"And yet, God wote, this is ful  
loth to me:  
But natheles withouten youre wetting  
I wol nought do, but thus wol I  
(quod he)  
That ye to me assenten in this thing.  
Shew now youre patience in youre  
werking  
That ye me hight and swore in youre  
village  
The day that makèd was our mari-  
age."

Whan she had herd all this, she  
 not ameved  
 Neyther in word, in chere, ne  
 countenance,  
 (For as it semed, she was not agreved)  
 She sayde: "Lord, all lith in your  
 plesance,  
 My child and I, with hertely obei-  
 sance  
 Ben youre all, and ye may save or  
 spill,  
 Your owen thing: werketh after  
 your will.

Ther may no thing, so God my  
 soule save,  
 Like unto you, that may displesen  
 me:  
 Ne I desire nothing for to have,  
 Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye:  
 This will is in myn herte, and ay  
 shal be,  
 No length of time, or deth may this  
 deface,  
 Ne change my corage to an other  
 place."

Glad was this markis for her  
 answering,  
 But yet he feined as he were not so,  
 Al dreery was his chere and his  
 loking,  
 Whan that he shuld out of the cham-  
 bre go.  
 Sone after this, a furlong way or two,  
 He prively hath told all his entent  
 Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.

A maner sergeant was this privé  
 man,  
 The which he faithful often founden  
 had  
 In thinges gret, and eke swiche folk  
 wel can  
 Don execution on thinges bad:  
 The lord knew wel, that he him loved  
 and drad.  
 And whan this sergeant wist his  
 lordes will,  
 Into the chambre he stalked him ful  
 still.

"Madame," he sayd, "ye mote  
 forgive it me,  
 Though I do thing, to which I am  
 constrained:  
 Ye ben so wise, that right wel  
 knowen ye,

That lordes hestes may not ben  
 yfeined,  
 They may wel be bewailed and com-  
 plained,  
 But men mote nedes to their lust  
 obey,  
 And so wol I, ther n'is no more to  
 say.

"This child I am commanded for  
 to take."  
 And spake no more, but out the  
 child he hent  
 Despiteously, and gan a chere to  
 make,  
 As though he wold have slain it, or  
 he went.  
 Grisildis must al suffer and al con-  
 sent:  
 And as a lambe, she sitteth meke  
 and still,  
 And let this cruel sergeant do his  
 will.

Suspecious was the diffame of this  
 man,  
 Suspect his face, suspect his word  
 also,  
 Suspect the time in which he this  
 began:  
 Alas! her doughter, that she lovèd  
 so,  
 She wende he wold han slaién it  
 right tho,  
 But natheles she neither wept ne  
 siked,  
 Conforming her to that the markis  
 liked.

But at the last to spoken she began,  
 And mekely she to the sergeant praid  
 (So as he was a worthy gentil man)  
 That she might kiss her child, or  
 that it deid:  
 And in her barme this litel child she  
 leid,  
 With ful sad face, and gan the child  
 to blisse,  
 And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus she sayd in her benigne  
 vois:  
 "Farewel, my child, I shal thee  
 never see,  
 But sin I have thee marked with  
 the crois,  
 Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou  
 be,



That for us died upon a crois of tree:  
Thy soule, litel child, I him betake,  
For this night shalt thou dien for  
my sake."

I trow that to a norice in this case  
It had ben hard this routhe for to  
see:

Wel might a moder than han cried  
alas,

But natheles so sad stedfast was she,  
That she endured all adversitee,  
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,  
"Have here agen your litel yonge  
mayde.

"Goth now" (quod she) "and  
doth my lordés hest:

And one thing wold I pray you of  
your grace,

But if my lord forbade you at the lest,  
Burieth this litel body in some place,  
That bestes ne no birdies it to-race."  
But he no word to that purpos wold  
say,

But toke the child and went upon  
his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord  
again,

And of Grisildés wordés and her chere  
He told him point for point, in short  
and plain,

And him presented with his daughter  
dere.

Somwhat this lord hath routhe in  
his manere,

But natheles his purpos held he still,  
As lordes don, whan they wol han  
hir will.

And bad this sergeant that he  
prively

Shulde this child ful softe wind and  
wrappe,

With alle circumstances tendrely,  
And carry it in a coffer, or in a lappe;  
But upon peine his hed off for to  
swappe

That no man shulde know of his  
entent,

Ne whence he came, ne whither that  
he went;

But at Boloigne, unto his sister  
dere,

That thilke time of Pavie was  
countesse,

He shuld it take, and shew hire this  
matere,

Beseching hire to don her besinesse  
This child to fostren in all gentillesse,  
And whos child that it was he bade  
her hide

From every wight, for ought that  
may betide.

This sergeant goth, and hath ful-  
filde this thing.

But to this marquis now retorné we;  
For now goth he ful fast imagining,  
If by his wivés chere he mighté see,  
Or by her wordés apperceive, that she  
Were changed, but he never coud  
hire finde,

But ever in one ylike sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as besy in  
service

And eke in love, as she was wont to  
be,

Was she to him, in every manner wise;  
Ne of her doughter not a word spake  
she:

Non accident for non adversitee  
Was seen in her; ne never her  
doughter's name

Ne nevened she, for ernest ne for  
game.

#### PARS QUARTA.

In this estat ther passèd ben foure  
yere

Er she with childe was, but, as God  
wold,

A knave childe she bare by this  
Waltere

Ful gracious, and fair for to behold:  
And whan that folk it to his fader  
told,

Not only he, but all his contree mery  
Was for this childe, and God they  
thonke and hery.

Whan it was two yere old, and  
from the brest

Departed of his norice, on a day  
This markis caughte yet another lest  
To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he  
may.

O! nedeles was she tempted in assay.  
But wedded men ne connen no  
mesure,

Whan that they finde a patient crea-  
ture.

"Wif," quod this markis, "ye  
han herd or this  
My peple sikely beren our mariage,  
And namely sin my son yboren is,  
Now is it worse than ever in all our  
age:  
The murmur sleth myn herte and  
my corage,  
For to mine eres cometh the vois so  
smerte,  
That it wel nie destroyed hath my  
herte.

"Now say they thus, whan Walter  
is agon,  
Than shal the blood of Janicle suc-  
cede,  
And ben our lord, for other han we  
none:  
Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is  
no drede,  
Wel ought I of swiche murmur  
taken hede,  
For certainly I drede al swiche sen-  
tence,  
Though they not plainen in myn  
audience.

"I wolde live in pees, if that I  
might:  
Wherefore I am disposed utterly,  
As I his suster served er by night,  
Right so thinke I to serve him  
prively.  
This warne I you, that ye not sod-  
only  
Out of yourself for no wo shuld  
outraie,  
Beth patient, and thereof I you prais."

"I have," quod she, "sayd thus  
and ever shal,  
I wol no thing, ne n'ill no thing  
certain,  
But as you list: not greveth me at al,  
Though that my doughter and my  
sone be slain  
At your commandement: that is to  
sain,  
I have not had no part of children  
twein,  
But first sikennesse, and after wo and  
peine.

"Ye ben my lord, doth with your  
owen thing  
Right as you list, asketh no rede of  
me:

For as I left at home al my clothing  
Whan I came first to you, right so  
(quod she)  
Left I my will and al my libertee,  
And toke your clothing: wherfore I  
you prey,  
Doth your plesance, I wol youre  
lust obey.

"And certes, if I hadde prescience  
Your will to know, er ye your lust  
me told,  
I wold it do withouten negligence:  
But now I wote your lust, and what  
ye wold,  
All your plesance ferme and stable  
I hold,  
For wist I that my deth might do  
you ese,  
Right gladly wold I dien, you to  
plese.

"Deth may not maken no compari-  
soun  
Unto your love." And whan this  
markis say  
The constance of his wif, he cast  
adoun  
His eyen two, and wondreth how  
she may  
In patience suffer al this array:  
And forth he goth with drery con-  
tenance,  
But to his herte it was ful gret ples-  
ance.

This ugly sergeant in the same  
wise  
That he her doughter caughte, right  
so he  
(Or werse, if men can any werse de-  
vise)  
Hath hent her son, that ful was of  
beautee:  
And ever in on so patient was she,  
That she no chere made of hevi-  
nesse,  
But kist her sone and after gan it  
blesse.

Save this she praisd him, if that  
he might,  
Her litel sone he wold in erthe  
grave,  
His tendre limmés, delicat to sight,  
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.  
But she non answer of him mighte  
have,

He went his way, as him no thing  
ne rought,  
But to Boloigne he tendrely it  
brought.

This markis wondreth ever lenger  
the more  
Upon her patience, and if that he  
Ne hadde sothly knowen therbefore,  
That parfitly her children loved she,  
He wold han wend that of som sub-  
tiltee  
And of malice, or for cruel corage,  
That she had suffred this with sad  
visage.

But wel he knew, that next him-  
self, certain  
She loved her children best in every  
wise.  
But now of women wold I asken  
fayn,  
If this assaies mighten not suffice;  
What could a sturdy husbond more  
devise  
To preve her wifhood, and her sted-  
fastnesse,  
And he continuing ever in sturdi-  
nesse?

But ther be folk of such condi-  
tion,  
That, whan they han a certain pur-  
pos take,  
They can not stint of their inten-  
tion,  
But, right as they were bounden to  
a stake,  
They wol not of their firste purpose  
slake:  
Right so this markis fully hath pur-  
posed  
To tempt his wif, as he was first dis-  
posed.

He waiteth, if by word or conte-  
nance  
That she to him was changed of  
corage:  
But never could he finden variance,  
She was ay one in herte and in vis-  
age,  
And ay the further that she was in  
age,  
The more trewe (if that were possi-  
ble)  
She was to him in love, and more  
penible.

For which it semed thus, that of  
them two  
Ther was but one will; for as Wal-  
ter lest,  
The same lust was hire plesance also;  
And God be thanked, all fell for the  
best.  
She shewed wel, for no worldly un-  
rest  
A wif, as of himself, no thing ne  
sholde  
Wille in effect, but as her husbond  
wolde.

The sclandre of Walter wonder  
wide spradde,  
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,  
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,  
Hath murdered both his children  
prively:  
Such murmur was among them  
comunly.  
No wonder is: for to the peples' ere  
Ther came no word, but that they  
murdered were.

For which ther as his people ther-  
before  
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of  
his diffame  
Made them that they him hateden  
therfore:  
To ben a murdroure is an hateful  
name.  
But natheles, for ernest ne for game,  
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente.  
To tempt his wif was sette all his  
entente.

Whan that his daughter twelf yere  
was of age,  
He to the court of Rome, in subtil  
wise  
Enformed of his will, sent his mes-  
sage,  
Commanding him, swiche billes to  
devise,  
As to his cruel purpos may suffice,  
How that the pope, as for his peples  
rest,  
Bade him to wed another, if him lest.

I say he bade, they shulden con-  
trefete  
The popes bulles, making mention  
That he hath leve his firste wif to  
lete,  
As by the popes dispensation,

To stinten rancour and dissension  
Betwix his peple and him: thus  
spake the bull,  
The which they han publishèd at  
the full.

The rude peple, as no wonder is,  
Wenden ful wel, that it had ben  
right so:  
But whan thise tidings came to Grisildis,  
I deme that her herte was ful of wo;  
But she ylike sad for evermo  
Disposed was, this humble creature,  
The adversitee of fortune al to endure;

Abiding ever his lust and his plesance,  
To whom that she was even, herte  
and al,  
As to hire veray worldly suffisance.  
But shortly if this storie tell I shal,  
This markis writen hath in special  
A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,  
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente,

To the erl of Pavie, which that  
hadde tho  
Wedded his suster, prayed he specially  
To bringen home agein his children  
two  
In honourable estat al openly:  
But one thing he him prayed utterly,  
That he to no wight, though men  
wold enquire,  
Shulde not tell whos children that  
they were,

But say, the maiden shuld ywedded  
be  
Unto the markis of Saluces anon.  
And as this erl was prayed, so did he,  
For at day sette he on his way is gon  
Toward Saluces, and lordes many on  
In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,  
Her yonge brother riding hire beside.

Arraied was toward her mariage  
This fresshe maiden, ful of gemmes  
clere,  
Her brother, which that seven yere  
was of age,  
Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere:  
And thus in gret noblesse and with  
glade chere

Toward Saluces shaping their journey  
Fro day to day they riden in their  
way.

## PARS QUINTA.

Among al this, after his wicked  
usage,  
This markis yet his wif to tempten  
more  
To the uttereste proof of hire corage,  
Fully to have experience and lore.  
If that she were as stedfast as before,  
He on a day in open audience  
Ful boistously hath said her this  
sentence:

"Certes, Grisilde, I had ynough  
plesance  
To han you to my wif, for your  
goodnesse,  
And for your trouthe, and for your  
obeyesance,  
Not for your linage, ne for your richesse,  
But now know I in veray sothfastnesse,  
That in gret lordship, if I me wel  
avise,  
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wise.

"I may not do, as every ploughman  
may:  
My peple me constreineth for to  
take  
Another wif, and crien day by day;  
And eke the pope rancour for to  
slake  
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:  
And trewely, thus moche I wol you  
say,  
My newe wif is coming by the way.

"Be strong of herte, and voide  
anon hire place,  
And thilke dower that ye broughten  
me  
Take it agen, I grant it of my grace,  
Returneth to your fadres hous,  
(quod he)  
No man may alway have prosperitee.  
With even herte I rede you to endure  
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure."

And she agen answerd in patience:  
 "My lord," quod she, "I wote, and wist alway,  
 How that betwixen your magnificence  
 And my poverté no wight ne can ne may  
 Maken comparison, it is no nay;  
 I ne held me never digne in no manere  
 To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.

"And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,  
 (The highe God take I for my witnessse,  
 And all so wisly he my soule glad)  
 I never held me lady ne maistresse,  
 But humble servant to your worthinesse,  
 And ever shal, while that my lif may dure,  
 Aboven every worldly creature.

"That ye so longe of your benigntee  
 Han holden me in honour and nobley,  
 Wheras I was not worthy for to be,  
 That thanke I God and you, to whom I prey  
 Foryelde it you, ther is no more to sey:  
 Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,  
 And with him dwell unto my livés ende;

"Ther I was fostred of a childe ful smal,  
 Till I be dead my life there will I lead,  
 A widew clene in body, herte and al.  
 For sith I gave to you my maidenhede,  
 And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,  
 God shilde such a lordés wif to take  
 Another man to husbond or to make.

"And of your newe wif, God of his grace  
 So graunte you wele and prosperite:  
 For I wol gladly yelden her my place,  
 In which that I was blisful wont to be.  
 For sith it liketh you, my lord,  
 (quod she)

That whilom weren all myn hertés rest,  
 That I shal gon, I wot go whan you lest.

"But ther as ye me profer swiche dowaire  
 As I first brought, it is wel in my mind,  
 It were my wretched clothés, nothing faire,  
 The which to me were hard now for to find.  
 O goode God! how gentil and how kind  
 Ye semed by your speche and your visage,  
 The day that maked was oure marriage!

"But soth is said, algate I find it trewe,  
 For in effect it preved is on me,  
 Love is not old, as whan that it is newe.  
 But certes, lord, for non adversitee  
 To dien in this cas, it shal not be  
 That ever in word or werke I shal repent,  
 That I you yave min herte in whole entent.

"My lord, ye wot, that in my father's place  
 Ye did me stripe out of my poure wede.  
 And richely ye clad me of your grace;  
 To you brought I nought elles out of drede,  
 But faith and nakednesse, and maidenhede;  
 And here agen your clothing I restore,  
 And eke your wedding ring for evermore.

"The remenant of your jeweles redy be  
 Within your chambre, I dare it safly sain;  
 Naked out of my father's hous (quod she)  
 I came, and naked I mote turne again.  
 All your plesance wolde I folwe fain:  
 But yet I hope it be not your entent,  
 That I smockless out of your paleis went.

"Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,  
That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,  
Shulde before the peple, in my walking,  
Be seen al bare: wherfore I you pray  
Let me not like a worme go by the way:  
Remembre you, min owen lord so dere,  
I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

"Wherfore in guerdon of my maidenhede,  
Which that I brought and not agen I bere,  
As vouchesauf to yeve me to my mede  
But swiche a smok as I was wont to were,  
That I therewith may wrie the wombe of her  
That was your wif: and here I take my leve  
Of you, min owen lord, lest I you greve."

"The smok," quod he, "that thou hast on thy bake,  
Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee."  
But wel unnethes thilke word he spake,  
But went his way for routhe and for pitee.  
Before the folk hireselven stripeth she,  
And in her smok, with foot and hed al bare,  
Toward her fadres hous forth is she fare.

The folk her folwen weping in hir wey,  
And fortune ay they cursen as they gon:  
But she fro weping kept her eyen drey,  
Ne in this time word ne spake she nou.  
Her fader, that this tiding herd anon,  
Curseth the day and time, that nature  
Shope him to ben a lives creature.

For out of doute this olde poure man  
Was ever in suspect of her mariage:  
For ever he demed, sin it first began,  
That whan the lord fulfilled had his corage,  
Him wolde thinke it were a disparage  
To his estat, so lowe for to alight,  
And voiden her as sone as ever he might.

Agein his doughter hastily goth he,  
(For he by noise of folk knew her coming)  
And with her olde cote, as it might be,  
He covereth her ful sorwefully weping:  
But on her body might he it not bring,  
For rude was the cloth, and more of age  
By daies fele than at her mariage.

Thus with her fader for a certain space  
Dwellethe this flour of wifly patience,  
That nother by her wordes ne her face,  
Beforn the folk, ne eke in her absence,  
Ne shewed she that her was don offence,  
Ne of her high estat no remembrance  
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenance.

No wonder is, for in her gret estat  
Her gost was ever in pleine humilitee;  
No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,  
No pompe, no semblant of realtee;  
But ful of patient benignitee,  
Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,  
And to her husbond ever meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,  
As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endite,  
Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,  
Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,  
Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite

As woman can, ne can be half so  
trewē  
As women ben, but it be falle of  
newe.

## PARS SEXTA.

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Pavie  
come,  
Of which the fame up sprang to  
more and lesse:  
And to the peples eres all and some  
Was couth eke, that a newe mar-  
kissesse  
He with him brought, in swiche  
pomp and richesse,  
That never was ther seen with  
mannes eye  
So noble array in al West Lumbardie.

The markis, which that shope and  
knew all this,  
Er that this erl was come, sent his  
message  
For thilke poure sely Grisildis;  
And she with humble herte and glad  
visage,  
Not with no swollen thought in her  
corage,  
Came at his hest, and on her knees  
her sette,  
And reverently and wisely she him  
grette.

"Grisilde," (quod he) "my will is  
utterly,  
This maiden, that shal wedded be to  
me,  
Received be to-morwe as really  
As it possible is in myn hous to be:  
And eke that every wight in his  
degree  
Have his estat in sitting and service,  
And high plesance, as I can best  
devise.

"I have no woman suffisant certain  
The chambres for to array in ordi-  
nance  
After my lust, and therfore wolde  
I fain,  
That thin were all swiche manere  
governance:  
Thou knowest eke of old all my  
plesance;  
Though thin array be bad, and evil  
besey,  
Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.

Not only, lord, that I am glad  
(quod she)  
To don your lust, but I desire also  
You for to serve and please in my  
degree,  
Withouten fainting, and shal evermo:  
Ne never for no wele, ne for no wo,  
Ne shal the gost within myn herte  
stente  
To love you best with all my trewe  
entente."

And with that word she gan the  
hous to dight,  
And tables for to sette, and beddes  
make,  
And peined hire to don all that she  
might,  
Praying the chambereres for Goddés'  
sake  
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and  
shake,  
And she the moste serviceable of all  
Hath every chambre arraied, and his  
hall.

Abouten undern gan this erl alight,  
That with him brought thise noble  
children twey;  
For which the peple ran to see the  
sight  
Of hir arrayed, so richely besey:  
And than at erst amonges them they  
sey,  
That Walter was no fool, though  
that him lest  
To change his wif; for it was for the  
best.

For she is fairer, as they demen  
all,  
Than is Grisilde, and more tendre  
of age,  
And fairer fruit betwene hem shulde  
fall,  
And more plesant for hire high  
linage:  
Hire brother eke so faire was of  
visage,  
That hem to seen the peple hath  
caught plesance,  
Commending now the markis gover-  
nance.

O stormy peple; unsad and ever  
untrewē,  
And undiscrete, and changing as a  
fane,

Delighting ever in rombel that is  
newe,  
For like the mone waxen ye and  
wane:  
Ay ful of clapping, dere ynough a  
jane,  
Your dome is fals, your constance  
evil preveth,  
A ful gret fool is he that on you  
leveth.

Thus saiden sade folk in that citee,  
Whan that the peple gased up and  
doun:  
For they were glad, right for the  
noveltee,  
To have a newe lady of hir toun.  
No more of this make I now men-  
tion,  
But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,  
And telle hire constance, and hire  
besinesse.

Ful besy was Grisilde in every  
thing,  
That to the feste was appertinent;  
Right naught was she abaist of hire  
clothing,  
Though it were rude, and somdel eke  
to-rent,  
But with glad chere to the yate is  
went  
With other folk, to grete the mar-  
kissesse,  
And after that doth forth hire  
besinesse.

With so glad chere his gestes she  
receiveth,  
And conningly everich in his degree,  
That no defaute no man apper-  
ceiveth,  
But ay they wondren what she  
might be,  
That in so poure array was for to  
see,  
And coude swiche honour and rever-  
ence,  
And worthily they preisen hire prude-  
nce.

In all this mene while she ne stent  
This maide and eke hire brother to  
commend  
With all hire herte in ful benigne  
entent,  
So wel, that no man coud hire preise  
anend:

But at the last whan that thise lordes  
wend  
To sitten doun to mete, he gan to call  
Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall.

"Grisilde, (quod he, as it were in  
his play)  
How liketh thee my wif, and hire  
beautee?"  
"Right wel, my lord, (quod she,) for  
in good fay,  
A fairer saw I never non than she:  
I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;  
And so I hope, that he wol to you  
send  
Plesance ynough unto your lives  
end."

"O thing beseche I you and warne  
also,  
That ye ne prikke with no turment-  
ing  
This tendre maiden as ye han do mo:  
For she is fostred in her norishing  
More tendrely, and to my supposing  
She mighte not adversitee endure,  
As coude a poure fostred creature."

And when this Walter saw her  
patience,  
Her glade chere, and no malice at  
all,  
And he so often hadde her don  
offence,  
And she ay sade and constant as a  
wall,  
Continuing ever her innocence over  
all,  
This sturdy markis gan his herte  
dresse  
To rewe upon her wifly stedefast-  
nesse.

"This is ynough, Grisilde min,  
(quod he,)  
Be now no more agast, ne evil apaid,  
I have thy faith and thy benigneitee,  
As wel as ever woman was, assaid  
I gret estat, and pourelich arraied:  
Now know I, dere wif, thy stedefast-  
nesse,  
And her in armes toke, and gan to  
kesse.

And she for wonder toke of it no  
kepe,  
She herde not what thing he to her  
said:



She ferde as she had stert out of a slepe,  
 Til she out of her masednesse abraid.  
 "Grisilde, (quod he,) by God that  
 for us deid,  
 Thou art my wif, non other I ne have,  
 Ne never had, as God my soule save.

"This is thy doughter, which thou  
 hast supposed  
 To be my wif; that other faithfully  
 Shal be min heir, as I have ay dis-  
 posed;  
 Thou bare hem of thy body trewely:  
 At Boloigne have I kept hem prively:  
 Take hem agen, for now maist thou  
 not say,  
 That thou hast lorn non of thy chil-  
 dren tway.

"And folk, that otherwise han  
 said of me,  
 I warne hem wel, that I have don  
 this dede  
 For no malice, ne for no crueltee,  
 But for to assay in thee thy woman-  
 hede:  
 And not to slee my children (God for-  
 bed)  
 But for to kepe hem prively and still,  
 Til I thy purpos knew, and all thy  
 will."

Whan she this herd aswouned doun  
 she falleth  
 For pitous joye, and after her swoun-  
 ing  
 She both her yonge children to her  
 calleth,  
 And in her armes pitously weping  
 Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing  
 Ful like a moder with her salte teres  
 She bathed both her visage and her  
 heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see  
 Her swouning, and her humble vois  
 to here!

"Grand mercy, lord, God thank it  
 you (quod she)  
 That ye han saved me my children  
 dere:  
 Now rekke I never to be ded right  
 here,  
 Sin I stond in your love, and in your  
 grace,  
 No force of deth, ne whan my spirit  
 pace.

"O tendre, o dere, o yonge children  
 mine,  
 Your woful mother wened stedfastly,  
 That cruel houndes, or some foul  
 vermine  
 Had eten you; but God of his mercy,  
 And your benigne fader tendrely  
 Hath don you kepe:" and in that  
 same stound  
 Al sodenly she swapt adoun to  
 ground.

And in her swough so sadly hold-  
 eth she  
 Her children two, whan she gan hem  
 embrace,  
 That with gret sleight and gret diffi-  
 cultee  
 The children from her arm they gan  
 arrace;  
 O! many a tere on many a pitous  
 face  
 Doun ran of hem that stoden her  
 beside,  
 Unnethe abouten her might they  
 abide.

Walter her gladeth, and her sorwe  
 slaketh,  
 She riseth up abashed from her  
 trance,  
 And every wight her joye and feste  
 maketh,  
 Til she hath caught agen her conte-  
 nance.  
 Walter hire doth so faithfully ples-  
 ance,  
 Thet it was deintee for to seen the  
 chere  
 Betwix hem two, sin they ben met  
 in fere.

Thise ladies, whan that they her  
 time sey,  
 Han taken her, and into chambre gon.  
 And stripen her out of her rude arrey.  
 And in a cloth of gold that brighte  
 shone,  
 With a coroune of many a riche stone  
 Upon her hed, they into hall her  
 broughte:  
 And ther she was honoured as her  
 ough.

Thus hath this pitous day a blis-  
 ful end;  
 For every man, and woman, doth  
 his might

This day in mirth and revel to dis-  
pend,  
Til on the welkin shone the sterres  
bright:  
For more solempne in every mannes  
sight  
This festé was, and greter of cost-  
age,  
Than was the revel of her mariage.

Ful many a yere in high prosperi-  
tee  
Liven thise two in concord and in  
rest,  
And richely his doughter maried he  
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest  
Of all Itaille, and than in pees and  
rest  
His wivés fader in his court he  
kepeth,  
Til that the soule out of his body  
crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage,  
In rest and pees, after his fadres  
day:  
And fortunat was eke in mariage,  
Al put he not his wif in gret assay:  
This world is not so strong, it is no  
nay,  
As it hath ben in olde times yore,  
And herkneth, what this auctour  
saith therfore.

This story is said, not for that  
wives shuld  
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,  
For it were importable, tho they  
wold;  
But for that every wight in his degree  
Shulde be constant in adversitee,  
As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark  
writeth  
This storie, which with high stile he  
enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient  
Unto a mortal man, wel more we  
ought  
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.  
For gret skill is he preve that he  
wrought  
But he ne tempteth no man that he  
bought  
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell  
rede;  
He preveþ folk al day, it is no  
drede:

And suffreth us, as for our exer-  
cise,  
With sharpe scourges of adversitee  
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise;  
Not for to know our will, for certes  
he  
Or we were borne, knew all our  
freeletee;  
And for our best is all his govern-  
ance;  
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.

But one word, lordings, herkeneth,  
ere I go:  
It were ful hard to finden now  
adayes  
In all a toun Grisildes three or two:  
For if that they were put to swiche  
assayes,  
The gold of hem hath now so bad  
alayes  
With bras, that though the coine be  
faire at eye,  
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.

For which here, for the wives love  
of Bathe,  
Whos lif and al hire secte God main-  
tene  
In high maistrie, and elles were it  
scathe,  
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and  
grene,  
Say you a song to gladen you, I  
wene:  
And let us stint of earnestful matere.  
Herkneth my song, that saith in this  
manere.

Grisilde is ded, and eke her pa-  
tience,  
And both at ones buried in Itaille: /  
For which I crie in open audience,  
No wedded man so hardy be to  
assaille  
His wives patience, in trust to find  
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.

O noble wives, ful of high pru-  
dence,  
Let non humilitee your tonges naile:  
Ne let no clerk have cause or dili-  
gence  
To write of you a storie of swiche  
mervaille,  
As of Grisildis patient and kinde,  
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in her  
entraille.

Folweth ecco, that holdeth no  
silence,  
But ever answereth at the countre-  
taille:  
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,  
But sharply taketh on you the gov-  
ernaille:  
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your  
minde,  
For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewives, stondeth ay at  
defence,  
Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,  
Ne suffreth not, that men do you  
offence.  
And sclendre wives, feble as in  
bataille,  
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde;  
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you coun-  
saille

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no  
reverence,  
For though thin husbond armed be  
in maille,  
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence  
Shal perce his brest, and eke his  
aventaille:  
In jalousie I rede eke thou him  
binde,  
And thou shalt make him couche as  
doth a quaille.

If thou be faire, ther folk ben in  
presence  
Shew thou thy visage, and thin ap-  
paraille:  
If thou be foule, be free of thy dis-  
pence,  
To get the frendes ay do thy travaille:  
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on  
linde,  
And let him care, and wepe, and  
wringe, and waille.

CHAUCER.

#### RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY.

To the belfry, one by one, went the  
ringers from the sun,  
*Toll slowly.*  
And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is  
music for the Dead,  
When the rebecks are all done."

Six abeles i' the churchyard grow on  
the northside in a row,  
*Toll slowly.*  
And the shadows of their tops rock  
across the little slopes  
Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west, a  
small river runs in haste,  
*Toll slowly.*  
And between the river flowing and  
the fair green trees a-growing  
Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up  
against a willow gray:  
*Toll slowly.*  
Through the rain of willow-branches,  
I could see the low hill-ranges,  
And the river on its way.

There I sate beneath the tree, and  
the bell tolled solemnly,  
*Toll slowly.*  
While the trees' and river's voices  
flowed between the solemn  
noises, —  
Yet death seemed more loud to  
me.

There I read this ancient rhyme,  
while the bell did all the time  
*Toll slowly.*  
And the solemn knell fell in with  
the tale of life and sin,  
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

#### THE RHYME.

Broad the forest stood (I read) on  
the hills of Linteged —  
*Toll slowly.*  
And three hundred years had stood  
mute adown each hoary wood,  
Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and  
the little birds sang west,  
*Toll slowly.*  
And but little thought was theirs, of  
the silent antique years,  
In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropped large and red,  
on the towers of Linteged, —  
*Toll slowly.*  
Lance and spear upon the height,  
bristling strange in fiery light,  
While the castle stood in shade.

There, the castle stood up black,  
with the red sun at its back, —  
*Toll slowly.*  
Like a sullen smouldering pyre, with  
a top that flickers fire,  
When the wind is on its track.

And five hundred archers tall did  
besiege the castle wall,  
*Toll slowly.*  
And the castle, seethed in blood,  
fourteen days and nights had  
stood,  
And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three  
months since, a bride did  
come, — *Toll slowly.*  
One who proudly trod the floors,  
and softly whispered in the  
doors,  
“May good angels bless our  
home.”

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a  
front of constancies, —  
*Toll slowly.*  
Oh, a bride of cordial mouth, —  
where the untired smile of  
youth  
Did light outward its own sighs.

’Twas a Duke’s fair orphan-girl, and  
her uncle’s ward, the Earl  
*Toll slowly.*  
Who betrothed her, twelve years old,  
for the sake of dowry gold,  
To his son Lord Leigh, the  
churl.

But what time she had made good  
all her years of womanhood,  
*Toll slowly.*  
Unto both those Lords of Leigh,  
spake she out right sovranly,  
“My will runneth as my blood.

“And while this same blood makes  
red this same right hand’s  
veins,” she said, —  
*Toll slowly.*

“’Tis my will as lady free, not to  
wed a Lord of Leigh,  
But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

The old Earl he smiled smooth, then  
he sighed for wilful youth. —  
*Toll slowly.*

“Good my niece, that hand withal  
looketh somewhat soft and  
small,  
For so large a will, in sooth.”

She, too, smiled by that same sign,  
— but her smile was cold and  
fine, — *Toll slowly.*  
“Little hand clasps muckle gold; or  
it were not worth the hold  
Of thy son, good uncle mine!”

Then the young lord jerked his  
breath, and sware thickly in  
his teeth, *Toll slowly.*  
“He would wed his own betrothed,  
an she loved him, and she  
loathed,  
Let the life come or the death.”

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as  
her father’s child might rise,  
*Toll slowly.*  
“Thy hound’s blood, my Lord of  
Leigh, stains thy knightly  
heel,” quoth she,  
“And he moans not where he  
lies,

‘But a woman’s will dies hard, in  
the hall or on the sward! —  
*Toll slowly.*  
By that grave, my lords, which  
made me orphaned girl and  
dowered lady,  
I deny you wife and ward.”

Unto each she bowed her head, and  
swept past with lofty tread.  
*Toll slowly.*  
Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in  
the chapel had the priest  
Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along  
the night-storm rode amain :  
*Toll slowly.*  
Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck  
their hoofs out on the turf,  
In the pauses of the rain.

Fast and fain the kinsmen’s train  
along the storm pursued  
amain — *Toll slowly.*  
Steed on steed-track, dashing off —  
thickening, doubling hoof on  
hoof,  
In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight  
on his red-roan steed of might,  
*Toll slowly.*

And the bride lay on his arm, still  
as if she feared no harm,  
Smiling out into the night.

"Dost thou fear?" he said at last;—  
"Nay!" she answered him in  
haste, — *Toll slowly.*

"Not such death as we could find —  
only life with one behind —  
Ride on fast as fear — ride fast!"

Up the mountain wheeled the steed  
— girth to ground, and fet-  
locks spread, — *Toll slowly.*  
Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks,  
— down he staggered — down  
the banks,  
To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out,  
red the flambeaus tossed  
about, — *Toll slowly.*

In the courtyard rose the cry—  
"Live the Duchess and Sir  
Guy!"  
But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropped her cheek,  
kissed his mane and kissed his  
neck, — *Toll slowly.*

"I had happier died by thee, than  
lived on a Lady Leigh,"  
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months' joyaunce lay  
'twixt that moment and to-  
day, *Toll slowly.*

When five hundred archers tall stand  
beside the castle wall  
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with  
the red sun at its back, —  
*Toll slowly.*

And a fortnight's siege is done—  
and, except the Duchess, none  
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh,  
with his eyes so gray of blee,  
*Toll slowly.*

And thin lips that scarcely sheath  
the cold white gnashing of his  
teeth  
Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud—"So goes the day,  
bridegroom fair of Duchess  
May!— *Toll slowly.*

Look thy last upon that sun. If  
thou seest to-morrow's one,  
'Twill be through a foot of clay.

"Ha, fair bride! Dost hear no  
sound, save that moaning of  
the hound? — *Toll slowly.*

Thou and I have parted troth,— yet  
I keep my vengeance-oath,  
And the other may come round.

"Ha! thy will is brave to dare, and  
thy new love past compare, —  
*Toll slowly.*

Yet thine old love's falchion brave  
is as strong a thing to have,  
As the will of lady fair.

"Peck on blindly, netted dove!—if  
a wife's name thee behove,  
*Toll slowly.*

Thou shalt wear the same to-mor-  
row, ere the grave has hid the  
sorrow  
Of thy last ill-mated love.

"O'er his fixed and silent mouth,  
thou and I will call back troth,  
*Toll slowly.*

He shall altar be and priest,— and  
he will not cry at least  
'I forbid you,— I am loath!'

"I will wring my fingers pale in the  
gauntlet of my mail,  
*Toll slowly.*

'Little hand and muckle gold' close  
shall lie within my hold.  
As the sword did, to prevail."

Oh the little birds sang east, and the  
little birds sang west,  
*Toll slowly.*

Oh, and laughed the Duchess May,  
and her soul did put away  
All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing  
low to think of it, —  
*Toll slowly.*

"Tower is strong and will is free—  
thou canst boast, my Lord of  
Leigh,  
But thou boasteth little wit."

In her fire-glass gazèd she, and she  
blushed right womanly.

*Toll slowly.*

She blushed half from her disdain —  
half, her beauty was so plain,  
—“Oath for oath, my Lord of  
Leigh!”

Straight she called her maidens in —  
“Since ye gave me blame here-  
in,

*Toll slowly.*

That a bridal such as mine should  
lack gauds to make it fine,  
Come and shrive me from that  
sin.

“It is three months gone to-day,  
since I gave mine hand away.

*Toll slowly.*

Bring the gold and bring the gem, we  
will keep bride-state in them,  
While we keep the foe at bay. .

“On your arms I loose my hair; —  
comb it smooth and crown it  
fair,

*Toll slowly.*

I would look in purple pall from this  
lattice down the wall,  
And throw scorn to one that’s  
there!”

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the  
little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

On the tower the castle’s lord leant  
in silence on his sword,  
With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight, did he  
lean down passionate.

*Toll slowly.*

They have almost sapped the wall, —  
they will enter there withal,  
With no knocking at the gate.

Then the sword he leant upon,  
shivered — snapped upon the  
stone, —

*Toll slowly.*

“Sword,” he thought, with inward  
laugh, “ill thou servest for a  
staff

When thy nobler use is done!

“Sword, thy nobler use is done! —  
tower is lost, and shame be-  
gun;

*Toll slowly.*

If we met them in the breach, hilt to  
hilt, or speech to speech.

We should die there, each for one.

“If we met them at the wall, we  
should singly, vainly fall, —

*Toll slowly.*

But if I die here alone, — then I die,  
who am but one,  
And die nobly for them all.

“Five true friends lie for my sake,  
in the moat and in the brake, —

*Toll slowly.*

Thirteen warriors lie at rest, with a  
black wound in the breast,  
And not one of these will wake.

“So no more of this shall be! —  
heart-blood weighs too heav-  
ily —

*Toll slowly.*

And I could not sleep in grave, with  
the faithful and the brave  
Heaped around and over me.

“Since young Clare a mother hath,  
and young Ralph a plighted  
faith,

*Toll slowly.*

Since my pale young sister’s cheeks  
blush like rose when Ronald  
speaks,  
Albeit never a word she saith —

“These shall never die for me — life-  
blood falls too heavily:

*Toll slowly.*

And if I die here apart, — o’er my  
dead and silent heart  
They shall pass out safe and free.

“When the foe hath heard it said —  
‘Death holds Guy of Linte-  
ged,’ —

*Toll slowly.*

That new corse new peace shall  
bring; and a blessed, blessed  
thing,

Shall the stone be at its head.

“Then my friends shall pass out free,  
and shall bear my memory, —

*Toll slowly.*

Then my foes shall sleek their pride,  
soothing fair my widowed  
bride

Whose sole sin was love of me.

“With their words all smooth and  
sweet, they will front her and  
entreat

*Toll slowly.*

And their purple pall will spread  
underneath her fainting head  
While her tears drop over it.

"She will weep her woman's tears,  
she will pray her woman's  
prayers, — *Toll slowly.*

But her heart is young in pain, and  
her hopes will spring again  
By the suntime of her years.

"Ah, sweet May! — ah, sweetest  
grief! — once I vowed thee my  
belief, — *Toll slowly.*

That thy name expressed thy sweet-  
ness, — May of poets, in com-  
pleteness!

Now my May-day seemeth brief."

All these silent thoughts did swim  
o'er his eyes grown strange  
and dim, — *Toll slowly.*

Till his true men in the place, wished  
they stood there face to face  
With the foe instead of him.

"One last oath, my friends that wear  
faithful hearts to do and  
dare! — *Toll slowly.*

Tower must fall, and bride be lost!  
— swear me service worth the  
cost,"

— Bold they stood around to  
swear.

"Each man clasp my hand and swear,  
by the deed we failed in there,  
*Toll slowly.*

Not for vengeance, not for right, will  
ye strike one blow to-night!"

— Pale they stood around — to  
swear.

"One last boon, young Ralph and  
Clare! faithful hearts to do  
and dare! *Toll slowly.*

Bring that steed up from his stall,  
which she kissed before you  
all,

Guide him up the turret-stair.

"Ye shall harness him aright, and  
lead upward to this height!

*Toll slowly.*

Once in love and twice in war, hath  
he borne me strong and far,  
He shall bear me far to-night."

Then his men looked to and fro,  
when they heard him speaking  
so. *Toll slowly.*

— "'Las! the noble heart," they  
thought, — "he in sooth is  
grief-distraught.

Would we stood here with the  
foe!"

But a fire flashed from his eye, 'twixt  
their thought and their re-  
ply, — *Toll slowly.*

"Have ye so much time to waste!  
We who ride here, must ride  
fast,

As we wish our foes to fly."

They have fetched the steed with  
care, in the harness he did  
wear, *Toll slowly.*

Past the court and through the  
doors, across the rushes of the  
floors;

But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère,  
did the Duchess May repair.

*Toll slowly.*

"Tell me now what is your need,"  
said the lady, "of this steed,  
That ye goad him up the stair?"

Calm she stood; unbodkined through,  
fell her dark hair to her  
shoe, — *Toll slowly.*

And the smile upon her face, ere she  
left the tiring-glass,  
Had not time enough to go.

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May!  
hope is gone like yesterday, —

*Toll slowly.*

One half-hour completes the breach;  
and thy lord grows wild of  
speech,

Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

"In the east tower, high'st of all, —  
loud he cries for steed from  
stall. *Toll slowly.*

He would ride as far," quoth he, "as  
for love and victory,  
Though he rides the castle wall.

"And we fetch the steed from stall,  
up where never a hoof did  
fall. — *Toll slowly.*

Wifely prayer meets deathly need!  
may the sweet Heavens hear  
thee plead,

If he rides the castle-wall."

Lowshe dropped her head, and lower,  
till her hair coiled on the  
floor, — *Toll slowly.*  
And tear after tear you heard fall  
distinct as any word  
Which you might be listening for.

“Get thee in, thou soft ladie! — here  
is never a place for thee! —  
*Toll slowly.*  
Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown,  
that thy beauty in its moan  
May find grace with Leigh of  
Leigh.”

She stood up in bitter case, with a  
pale yet stately face,  
*Toll slowly.*  
Like a statue thunderstruck, which,  
though quivering, seems to  
look  
Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride,  
her own tears i' the stone be-  
side, — *Toll slowly.*  
“Go to, faithful friends, go to! —  
Judge no more what ladies  
do, —  
No, nor how their lords may  
ride!”

Then the good steed's rein she took,  
and his neck did kiss and  
stroke: *Toll slowly.*  
Soft he neighed to answer her; and  
then followed up the stair,  
For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up  
the narrow stair around, —  
*Toll slowly.*  
Oh, and closely speeding, step by  
step beside her treading,  
Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all, —  
there, where never a hoof did  
fall, — *Toll slowly.*  
Out they swept, a vision steady, —  
noble steed and lovely lady,  
Calm as if in bower or stall!

Down she knelt at her lord's knee,  
and she looked up silently, —  
*Toll slowly.*  
And he kissed her twice and thrice,  
for that look within her eyes  
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, “Get thee from this strife,  
— and the sweet saints bless  
thy life! — *Toll slowly.*  
In this hour, I stand in need of my  
noble red-roan steed —  
But no more of my noble wife.”

Quoth she, “Meekly have I done all  
thy biddings under sun:  
*Toll slowly.*  
But by all my womanhood, — which  
is proved so true and good,  
I will never do this one.

“Now by womanhood's degree, and  
by wifehood's verity,  
*Toll slowly.*  
In this hour if thou hast need of thy  
noble red-roan steed,  
Thou hast also need of me.

“By this golden ring ye see on this  
lifted hand pardie,  
*Toll slowly.*  
If this hour, on castle-wall, can be  
room for steed from stall,  
Shall be also room for me.

“So the sweet saints with me be”  
(did she utter solemnly,) *Toll slowly.*  
“If a man, this eventide, on this  
castle-wall will ride,  
He shall ride the same with me.”

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and he  
laughed out bitter well, —  
*Toll slowly.*  
“Wouldst thou ride among the  
leaves, as we used on other  
eves,  
To hear chime a vesper-bell?”

She clang closer to his knee — “Ay,  
beneath the cypress-tree! —  
*Toll slowly.*  
Mock me not; for elsewhere than  
along the greenwood fair,  
Have I ridden fast with thee!

“Fast I rode with new-made vows,  
from my angry kinsman's  
house! *Toll slowly.*  
What! and would you men should  
reck that I dared more for  
love's sake  
As a bride than as a spouse?



"What, and would you it should fall,  
as a proverb, before all,

*Toll slowly.*

That a bride may keep your side  
while through castlegate you  
ride,  
Yet eschew the castle-wall?"

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and  
roars up against her suing, —

*Toll slowly.*

With the inarticulate din, and the  
dreadful falling in —  
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain;  
but the small hands closed  
again.

*Toll slowly.*

Back he reined the steed — back,  
back! but she trailed along his  
track

With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foemen pour through  
the crash of window and  
door, —

*Toll slowly.*

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh,  
and the shrieks of "kill!" and  
"flee!"

Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain,  
— but they closed and clung  
again, —

*Toll slowly.*

Wild she clung, as one, withstood,  
clasps a Christ upon the rood,  
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute,  
— with her shuddering lips  
half-shut.

*Toll slowly.*

Her head fallen as half in swoond,  
— hair and knee swept on the  
ground,

She clung wild to stirrup and  
foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown  
on the slippery coping-stone.

*Toll slowly.*

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the  
battlement behind,  
Whence a hundred feet went  
down.

And his heel did press and goad on  
the quivering flank bestrode,

*Toll slowly.*

"Friends and brothers, save my  
wife! — Pardon, sweet, in  
change for life, —  
But I ride alone to God."

Straight as if the Holy name had up-  
breathed her like a flame,

*Toll slowly.*

She upsprang, she rose upright, — in  
his selle she sat in sight;

By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast,  
where she smiled as one at  
rest, —

*Toll slowly.*

"Ring," she cried, "O vesper-bell,  
in the beech-wood's old cha-  
pelle!

But the passing-bell rings best."

They have caught out at the rein,  
which Sir Guy threw loose —  
in vain,

*Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with  
his front hoofs poised in air,  
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between —  
and his nostrils curdle in, —

*Toll slowly.*

And he shivers head and hoof — and  
the flakes of foam fall off;  
And his face grows fierce and  
thin!

And a look of human woe from his  
staring eyes did go,

*Toll slowly.*

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a  
foretold agony  
Of the headlong death below, —

And "Ring, ring, — thou passing-  
bell," still she cried, i' the  
old chapelle! —

*Toll slowly.*

Then back-toppling, crushing back,  
a dead weight flung out to  
wrack,  
Horse and riders overfell!

Oh, the little birds sang east, and  
the little birds sang west, —

*Toll slowly.*

And I read this ancient Rhyme in  
the churchyard, while the  
chime.

Slowly tolled for one at rest.

The abeles moved in the sun, and  
the river smooth did run,

*Toll slowly.*

And the ancient Rhyme rang strange,  
with its passion and its change,  
Here, where all done lay undone.

And beneath a willow tree, I a little  
grave did see,

*Toll slowly.*

Where was graved, — HERE UNDE-  
FILED, LIETH MAUD, A  
THREE-YEAR CHILD,  
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY-  
THREE.

Then, O Spirits — did I say — ye  
who rode so fast that day, —

*Toll slowly.*

Did star-wheels and angel-wings,  
with their holy winnowings,  
Keep beside you all the way?

Though in passion ye would dash,  
with a blind and heavy crash.

*Toll slowly.*

Up against the thick-bossed shield  
of God's judgment in the  
field, —

Though your heart and brain  
were rash, —

Now, your will is all unwilling — now  
your pulses are all stilled, —

*Toll slowly.*

Now, ye lie as meek and mild (where-  
so laid) as Maud the child,  
Whose small grave was lately  
filled.

Beating heart and burning brow, ye  
are very patient now,

*Toll slowly.*

And the children might be bold to  
pluck the kingcups from your  
mould

Ere a month had let them grow.

And you let the goldfinch sing in the  
alder near in spring,

*Toll slowly*

Let her build her nest and sit all the  
three weeks out on it,  
Murmuring not at any thing.

In your patience ye are strong; cold  
and heat ye take not wrong:

*Toll slowly.*

When the trumpet of the angel blows  
eternity's evangel,  
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and  
the little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

And I said in underbreath, — all our  
life is mixed with death,  
And who knoweth which is  
best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and  
the little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

And I smiled to think God's great-  
ness flowed around our incom-  
pleteness, —

Round our restlessness, his rest.  
E. B. BROWNING.

### FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies:  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the  
thought,

And curst the hand that fired the  
shot,

When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succor me!

O think na but my heart was sair  
When my love dropt down and spake  
nae mair!

I laid her down wi' meikle care  
On fair Kirconnell lea;

As I went down to the water-side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart forevermair  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, 'Haste and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee, I were blest,  
Where thou lies low and takes thy  
rest  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

SCOTT.

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie  
bride!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome  
marrow!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie  
bride,  
And think fiae mair of the Braes  
of Yarrow."

"Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie  
bride,  
Where gat ye that winsome mar-  
row?"

"I gat her where I daurna weel be  
seen,  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of  
Yarrow."

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie,  
bonnie bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome  
marrow!  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of  
Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie,  
bonnie bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome  
marrow?  
And why daur ye nae mair weel be  
seen  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of  
Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun  
she, maun she weep—  
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and  
sorrow;  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be  
seen  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of  
Yarrow."

"For she has tint her lover, lover  
dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause of sor-  
row;  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes  
of Yarrow."

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow,  
Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice  
of sorrow?"

And why yon melancholious weeds  
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yar-  
row?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful,  
rueful flood?  
What's yonder floats? O, dule and  
sorrow!"

'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yar-  
row."

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his  
wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears o' dule and  
sorrow;  
And wrap his limbs in mourning  
weeds,  
And lay him on the banks of Yar-  
row."

"Then build, then build, ye sisters,  
sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sor-  
row;  
And weep around, in waeiful wise,  
His hapless fate on the Braes of  
Yarrow!"

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, use-  
less shield,  
The arm that wrought the deed of  
sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierced his  
breast,  
His comely breast, on the Braes of  
Yarrow!"

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to  
love,  
And warn from fight? But, to my  
sorrow,  
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou  
met'st,  
Thou met'st, and fell on the  
Braes of Yarrow."

"Sweet smell the birk; green grows,  
green grows the grass;  
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the  
gowan;  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet,  
as sweet flows Tweed;  
As green its grass; its gowan as  
yellow;  
As sweet smells on its braes the  
birk;  
The apple frae its rock as mellow!

"Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed  
thy love!  
In flowery bands thou didst him  
fetter;  
Though he was fair, and well-beloved  
again,  
Than I he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie,  
bonnie bride!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome  
marrow!  
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks  
of Tweed  
And think nae mair on the Braes  
of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie  
bride?  
How can I busk a winsome mar-  
row?  
How love him on the banks of  
Tweed,  
That slew my love on the Braes of  
Yarrow?

"O Yarrow fields, may never, never  
rain,  
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms  
cover!  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My love, as he had not been a  
lover!

"The boy put on his robes, his robes  
of green,  
His purple vest, —'twas my ain  
sewing;  
Ah, wretched me! I little, little  
kenned  
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white,  
milk-white steed,  
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the too fa' of the night,  
He lay a corpse on the banks of  
Yarrow!

"Much I rejoiced that wae-fu', wae-  
fu' day;  
I sang, my voice the woods return-  
ing;  
But lang ere night the spear was  
flown,  
That slew my love, and left me  
mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous  
father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear, —  
How canst thou, barbarous man,  
then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be  
proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,  
May bid me seek, on Yarrow Braes,  
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
And strive, with threatening  
words, to move me;  
My lover's blood is on thy spear, —  
How can thou ever bid me love  
thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed  
of love!  
With bridal-sheets my body cover!  
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!  
Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband,  
husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bathed  
in slaughter!  
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding  
after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him  
down;  
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!  
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with  
willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet  
best beloved,  
Oh could my warmth to life restore  
thee!  
Yet lie all night within my arms —  
No youth lay ever there before  
thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely  
youth!  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
And lie all night within my arms,  
No youth shall ever lie there  
after!"

"Return, return, O mournful,  
mournful bride!  
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!  
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;  
He lies a corpse on the Braes of  
Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

### ROSABELLE.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant  
crew,  
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with  
white;  
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly:  
The fishers have heard the Water-  
Sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that  
wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round lady  
gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravens-  
heuch;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-  
day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's  
heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my lady-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides  
well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to  
gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's  
light,  
And redder than the bright moon-  
beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of  
oak,  
And seen from caverned Haw-  
thornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs unconfined  
lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress  
fair, —  
So still they blaze when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons  
bold  
Lie buried within that proud  
chappelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried  
there  
With candle, with book, and with  
knell;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild  
winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SCOTT.

### TELLING THE BEES.

HERE is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall  
still,  
And the stepping-stones in the  
shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate  
red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and  
the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above  
the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in  
the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers,  
weed-o'errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the  
same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a  
year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell  
in the breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside  
farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed  
my hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my  
brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had  
passed, —  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked  
at last  
On the little red gate and the  
well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise  
rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-  
pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the  
eves.

Just the same as a month before, —  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by  
the door, —  
Nothing changed but the hive of  
bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearly singing the chore-girl  
small,  
Draping each hive with a shred  
of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer  
sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees  
of one  
Gone on the journey we all must  
go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary  
weeps  
For the dead to-day:  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age  
away."

But her dog whined low; on the  
doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl  
still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and  
in.

And the song she was singing ever  
since  
In my ear sounds on: —  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not  
hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"  
WHITTIER.

### BRUCE AND THE ABBOT.

THE Abbot on the threshold stood,  
And in his hand the holy rood:  
Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,  
Proud Lorn first answered the ap-  
peal; —  
"Thou comest, O holy man,  
True sons of blessed church to greet,  
But little deeming here to meet  
A wretch, beneath the ban  
Of Pope and Church, for murder  
done  
Even on the sacred altar-stone! —  
Well mayst thou wonder we should  
know  
Such miscreant here, nor lay him  
low,

Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,  
With excommunicated Bruce!  
Yet will I grant to end debate,  
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."

The Abbot seemed with eye severe  
The hardy chieftain's speech to hear;  
Then on King Robert turned the  
Monk,—

But twice his courage came and  
sunk,

Confronted with the hero's look;  
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;  
Like man by prodigy amazed,  
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;  
Then o'er his pallid features glance  
Convulsions of ecstatic trance;  
His breathing came more thick and  
fast,

And from his pale blue eyes were  
cast

Strange rays of wild and wandering  
light;

Uprise his locks of silver white,  
Flushed is his brow; through every  
vein

In azure tide the currents strain,  
And undistinguished accents broke  
The awful silence ere he spoke.

"De Bruce! I rose with purpose  
dread

To speak my curse upon thy head,  
And give thee as an outcast o'er  
To him who burns to shed thy  
gore;—

But, like the Midianite of old,  
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-con-  
trolled,

I feel within mine aged breast  
A power that will not be repressed.  
It prompts my voice, it swells my  
veins,

It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—  
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow  
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:  
O'er-mastered yet by high behest,  
I bless thee, and thou shalt be  
blessed!"

He spoke, and o'er the astonished  
throng

Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

Again that light has fired his eye,  
Again his form swells bold and high,  
The broken voice of age is gone,  
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty  
tone:—

"Thrice vanquished on the battle  
plain,—

Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or  
ta'en,—

A hunted wanderer on the wild,  
On foreign shores a man exiled,  
Disowned, deserted, and distressed,—  
I bless thee, and thou shalt be  
blessed!

Blessed in the hall and in the field,  
Under the mantle as the shield.

Avenger of thy country's shame,  
Restorer of her injured fame,  
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy  
sword,—

De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful  
Lord,

Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,  
What lengthened honors wait thy  
name!

In distant ages, sire to son  
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,  
And teach his infants, in the use  
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.  
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along  
Thy course, the theme of many a  
song!

The Power, whose dictates swell my  
breast,  
Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt  
be blessed!"

SCOTT.

### VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne.  
The satraps thronged the hall;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deemed divine,—  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand:  
The fingers of a man;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
'And bade no more rejoice:  
All bloodless waxed his look,  
And tremulous his voice.

"Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldaea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood,  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw, — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth, —  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view:  
He read it on that night, —  
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away,  
He in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay.  
The shroud, his robe of state;  
His canopy, the stone;  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!"

BYEON.

## SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON.

### PART I.

St. MARK's hushed abbey heard,  
Through prayers, a roar and din;  
A brawling voice did shout,  
"Knaves shaveling, let me in!"

The caged porter peeped,  
All fluttering, through the grate,  
Like birds that hear a mew.  
A knight was at the gate.

His left hand reined his steed,  
Still smoking from the ford;  
His crimson right, that dangled,  
clutched  
Half of his broken sword.

His broken plume flapped low;  
His charger's mane with mud  
Was clogged; he wavered in his seat;  
His mail dropped drops of blood.

"Who cometh in such haste?"  
"Sir Pavon, late, I hight,  
Of all the land around  
The stanchest, mightiest knight.

"My foes — they dared not face —  
Beset me at my back  
In ambush. Fast and hard  
They follow on my track.

"Now wilt thou let me in,  
Or shall I burst the door?"  
The grating bolts ground back; the  
knight  
Lay swooning in his gore.

As children, half afraid,  
Draw near a crushed wasp,  
Look, touch, and twitch away  
Their hands, then lightly grasp, —

Him to their spital soon  
The summoned brethren bore,  
And searched his wounds. He woke,  
And roundly cursed and swore.

The younger friar stopped his ears;  
The elder chid. He flung  
His gummy plasters at his mouth,  
And bade him hold his tongue.

But, faint and weak, when, left  
Upon his couch alone,  
He viewed the valley, framed with-  
in  
His window's carven stone,

He learned anew to weep,  
All as he lay along,  
To see the smoke-wreaths from his  
towers  
Climb up the clouds among.

The abbot came to bring  
A balsam to his guest,  
On soft feet tutored long  
To break no sufferer's rest,

And heard his sobbing heart  
Drink deep in draughts of woe;  
Then "Benedicite, my son,"  
He breathed, in murmurs low.

Right sharply turned the knight  
Upon the unwelcome spy;  
But changed his shaggy face, as  
when,  
Down through a stormy sky,



The quiet autumn sun  
Looks on a landscape grim.  
He crossed himself before the priest,  
And speechless gazed on him.

His brow was large and grand,  
And meet for governing;  
The beauty of his holiness  
Did crown him like a king.

His mien was high, yet mild;  
His deep and reverent eye  
Seemed o'er a peaceful past to  
gaze, —  
A blest futurity.

His stainless earthy shell  
Was worn so pure and thin,  
That through the callow angel  
showed,  
Half-hatched that stirred within.

The cloisters when he paced  
At eve, the brethren said,  
E'en then a shimmering halo dawned  
Around his saintly head.

If forth he went, the street  
Became a hallowed aisle.  
Men knelt; and children ran to seek  
The blessing of his smile;

And mothers on each side came out,  
And stood at every door,  
And held their babies up, and put  
The weanlings forth before.

As pure white lambs unto  
Men sickening unto death  
Their sweet infectious health give  
out,  
And heal them with their breath,

His white and thriving soul,  
In heavenly pastures fed,  
Still somewhat of its innocence  
On all around him shed.

Sir Pavon's scarce-stanch'd wounds  
He bound with fearless skill,  
Who lay and watched him, meek  
and mute,  
And let him work his will,

While in his fevered brain  
Thus mused his fancy quaint:  
"My grandam told me once of saints,  
And this is, sure, a saint!

"(I was a new-breeched boy,  
And sat upon her knee,  
Less mindful of the story than  
Of cates she gave to me.)

"But then I thought a flood  
Came down to drown them all,  
And that they only now in stone  
Stood on the minster wall,

"Or painted in the glass  
Upon the window high,  
Where, swelled with spring-tides,  
breaks the sea  
Beneath, and leaves them dry,

"Quite out of danger's way,  
And breathed and walked no more  
Upon the muddy earth, to do  
The deeds they did of yore,

"When still the sick were healed  
Where e'en their shadows fell;  
But here is one that's living yet,  
And he shall make me well."

The patient priest benign  
His watch beside him kept,  
Until he dropped his burning lids,  
And like an infant slept.

## PART II.

Some weary weeks were spent  
In tossing and in pain,  
Before the knight's huge frame was  
braced  
With strength and steel again.

(He had his armor brought  
The day he left his bed,  
And fitted on by novice hands,  
"To prop him up," he said.)

Soon jangling then he stamped,  
Amazed with all he saw,  
Through cell and through refectory,  
With little grace or awe.

Unbidden at the board  
He sat, a mouthful took,  
And shot it spattering through his  
beard,  
Sprang up, and cursed the cook.

If some bowed friar passed by,  
He chuckled him 'neath the chin.  
And cried, "What cheer?" or,  
"Dost thou find  
That hair-cloth pricks the skin?"

Or if he came on one  
In meditation meet,  
Or penance, mute, he kindly vowed  
To cheer his lone retreat.

"Poor palsied sire," he cried,  
"How fares thy stiffened tongue?  
Let mine suffice for both," — and  
trolled  
A lusty drinking-song.

One softly in his cell  
Did scourge his meagre hide,  
When Pavon on his rounds came in,  
And stood, well pleased, beside:

"What, man! Lay on! lay on!  
Nay, hast thou tired thine arm?  
Give me thy hempen bunch of  
cords,  
And I will make thee warm."

With doubtful thanks agreed  
The monk. Him Pavon whipped  
Right deftly, through the cloister,  
till  
For aid he cried and skipped.

In brief, within the house  
Of holy Quiet, all  
Where'er Sir Pavon went or came  
Was outcry, noise, and brawl;

Until the abbot said,  
"Anon this coil must cease.  
To-morrow is the Truce of God;  
Then let him go in peace.

"But call him hither first,  
To render thanks to-night  
For life restored; for now we go  
To do our vesper rite."

With tamed mien abashed,  
The wild, unruly guest  
His hest obeyed, and mutely moved  
Beside the solemn priest.

Unto a noiseless pace  
He strove to curb his stride,  
And blushed to hear his jack-boots'  
clang  
Amid the sandals' slide.

The censer waved around  
Its misty, sweet perfume,  
As over him the minster great  
Came with its awful gloom.

Through shadowy aisle, 'neath  
vaulted roof,  
His faltering steps were led;  
Beside him was the living saint,  
Beneath, the sainted dead.

Bespread with nun-wrought tapestry,  
The holy altar stood;  
Above it, carved by martyr hands,  
Arose the Holy Rood;

Burned round it, tipped with tongues  
of flame,  
Vowed candles white and tall;  
And frosted cup and patine, clear,  
In silver, painted all.

The prisoned giant Music in  
The rumbling organ rolled,  
And roared sweet thunders up to  
heaven,  
Through all its pipes of gold.

He started. 'Mid the prostrate throng  
Upright, he heard the hymn  
With fallen chin and lifted eye  
That searched the arches dim;

For in the lurking echoes there  
Responding, tone and word,  
A choir of answering seraphim  
Above he deemed he heard.

They saw him thus when all was done,  
Still rapt and pale as death;  
So passed he through the banging  
gate,  
Then drew a long-drawn breath,

As to the priest he turned:  
"I cannot 'go in peace,'  
Nor find elsewhere a man like thee,  
Nor hear such strains as these!"

"This is no place for knights."  
"Then I a monk will be."\*  
"Kneel down upon thy knee, fair son,  
And tell thy sins to me."

\* "Henry de Joyeuse, Comte du Bouchage, Frère puiné du Duc de Joyeuse, tué à Contras. 'Un jour qu'il passoit à Paris à quatre heures du matin, près du Couvent des Capucins, après avoir passé la nuit en débauche, il s'imagina que les Anges chantoient Matines dans le Couvent. Frappé de cette idée, il se fit Capucin, sous le nom de Frère-Ange.' . . . Cette anecdote est tirée des Notes sur l'Henriade." — *Mémoires de Sully*, Livre Dixième, Note 67.

"My knee is stiff with steel,  
And will not bend it well.  
'My sins!' A peerless knight like me,  
What should he have to tell?"

"I never turned in flight  
Till treason wrought my harm,  
Nor then, before my shattered sword  
Weighed down my shattered arm.

"I never broke mine oath,  
Forgot my friend or foe,  
Nor left a benefit unpaid  
With weal, or wrong with woe.

"'Keep thee from me!' \* I said,  
Still, ere my blows began,  
Nor gashed mine unarmed enemy, †  
Nor smote a felled man,

"Observing every rule  
Of generous chivalry;  
And maid and matron ever found  
A champion leal in me.

"What gallantly I won  
In war, I did not hoard,  
But spent as gallantly in peace,  
With neighbors round my board."

"Thy neighbors, son? The serfs  
For miles who tilled thy ground?"  
"Tush, father, nay! The high-born  
knights  
For many a league around.

"They were my brethren sworn,  
In battle and in sport.  
'Twere wondrous shame, should one  
like me  
With beggar kernes consort!

"Clean have I made my shrift,"  
He said; and so he ceased,  
And bore a blithe and guileless cheer,  
That sore perplexed the priest.

With words both soft and keen,  
He searched his breast within.  
Still said he, "So I sinned not,"  
Or, "That is, sure, no sin."

\* The regular form of announcement  
that a single combat had begun between  
knights.

† "To smyte a wounded man that may  
not stonde, God defende me from such a  
shame." "Wyt thou well, Syr Gawayn, I  
wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knight."— *Prose  
Romance of King Arthur*.

The abbot beat his breast:  
"Alack, the man is lost!  
Erewhile he must have grieved away  
The warning Holy Ghost!

"His guardian angel he  
Hath scared from him to heaven!  
Who cannot mourn, nor see, his sin,  
How can he be forgiven?"

"E'en Patmos' gentle seer,  
Doth he not say, in sooth,  
He lies who saith, I have no sin,  
Quite empty of the truth!

"Search thou this sacred tome."  
"Sblood!—Saints!—A knight to  
read!"

The abbot read. The novice strove,  
With duteous face, to heed,

But heard a hunt sweep by,  
And to the door did leap,  
Cried, "Holla, ho!" and then,  
abashed,  
Sat down and dropped asleep.

"Such novice ne'er I saw!  
Sweet Mary be my speed!  
For sure the sorer is my task,  
The sorer is his need."

He gazed upon him long,  
With pondering, pitying eyes,  
As the leech on the sick whose hid-  
den ail  
All herbs and drugs defies;

And, "Hath thy heart might," at  
last, "to-night,"  
He to Sir Pavon said,  
"When all men sleep, thy vigil to  
keep,  
In the crypt among the dead?"

"Night hath many a tongue, her  
black hours among.  
Less false than the tongues of Day,  
While Mercy the prayer hath full  
leisure to hear,  
Of all who wake to pray.

"The mute swart queen hides many  
a sin,  
But oft to the sinner's heart  
Remorse, with the tale, she sends  
to wail,  
And thus atones in part."

Well-nigh laughed the knight, "Ay,  
and many a night,  
Good father, do not spare.  
Ne'er yet have I found, on or under  
the ground,  
The venture I could not dare.

"Ten years I've quelled in war lively  
warriors, near and far;  
Shall I shun a dead clerk's bones  
to see?  
Ne'er till now I pledged my hand to  
serve in the band  
Of captain I loved like thee."

## PART III.

Sir Pavon sat upon his shield,  
And breathed the earthy damp,  
And strained his empty ear to hear  
The simmering of his lamp.

It made a little tent of light,  
Hung round with shadows dim,  
That drooped as if the low-groined  
roof  
Did crouch to fall on him.

The stunted columns, thick and  
short,  
Like sentry gnomes stood round;  
And lettered slabs, that roofed the  
dead,  
Lay thickly on the ground.

He watched to hear the midnight  
lauds,  
But heard them not until  
He deemed it dawn. They swelled  
at last,  
And ceased; and all was still.

The Future towards him marched  
no more;  
The Past was dead and gone;  
Time dwindled to a single point;  
The convent-clock tolled One.

Then the door was oped and closed,  
But by no human hand;  
And there entered in a Cry,  
And before him seemed to stand, —

A viewless, bodiless Cry,  
That lifted the hair on his head; —  
'Twas small as a new-born babe's at  
first,  
But straightway it rose and spread,

Till it knocked against the roof,  
And his ears they rang and beat;  
The hard walls throbbed around,  
above,  
And the stones crept under his feet;

And when it fell away,  
He reeled and almost fell;  
And fast for aid he gasped and  
prayed,  
Till he heard the matin-bell.

The monk who came to let him out  
Scarce knew him. In that night,  
His nut-brown beard and crisped hair  
Had turned to snowy white.

## PART IV.

Like to a hunted beast,  
To Abbot Urban's cell  
He rushed; and with a foamy lip  
Down at his feet he fell:

"I heard a voice, — a voice! —  
O father, help! It said  
That I the Lord of life  
Had scourged and buffeted,

"Spit in his face, and mocked,  
And sold him to his foes;  
Then, through the hollow earth,  
In dreary triumph rose

"Up, till the words I snatched,  
A fiendish chorus dim,  
'He did it unto one of HIS!  
He did it unto HIM!'"

"My son, what meaneth this?"  
"My father, on my word,  
In court or camp, abroad, at home,  
I never knew the Lord!

"I do remember once  
I had a hunchback slave,  
Who to the beggars round my door  
From his own trencher gave,

"And made them swarm the more,  
Despite the porter's blows,  
And broke into my banquet-hall,  
With tidings of their woes.

"Him I chastised and sold.  
But thought no harm, nor knew  
The Lord so squalid minions had,  
Among his chosen few;

"But if the man was his;  
I'll freely give thee thrice,  
In broad, bright rounds of ruddy gold,  
The pittance of his price."

"Gold buys this world, not heaven.  
This cannot make thee whole.  
Each stripe that rends the slave's  
poor flesh,  
It hurts his Master's soul;

"And if the slave doth die,"  
He said beneath his breath,  
"I fear the Master's sprite for aye  
Rots in the second death."

"But be of better cheer.  
Since thou thy sin canst see,  
'Tis plain thy guardian angel back  
Hath flown from heaven to thee."

"The soul benumbed by sin,  
And limb that's numb with frost,  
Are saved by timely aches. If first  
They reach the fire, they're lost."

"The Sun of righteousness,  
Whose beaming smile on high,  
With light, and life, and love doth  
fill  
The mansions of the sky,

"And kindles risen souls  
Unto a rapturous glow,  
Who duly sought his scattered rays,  
To bask in them below,

"Seems but a hideous glare  
Of blazing pangs untold,  
To those whom death hath made  
more pale,  
But could not make more cold."

"Full many a man like thee,  
Unless by devils driven,  
Would never turn his laggard steps  
To hurry unto heaven."

"Thank God, who oped thine ear  
Unto their dreary lay,  
Ere came the night that summoned  
thee  
To chant with them for aye!

"That holy text, which through  
Their gnashing teeth they laughed  
And screamed, I read thee yester eve,  
And they with wonted craft

"Told o'er, their fright and pain  
That thou shouldst come to share,  
As birds by hissing serpents scared  
Drop down, through sheer despair."

"But in its two pure hands  
Each holy Scripture still  
Doth bear a blessing for the good,  
A curse unto the ill."

"Heed thou, but do not fear  
Too much their threatening voice,  
Who tremble and believe. Thou yet  
Believing mayst rejoice."

"Take up thy cross with speed.  
This penance shalt thou do;  
Thyself in sad humility  
To seek Christ's servant go,

"Both near and far; and dry  
His tears with thine, if still  
His limbs the toil-exacting earth  
In misery tread and till."

His forehead from his hands  
Upraised the haggard guest:  
"And even here, and even yet,  
For me no heavenly rest!"

The abbot shook his head:  
"God help thee now, poor son!  
The heavenly rest is but for those  
Who heavenly work have done."

"Strife is the bridge o'er hell  
'Twixt sin and sin forgiven;  
Still purgatory lies between  
The wicked world and heaven."

"The priceless pearl is worth  
The plunge through whelming  
floods.  
The bitter years man loathes are but  
Eternity's green buds."

"Thou hast, in Satan's ranks,  
To harm been brisk and brave;  
Thou wilt not shrink, when sent by  
Christ  
To suffer and to save."

## PART V.

Sir Pavon's gallant steed was dead;  
Sir Pavon's sword was broke.  
On foot he went; and in his hand  
The abbot's staff he took,

And many an hour fared patiently,  
Beneath the parching sun,  
That eyed him through his riven wall  
Before the day was done.

The shattered casements gaped and  
stared;  
Black charcoal paved the floor;  
Up rose his hunger-maddened hound,  
And bit him in the door.

He climbed the scathed and tottering  
stair  
Unto the sooty tower;  
His rifled coffers upside down  
Lay in his secret bower.

With heavy heart and tread he trod  
The banquet-hall below;  
The hollow-voicèd echoes chid  
Each other, to and fro.

A jeering face peeped in; he heard  
A titter and a shout;  
In rushed his rabble rout of hinds,  
And round him danced about:

"Ho, worthy master, welcome home!  
Where hast thou left thy sword,  
Thy kingly port, and lusty blows?  
We serve another lord."

They strove to trip him as he went;  
They drove him from his door:  
"Now fare ye well, my fathers' halls!  
We part to meet no more.

"Farewell my pride and pomp and  
power!  
Farewell, my slippery wealth,  
That bought my soul's sore malady,  
Nor stayed to buy my health!

"Farewell, my sturdy strength, that  
did  
The Devil's work so well,  
All blasted by God's thunderbolts,  
That on my spirit fell!

"And thou, O brave and loyal Christ,  
Who, 'mid the sordid Jews,  
By love, not fear, constrained couldst  
At Satan's hands refuse

"The crown and sceptre of the world,  
And choose the cross and rod, —  
Thy more than earthly manhood in  
Its glory unto God

"Lay down, — accept, and do not  
scorn  
The beaten losel me,  
Who, worthless for thy service, come  
For shelter unto thee."

Walked with him flagging Weariness;  
And Famine spun his head:  
"I would, of all my feasts, were left  
One little crust of bread."

When maids and stars their tapers lit,  
He reached a wooden hut;  
The chinks were gilt by light therein,  
But close the door was shut.

What seemed an aged woman's voice  
Within, with sob and groan,  
Entreated Heaven in agony  
To send her back her son:

"The day is night that shows me not  
His face, — the voice of joy  
Mere heart-break till his laugh I hear!  
O, send me back my boy!

"In pity send some tidings soon!  
If thus I grieve, I dread  
Lest, when he hurries back to me, —  
Poor youth! — he find me dead.

"Let them not tell me he is dead,  
And buried anywhere!  
What has the ground or brine to do  
With his dear mouth and hair,

"That I have kissed and stroked so  
oft  
There by his empty chair?  
Yon doublet new, I've wrought for  
him,  
He'll soon come back to wear.

"I brushed the very flies away,  
That with his brows did toy,  
When tired he slept. How could  
the worms  
Or fishes eat my boy?

"O Father, who thine only Son  
Diddst yield to pain and death,  
And know'st 'tis deadlier pain to do't,  
Than give the rattling breath,

"If not my boy, let unto me  
His faith and trust be given,  
That I may clasp him yet again,  
If not on earth, in heaven."

She ceased. Sir Pavon softly  
knocked;

The door flew open wide.  
"Fear not, good mother," he began.

"O, is it thou?" she cried,

Then turned away and wrung her  
hands.

"If thou wilt give to me  
A morsel, and a cup of wine,  
Perchance thy charity,

"When ended is my present quest,  
I may full well requite,  
If lives thy son, and bring him  
back.

I am a famous knight, —

"Although of late mine ambushed  
foe

Despoiled me traitorly, —  
And maid and matron ever found  
A champion leal in me."

"Alack, I have no wine nor flesh,  
Nor yet a crust of bread!  
Herbs for my noontide meal I culled,  
Untasted still," she said;

"And water from the brook I'll  
bring, —

Scant fare for hungry guest! —  
But sit thee down at least, and feed  
Thy weariness with rest.

"Thou hast seen other lands perchance?"

"Good mother, many a one.  
I pray you fill my cup once more."  
"O, hast thou seen my son?"

"Went he a soldier?" "Nay, but  
he

Was seized and sold away,  
I know not where. No news of him  
Has reached me from that day.

"He bade me still with wayfarers  
His scanty portion share.  
Thou eatest from his platter now,  
And sittest in his chair.

"He was so good!" "Who used  
him so?"

"Sir Pavon was his name."  
His platter dropped, and over him  
A deadly sickness came.

"I knew not half my guilt!" he  
shrieked,

And on his brow did strike;  
These mothers are like God, then, —  
love  
Ugly and fair alike!

"'Twas I. Thou art avenged on me.  
To find him is my quest;  
Nor till 'tis done, in life or death,  
For me is any rest.

"God's heaviest hand is for his sake  
Meanwhile upon me laid.  
For his deliverance pray, and mine;  
And take me in his stead.

"A duteous son I'll be to thee  
Until I give him back.  
I've many friends would give us  
steeds  
To bear us on his track."

#### PART VI.

"Who may yon man be, who on foot  
Comes in his iron coat,  
And, with an old wife at his side,  
Toils towards the castle-moat?"

"He looketh as Sir Pavon should  
If thirty years were o'er;  
But he is dead, they say. We'll  
know.  
Ho, there! The drawbridge lower!

"What, Pavon! Hast thou come to  
life?

Thou lookest like a ghost."  
"Nigh slain was I by treachery:  
My sword and all is lost.

"And I was ill, and worse. Alas!  
With thee I may not bide,  
But day and night, by fiends pursued,  
Upon a quest must ride,

"To free my soul, that erst I sold  
To bondage with a slave.  
My merry life is dead in me!  
Myself a haunted grave!

"Of thy dear love, long pledged and  
sworn,  
Some food and drink I pray  
For this poor dame, and gold and  
steeds,  
To bear us on our way."

He reeled with weakness: "He is starved.

Lead hence, and feed him well;  
And when our feast is done to-night,  
His tale we'll hear him tell.

"He's crazed with shame, as erst  
with pride, —

Perchance 'twill please my guests  
To list. My fool is growing old,  
And oft repeats his jests."

Scarce were they at the burdened  
board

Ranged by the seneschal,  
When Pavon fed and calmed came in,  
And stood before them all,

And clasped each slackened hand,  
and smiled

In many a well-known face,  
And fell upon some cooling hearts  
Once more in kind embrace:

"Dear mates, how good it is to stand  
Again among you here,  
Though 'neath my ruined towers no  
more  
We make our wonted cheer!

"I must not stay; but list a word,  
And mark it well, before  
I look my last upon you all,  
Perchance, forevermore.

"Among the tombs I sat, and heard  
Within me or without, —  
I know not which, — a horrid voice:  
It drives me still about.

"A wondrous thing it told to me,  
As terrible as new,  
Undreamed of to that hour by me,  
To this, I ween, by you.

"Christ 'mid the serfs hath men,  
whom he  
Dear as himself doth hold;  
Thus he who sells his Christian slave,  
His master, Christ, hath sold,

"For from the very book of peace  
The fiends have learned a hymn, —  
'Who did it unto one of *his*,  
Hath done it unto *him*.' "

Each in his neighbors' faces looked;  
And some were pale with fear;

"Out!" roared the host, "ye serving  
men,  
What make ye gaping here,

"To swallow what concerns you not?  
Such ravings if they hear,  
They'll rave themselves. I saw them  
all  
Prick up each meddling ear.

"Your pardon, noble comrades all;  
A very sorry jest  
Was this to make you sport withal;  
He told me of a quest."

"My quest it is to find and free  
The hunchback, whom of old,  
When thou wert wassailing with me  
At Christmastide, I sold.

"Look not so darkly on me, friends,  
I will not mar your feast;  
But, Raymond, for the red-roan  
steeds  
I lent thee, give at least

"To me one jennet, mule, or ass,  
That I thereon may lead  
His blister-footed mother hence,  
And make the better speed."

"Poor man, his case is pitiful.  
If madman e'er I saw,  
He's mad! What say ye? Let him  
go?  
Or give him chains and straw!"

"He was a gallant champion late!"  
"He's harmless; let him go."  
"Nay, if he stirreth up the serfs  
I cannot count him so."

Then rage brought back Sir Pavon's  
strength:  
He dashed the casement through,  
Leaped headlong down, and all in steel  
He swam the moat below.

Forth swarmed the varlets sent, for  
him,  
But soon returned without,  
So hotly with the abbot's staff  
He 'mongst them laid about.

His comrades from the battlements  
Looked wondering down to see  
The knight the hobbling crone await,  
With pity and with glee.



He paced to meet her courteously;  
He propped her with his arm,  
And with his staff, and bent as if  
To soothe her weak alarm;

But with a bitter laugh he said,  
"Sure, he who findeth out  
How fickle are the world's sweet  
smiles,  
Can do its smiles without."

## PART VII

Long years of hunger, cold, and  
heat,  
And home-sick toil in vain;—  
Long years of wandering up and  
down,  
O'er inland, coast, and main;—

Long years of asking still for one,  
And longing day and night,  
Who, ever present with the soul,  
Hath vanished from the sight!

The freeman like a growing tree  
Thrives, rooted in his place;  
The bondman, like a withered leaf,  
Flits on and leaves no trace.

Sir Pavon's armor rusted off;  
He seemed no more a knight;  
Yet ever to himself he said,  
While raged his inward fight,

"How quickly may a wrong be done,  
How slowly done away!  
Shall all eternity repair  
My trespass of a day?"

While some said, "East," and some  
said, "West,"  
And most, "I cannot tell,"  
They ate the stranger's crusts, and  
drank  
At many a stranger's well.

He ever walked, or stood, or sat,  
Between her and the blast.  
She cheered him with forgiving  
words,  
And begged his scant repast.

In penitent and pardoning woe,  
Thus went they hand in hand,  
The master and the slave. They  
trod  
The cactus-hatching sand.

They stood beneath the snowy pole,  
Where, quenched, the heavenward  
eye,  
Sinks dizzy back to earth, beneath  
The crumbling, sinking sky.

## PART VIII

"O, sail-borne trader, hast thou seen,  
In lands beneath the sun,  
Or in the shadow of the pole,  
My Anselm? O my son!"

"A pilgrim, dame?" "A slave."  
"A slave!  
Ask, have I seen a sheep!  
Ay, flocks and flocks, where'er I go.  
Yon Moors their hundreds keep,—

"The lazy tawny dogs!—beyond,  
Where 'twixt these fronting lands  
The writhing sea his pent-up way  
Tears 'twixt the rocks and sands."

"He is like no one else. His face  
Is wondrous mild and fair;  
His eyes are kind and bright; and  
fine  
And silky is his hair."

"Ha, ha! So whines the shepherd  
lad  
Whose petted ewe hath strayed!"  
"He bore a hump upon his back,"  
Sir Pavon softly said,—

"Was helpful to the poor beyond  
The custom of mankind."  
Before the statelier questioner  
The merchant searched his mind.

"Such slave I saw in Barbary,  
A twelvemonth scarce ago.  
A fever-smitten sailor there  
We left to die alone;—

"It grieved me much. We could  
not choose.  
Our venture had been lost,  
Had we not seized the first fair gale  
To sweep us from the coast.

"I hurried back. I thought to see  
His living face no more,  
But haply give him burial.  
He met me on the shore,

"Thin as this blade, and white as is  
This handle of my knife.  
A slave, he said, had ta'en him in  
And nursed him like a wife,

"A hunchback, for he showed me  
him.  
How called you yours?" "His  
name  
Was Anselm." "Ay, and so was  
his,  
It is the very same.

"Old Hassan's steward in the sun  
Doth beat him to and fro;  
He limps with water from the tanks  
To make the melons grow.

"See how my Sea-gull flaps her  
wings,  
Impatient for the deep!  
Anon shall she to Tripoli  
So lightly dart and leap;

"And for that bounteous deed of his  
His mother shall he see;—  
What costs a good turn now and  
then?—  
Embark and sail with me,

"For nothing,—if ye nothing have.  
They'll call for little food,  
On landlocked billows, sickened by  
The tossing of the flood."

The anchor climbed. The wind  
blew fair,  
But ere they neared the pier  
The old wife on death's threshold  
lay,  
Distraught with hope and fear.

"How canst thou free him from his  
woes?  
Thou hast nor friends nor gold.  
How may I even crawl to him  
His misery to behold?

"O master, trail me through the dust  
And leave me at his feet!"  
"Nay, thou wert patient all those  
years.  
Here, sheltered from the heat,

"A little longer wait and pray;  
It may be but an hour.  
Our Lord, who bade to succor him,  
I think shall give the power.

"And, merchant, if he fly with me  
Wilt bear him hence?" "My  
head,  
And thine, were lost belike! Art  
mad?"

"'Twould surely cost my trade.

"I buy and sell, but steal not,  
slaves!"

"Thou'rt known to Hassan?"  
"Ay."

"Then lead me to him; and the  
Lord,  
I think, the slave shall buy.

"Then wilt thou bear him hence,  
and her?"

"Ay, on mine honest word.  
Oft as I may, I gladly do  
A pleasure to the Lord."

Turbaned and robed old Hassan sat.  
An atmosphere of rest  
Hung brooding o'er his soft divan,  
His beard slept on his breast.

His rolling eyes upon the floor  
Did round about him fall,  
To thread the mazy arabesques  
Paved in his marble hall.

They shone and glimmered moist  
with dew,  
While, robed in spangled spray,  
Amidst them high a fountain danced  
In whispering, tittering play.

No joy, grief, awe, nor doubt looked  
through  
His features swart and still;  
"I ought" had ne'er been written  
there,  
But petrified, "I will"

"What wouldst thou, merchant?"  
"Nothing, I;  
This godly man would speak,  
A very godly man!—Methinks  
His wits are somewhat weak."

"Good Hassan, for thy hunchback  
slave  
I've sought through dreary years;  
Wilt give him up?" "In change  
for what?"  
"Our prayers and grateful tears."

"I want them not." "Thou mayst  
one day!

When misbelievers stand  
Amazed in judgment, he shall plead  
For thee at God's right hand;

"His mother, too;—they're dear to  
Christ;

I know it all too well!  
And I up from my lower place  
Will cry aloft and tell,

"That thou art he my sinking soul  
Who lifted out of hell;  
Till all the saints shall join with me,  
O blessed infidel!"

"Hast nothing else to offer?" "Ay,  
To serve thee faithfully,  
Another slave I'll give,—myself,—  
As stout a wight as he."

"Nought hast thou of his look; yet  
sure

He is thy son or brother?"  
"My serf of yore." "'Tis strange,  
if true!  
Most Christians hate each other.

"I take thy proffer, false or fair;  
But if to me thou liest,  
And seek'st to steal thyself away,  
E'en in my gates thou diest."

He clapped his hands; and in there  
rushed

A turbaned menial throng.  
Strange words he spake. A dusky  
Moor

Good Pavon led along,

With bounding heart, and beaded  
brow,

And palling, glowing cheek,  
And trembling lips compressed, that  
strove

To brace themselves to speak,

Through cool, dank courts, and sul-  
try paths,

Till, 'twixt the twinkling twigs  
Of citron, and of orange-trees,  
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the fattening melons bask  
On beds both long and broad,  
And Anselm, staggering forth to them,  
Bent 'neath his watery load.

He oped his mouth to call on him;  
Amazed, he did but choke;  
For with its mighty wrath and joy,  
His great heart almost broke.

He darted on his track, and  
wrenched

His pitcher from his hand.  
The slave dropped back his drooping  
head,  
And strove to understand,

With bony fingers interlaced  
His dazzled eyes above,  
Why came the tall mute man to him,  
In enmity or love.

Then muttered he, "This scorching  
sun

At last hath fired my brain!  
I seem to see one far away,  
Perchance long dead again,—

"Sir Pavon! 'Tis some fancy, bred  
Of famine, wild and weak,  
Or fever. Wherefore gaze on it?  
If 'twas a man 'twould speak."

Then Pavon in a storm of tears  
Fell crying on his breast:

"Forgive me, brother, if thou canst!  
I've known no peace nor rest,

"For years or ages, but to right  
The wrong I did to thee,  
And mine own soul, roamed o'er the  
earth!  
From henceforth thou art free."

"Sir Pavon! Is it thou?—and  
here?"

"Ay; and I hold thee fast  
In verity, as oft in dreams,  
When, as my slumber past,

"Mid fading forms I clutched at  
thine,

'Mid fading visioned lands,  
And shouting woke, with bloody  
nails  
Clenched in mine empty hands."

"God! Heardst thou then my hope-  
less prayers?

He's saved!—And am I free?"

"Ay, go thy ways in joy, poor friend,  
Nor cease to pray for me.

"The merchant Andrew on the shore  
Awaits thee, in his bark. ☛  
His homeward voyage bears him by  
The abbey of St. Mark.

"The monks, for Abbot Urban's sake,  
Will house and feed thine age  
When thou hast told to them the end  
Of Pavon's pilgrimage,

"By him enjoined. Though he be dead,  
He must remembered be  
By novices he nurtured." "Sir,  
Dost thou not come with me?"

"Long wilt thou tarry?" "Be content."  
"Not to forsake thee here.  
I'll serve thee in this homesick land  
For love, as erst from fear."

"Go thou. I stay." A change  
came o'er  
The hunchback's raptured face:  
"Why stays he, Selim, know'st?"  
"To draw  
Our water in thy place."

He tore his hair; he turned away;  
He spake: "It shall not be!  
All blessings bless thee for the thought,  
But 'twere not meet for thee!

"Few years are left me on the earth;  
And God hath taught to me  
That willing bondage borne in Christ  
Is loftier liberty."

"Then grudge it not unto thy lord,"  
St. Pavon following said.  
The slave took up his water-pots,  
Moved on, and shook his head.

"This is my penance I must do,  
Or be for aye abhorred  
Of Heaven." "I'll help thee bear it."  
"Nay, stint not mine earned reward!"

St. Pavon's eyes and hands on his  
He fixed, and joyously  
Cried, "Laggard son, thy mother waits  
Among the ships for thee!"

The new slave let the melons thirst  
Till, through the twinkling twigs  
Of citron, and of orange-flowers,  
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the hunchback hurry o'er  
The beach, and scale the deck,  
Towards outstretched arms, that  
like a trap  
Did spring and catch his neck.

Then out he let his pent-up breath,  
Which seemed to blow away,  
In one great sigh, his life's great woe,  
And to himself did say,

"Howe'er, where'er now, in this world  
Or that, my lot may fall,  
I bear this scene in memory,  
And I can bear it all."

Then to his task he turned, with mien  
As eager and as bold  
As when his brethren's blood plashed round  
His iron march of old.

Joy drained his lees of life night-spent  
All in one brimming cup, —  
One wasteful draught of feverish strength, —  
And bade him drink it up.

He dragged the sinking waters out:  
He dashed them on the ground;  
He panted to and fro; well-nigh  
The melons swam or drowned.

Sly women's jet and diamond eyes  
Did near the lattice lurk,  
And twinkle through its screen, to see  
The Christian madman work.

The steward cried, "By Mahmoud's beard,  
Some demon toils within  
Yon unbeliever, or a troop  
Of slaves in one's shrunk skin."

Above him like a vulture came  
The noontide sun, and beat  
Upon his old bald head, and pricked  
Through all his frame with heat;

It set but spurs unto his zeal:  
 "O Christ, and didst thou see  
 My brother in this torment gasp,  
 And through my cruelty!"

His short-lived might sank with the  
 light;  
 Black turned the red-hot day;  
 He scarce could drag to Anselm's  
 lair  
 His heavy limbs away.

He heard a sound; he felt a light;  
 He deemed it was the dawn.  
 He oped his eyes; and, lo! the veil  
 Of glory was withdrawn;

A radiance brighter than the sun,  
 And sweeter than the moon,  
 Showed earth a part of heaven! He  
 sighed,  
 "'Tis a God-granted boon, —

"A vision sent to cheer my soul, —  
 A glimpse of Paradise!  
 O, fade not yet! A moment more,  
 Ere to my toil I rise."

A quivering fanned the air; and  
 shapes  
 Like winged Joys stood round.  
 "Arise!" they said. He rose and  
 left  
 His body on the ground,

His weariness and age. Surprised  
 With sudden buoyancy  
 And ease, he turned and saw aghast  
 His ghastly effigy.

"'Tis but a dream!" "'Tis heav-  
 en." "For me?  
 Not yet! not yet!" he said;  
 "I am a traitor! Give me time!  
 O, let me not be dead!

"In mercy put me back to toil  
 And scorch, nor bid me brook,  
 Ere I've avenged him well on me,  
 Mine outraged Master's look!"

A tender smile glowed through them  
 all.

"Brave martyr, do not fear.  
 Our Master calls! He waits for thee  
 To share his bridal cheer!

"Full many a weary year is told,  
 As mortals tell their years,  
 Since loud we struck our harps, and  
 sang  
 Thy triumph o'er thy tears."

Before him, spreading welcoming  
 arms,  
 A shining Urban stood:  
 "God gave thee grace to overcome  
 Thine evil with thy good.

"My lesson, brother, hast forgot? —  
 I taught to thee of yore,  
 That blessings hid, their threats  
 amid,  
 The awful Scriptures bore."

Then Pavan to his dear embrace  
 In wildered transports sprang;  
 And up the sunny morn they soared.  
 The dwindling earth did hang

Beneath. The air flapped, white with  
 wings  
 That thickened all about;  
 And wide a song of triumph pealed  
 And rang this burden out:

"To wrest him out of Satan's hands  
 His charity sufficed;  
 He did it unto one of CHRIST's,  
 He did it unto CHRIST!"  
 SARA H. PALFREY. [E. FOXTON.]

VIII.

SONGS.



## SONGS.

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### MASQUE OF PLEASURE AND VIRTUE.

#### SONG I.

COME on, come on, and where you go  
So interweave the curious knot  
As even the Observer scarce may  
    know  
Which lines are pleasure, and which  
    not:  
First figure out the doubtful way  
At which awhile the youth should  
    stay  
Where she and Virtue did contend  
Which should have Hercules to  
    friend.  
Then as all actions of mankind  
Are but a labyrinth or maze,  
So let your dances be entwined,  
Yet not perplex men unto gaze:  
But measured, and so numerous too,  
As men may read each act they do;  
And, when they see your graces  
    meet,  
Admire the wisdom of your feet:  
For dancing is an exercise  
Not only shows the mover's wit,  
But maketh the beholder wise,  
As he hath power to rise to it.

#### SONG II.

O more and more, this was so well  
As praise wants half his voice to tell.  
Again yourselves compose,  
And now put all the aptness on  
Of figure, that proportion  
Or color can disclose:  
That, if those silent arts were lost,  
Design and Picture, they might boast  
From you a newer ground  
Instructed by the heightening sense  
Of dignity and reverence  
In their true motions found.

Begin, begin; for look, the pair  
Do longing listen to what air  
You form your second touch  
That they may vent their murmuring  
    hymns  
Just to the tune you move your limbs,  
And wish their own were such.  
Make haste, make haste, for this  
The labyrinth of Beauty is.

#### SONG III.

It follows now you are to prove  
The subtlest maze of all, — that's  
    Love,  
And, if you stay too long,  
The fair will think you do them  
    wrong.  
Go choose among them, with a mind  
As gentle as the stroking wind  
Runs o'er the gentler flowers,  
And so let all your actions smile,  
As if they meant not to beguile  
The ladies, but the hours.  
Grace, laughter, and discourse  
    may meet,  
And yet the beauty not go less:  
For what is noble should be sweet,  
But not dissolved in wantonness.  
Will you that I give the law  
To all your sport, and sum it  
It should be such should envy draw,  
But overcome it.

BEN JONSON.

#### SONG.

SHAKE off your heavy trance,  
And leap into a dance,  
Such as no mortals use to tread,  
Fit only for Apollo —  
To play to, for the moon to lead,  
And all the stars to follow!  
O blessed youth! for Jove doth pause,  
Laying aside his graver laws



For this device:  
 And at the wedding such a pair  
 Each dance is taken for a prayer,  
 Each song a sacrifice.  
 You should stay longer if we durst;  
 Away! Alas! that he that first  
 Gave Time wild wings to fly away,  
 Has now no power to make him stay.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### MARY DONNELLY.

OH! lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you  
 I love the best!  
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd  
 hardly see the rest.  
 Be what it may the time of day, the  
 place be where it will,  
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they  
 bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's  
 flowing on a rock,  
 How clear they are, how dark they  
 are! and they give me many a  
 shock.

Red rowans warm in sunshine and  
 wetted in a shower,  
 Can ne'er express the charming lip  
 that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome,  
 her eyebrows lifted up;  
 Her chin is very neat and pert, and  
 smooth like a china cup;  
 Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so  
 weighty and so fine;  
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and  
 gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday  
 night exceeded all before;  
 No pretty girl for miles about was  
 missing from the floor;  
 But Mary kept the belt of love, and  
 O but she was gay!  
 She danced a jig, she sang a song,  
 that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her  
 steps were so complete,  
 The music nearly killed itself to  
 listen to her feet;  
 The fiddler moaned his blindness,  
 he heard her so much praised,  
 But blessed himself he wasn't deaf  
 when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or  
 lilting what you sung;  
 Your smile is always in my heart,  
 your name beside my tongue;  
 But you've as many sweethearts as  
 you'd count on both your hands,  
 And for myself there's not a thumb  
 or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind  
 in country or in town;  
 The higher I exalt you, the lower  
 I'm cast down.  
 If some great lord should come this  
 way, and see your beauty bright,  
 And you to be his lady, I'd own it  
 was but right.

Oh might we live together in a lofty  
 palace hall,  
 Where joyful music rises, and where  
 scarlet curtains fall!  
 Oh might we live together in a cottage  
 mean and small;  
 With sods of grass the only roof, and  
 mud the only wall!

Oh! lovely Mary Donnelly, your  
 beauty's my distress.  
 It's far too beauteous to be mine,  
 but I'll never wish it less.  
 The proudest place would fit your  
 face, and I am poor and low;  
 But blessings be about you, dear,  
 wherever you may go!

ALLINGHAM.

### SONG.

SPRING all the graces of the age,  
 And all the Loves of time;  
 Bring all the pleasures of the stage,  
 And relishes of rhyme:  
 Add all the softnesses of Courts,  
 The looks, the laughers, and the  
 sports:  
 And mingle all their sweets and salts  
 That none may say the triumph halts.  
 BEN JONSON: *Neptune's Triumph*.

### SONG TO CERES.

THOU that art our Queen again,  
 And may in the sun be seen again,  
 Come, Ceres, come,  
 For the War's gone home,  
 And the fields are quiet and green  
 again.

The air, dear Goddess, sighs for thee,  
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,  
And the poppies red  
On their wistful bed  
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin  
That's fit for a Goddess to work in,  
With shoulders brown,  
And the wheaten crown  
About thy temples perking.

And with thee came Stout Heart in,  
And Toil that sleeps his cart in,  
Brown Exercise,  
The ruddy and wise,  
His bathed forelocks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lithier  
Than willow or birch, drop hither,  
To thread the place  
With a finishing grace,  
And carry our smooth eyes with her.  
LEIGH HUNT.

### ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL — farewell to thee, Ara-  
by's daughter!

(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the  
dark sea,)

No pearl ever lay under Oman's  
green water,  
More pure in its shell than thy  
spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to  
thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till love's  
witchery came,  
Like the wind of the South o'er a  
summer lute blowing,  
And hushed all its music, and  
withered its frame.

But long upon Araby's green sunny  
highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers re-  
member the doom  
Of her who lies sleeping among the  
Pearl Islands,  
With nought but the sea-star to  
light up her tomb.

And still when the merry date-season  
is burning,  
And calls to the palm-groves the  
young and the old,

The happiest there, from their pas-  
time returning,  
At sunset, still weep when thy  
story is told.

The young village maid, when with  
flowers she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair, for some  
festival day,  
Will think of thy fate, till, neglect-  
ing her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from her  
mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero!  
forget thee;  
Though tyrants watch over her  
tears as they start;  
Close, close by the side of that hero  
she'll set thee,  
Embalmed in the innermost shrine  
of her heart.

Around thee shall glisten the love-  
liest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird  
has wept;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow  
wreathed chamber  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight  
have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of  
coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosier stems at  
thy head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the  
Caspian are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over  
thy head.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's  
sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and  
the brave,  
They'll weep for the chieftain who  
died on that mountain,  
They'll weep for the maiden who  
sleeps in this wave.

MOORE.

### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's  
halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts that once beat high for  
     praise  
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord alone that breaks at night  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

MOORE.

## CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

[Written on the River St. Lawrence]

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars  
     keep time.  
 Soon as the woods on shore look  
     dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting  
     hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs  
     fast,  
 The rapids are near and the day-  
     light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
 There is not a breath the blue wave  
     to curl.  
 But, when the wind blows off the  
     shore,  
 Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs  
     fast,  
 The rapids are near and the day-  
     light's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float over thy surges  
     soon.  
 Saint of this green isle! hear our  
     prayers,  
 Oh, grant us cool heavens and favor-  
     ing airs.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs  
     fast,  
 The rapids are near and the day-  
     light's past.

MOORE.

## THE SAILOR.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

THOU that hast a daughter  
 For one to woo and wed,  
 Give her to a husband  
 With snow upon his head;  
 Oh, give her to an old man,  
 Though little joy it be,  
 Before the best young sailor  
 That sails upon the sea!

How luckless is the sailor  
 When sick and like to die;  
 He sees no tender mother,  
 No sweetheart standing by.  
 Only the captain speaks to him, —  
 Stand up, stand up, young man,  
 And steer the ship to haven,  
 As none beside thee can.

Thou says't to me, "Stand, stand  
     up;"  
 I say to thee, take hold,  
 Lift me a little from the deck,  
 My hands and feet are cold.  
 And let my head, I pray thee,  
 With handkerchiefs be bound;  
 There, take my love's gold handker-  
     chief,  
 And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful  
     chart;  
 See, where these mountains meet —  
 The clouds are thick around their  
     head,  
 The mists around their feet:  
 Cast anchor here; 'tis deep and safe  
 Within the rocky cleft;  
 The little anchor on the right,  
 The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,  
 Most earnestly I pray,  
 That they may never bury me  
 In church or cloister gray; —  
 But on the windy sea-beach,  
 At the ending of the land,  
 All on the surfy sea-beach,  
 Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,  
 Their voices I shall hear,  
 And at casting of the anchor  
 The yo-ho loud and clear;

And at hauling of the anchor  
The yo-ho and the cheer, —  
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay  
I never more may steer!

ALLINGHAM.

### THE BOATIE ROWS.

OH, weel may the boatie row,  
And better may she speed;  
And liesome may the boatie row  
That wins the bairnies' bread.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And weel may the boatie row  
That wins the bairnies' bread.

I coost my line in Largo Bay,  
And fishes I caught nine;  
'Twas three to boil, and three to  
fry,  
And three to bait the line.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed,  
And happy be the lot o' a'  
Wha wishes her to speed.

Oh, weel may the boatie row,  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows, indeed,  
And happy be the lot o' a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine,  
And wan frae me my heart,  
Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel —  
He swore we'd never part.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And muckle lighter is the load  
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,  
And dressed mysel' fu' braw;  
I trow my heart was dough and  
wae,  
When Jamie gade awa'.  
But weel may the boatie row,  
And lucky be her part,  
And lightsome be the lassie's care  
That yields an honest heart.

ANONYMOUS.

### THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to think o' wark?  
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel!  
For there's nae luck about the  
house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's nae luck about the  
house,  
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Rax down my cloak — I'll to the  
quay,  
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Make their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their stockings white as snaw;  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman —  
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib  
Hae fed this month or mair;  
Mak haste and thraw their necks  
about,  
That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,  
My stockings pearl-blue, —  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his  
tongue,  
His breath's like cauler air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.

There's nae luck about the  
house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's nae luck about the  
house,  
When our gudeman's awa'.  
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John;  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound  
 me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound  
 me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

MOORE.

## JEANIE MORRISON.

O DEAR, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 The thochts o' bygane years  
 Still fling their shadows ower my  
 path,  
 And blind my een wi' tears!  
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
 And sair and sick I pine,  
 As Memory idly summons up  
 The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
 'Twas then we twa did part;  
 Sweet time, sad time!—twa bairns  
 at schule,  
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!  
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
 To leir ilk ither lear;  
 And tones, and looks, and smiles  
 were shed,  
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
 When sitting on that bink,  
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in  
 loof,  
 What our wee heads could think!  
 When baith bent down ower ae braid  
 page  
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame.  
 Whene'er the schule-weans laughin'  
 said,  
 We cleek'd thegither hame?  
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays  
 (The schule then skail't at noon),  
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—  
 The broomy braes o' June?

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left  
 The deavin' diunsome toun,  
 To wander by the green burnside,  
 And hear its water croon?  
 The simmer leaves hung ower our  
 heads,  
 The flowers burst round our feet,  
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud  
 The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,  
 The burn sung to the trees,  
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
 Concerted harmonies;

And on the knowe abune the burn  
 For hours thegither sat  
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
 Wi' very gladness grat.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Since we were sindered young,  
 I've never seen your face, nor heard  
 The music o' your tongue;  
 But I could hug all wretchedness,  
 And happy could I dee,  
 Did I but ken your heart still  
 dreamed  
 O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be for-  
 got,  
 And never brought to min' ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne ?  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu't the gowans fine;  
 But we've wandered mony a weary  
 foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae  
 roared,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll take a right guid willie-  
 waught,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
 As sure as I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

BURNS.

### COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH.

#### I.

COME away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
 Fly away, fly away, breath;  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with  
 yew,  
 O prepare it!  
 My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it.

#### II.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be  
 strewn;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corse, where my bones shall  
 be thrown.  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O where  
 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
 To weep there!

SHAKESPEARE.

### BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

#### I.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the  
 green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most  
 loving mere folly:  
 Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.

## II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the  
green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most  
loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

SHAKESPEARE.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD-TREE.

## I.

UNDER the greenwood-tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come  
hither:

Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

## II.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come  
hither:

Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SONG.

## I.

WHEN daisies pled, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with de-  
light,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings  
he,

Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

## II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten  
straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's  
clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and  
daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer  
smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings  
he,

Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

## III.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his  
nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in  
pail,  
When blood is nipped, and ways be  
foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who;  
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's  
saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow.  
And Marian's nose looks red and  
raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who;  
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.

SHAKESPEARE.

### TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED.

TELL me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:

I'll begin it, — Ding-dong, bell,

*Chorus.* — Ding-dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

### FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly sing his knell:

Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-  
dong, bell.

*Burden.* — Ding-dong.

SHAKESPEARE.

### SONG OF ECHO.

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time  
with my salt tears;

Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle  
springs:

List to the heavy part the music bears,  
Woe weeps out her division, when  
she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers;

Fall grief in showers;

Our beauties are not ours:

O, I could still,

Like melting snow upon some crag-  
gy hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop

Since Nature's pride is now a with-  
ered daffodil.

BEN JONSON.

### SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph that  
liv'st unseen

Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourn-  
eth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle  
pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of  
the sphere!

So mayst thou be translated to  
the skies,

And give resounding grace to all  
heaven's harmonies.

MILTON.

### HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's  
gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin,

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE BUGLE-SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the  
lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in  
glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild  
echoes flying,

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,  
dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther  
going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly  
blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens  
replying:

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,  
dying, dying.



O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river:  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow forever and forever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild  
 echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,  
 dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

### COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
 The sun has left the lea,  
 The orange-flower perfumes the  
 bower,  
 The breeze is on the sea.  
 The lark, his lay who trilled all day,  
 Sits hushed his partner nigh;  
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the  
 hour,  
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the  
 shade

Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
 Sings high-born Cavalier;  
 The star of Love, all stars above,  
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
 And high and low the influence  
 know, —

But where is County Guy?

SCOTT.

### RIVER SONG.

COME to the river's reedy shore,  
 My maiden, while the skies,  
 With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,  
 Wait for the sun's uprise:  
 There, dancing on the rippling wave,  
 My boat expectant lies,  
 And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,  
 Unclose their dewy eyes.

As slowly down the stream we glide,  
 The lilies all unfold  
 Their leaves, less rosy white than  
 thou,

And virgin hearts of gold;  
 The gay birds on the meadow elm  
 Salute thee blithe and bold,  
 While I sit shy and silent here,  
 And glow with love untold.

F. B. SANBORN.

### SONG FROM JASON.

I KNOW a little garden close  
 Set thick with lily and red rose,  
 Where I would wander if I might  
 From dewy dawn to dewy night,  
 And have one with me wandering.  
 And though within it no birds sing,  
 And though no pillared house is there,  
 And though the apple-boughs are bare  
 Of fruit and blossom, would to God  
 Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
 And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the  
 shore,

And in the place two fair streams are,  
 Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
 Drawn down unto the restless sea;  
 The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the  
 bee,

The shore no ship has ever seen,  
 Still beaten by the billows green,  
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
 Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,  
 For which I let slip all delight,  
 That maketh me both deaf and blind,  
 Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
 And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,  
 Still have I left a little breath  
 To seek within the jaws of death  
 An entrance to that happy place,  
 To seek the forgotten face  
 Once seen, once kissed, once reft  
 from me

Angh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

### OF A' THE AIRTS.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw

I dearly like the west;

For there the bonnie lassie lives,

The lassie I lo'e best.

There wild woods grow, and rivers  
 row,

Wi' mony a hill between;

Baith day and night my fancy's flight

Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers

Sae lovely fresh and fair,

I hear her voice in ilka bird

Wi' music charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that  
springs

By fountain shaw or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings  
But minds me o' my Jean.

BURNS.

### GOLDFLOCKS.

GOLDFLOCKS sat on the grass,  
Tying up of posies rare:  
Hardly could a sunbeam pass  
Through the cloud that was her  
hair.

Purple orchis lasteth long,  
Primrose flowers are pale and  
clear;

O the maiden sang a song  
It would do you good to hear!

Sad before her leaned the boy,  
"Goldilocks that I love well,  
Happy creature fair and coy,  
Think o' me, sweet Amabel."  
Goldilocks she shook apart,  
Looked with doubtful, doubtful  
eyes:

Like a blossom in her heart,  
Opened out her first surprise.

As a gloriole sign o' grace,  
Goldilocks, ah fall and flow,  
On the blooming, childlike face,  
Dimple, dimple, come and go.  
Give her time: on grass and sky  
Let her gaze if she be fain,  
As they looked ere he drew nigh,  
They will never look again.

Ah! the playtime she has known,  
While her goldilocks grew long,  
Is it like a nestling flown,  
Childhood over like a song?  
Yes, the boy may clear his brow,  
Though she thinks to say him nay,  
When she sighs, "I cannot now.  
Come again some other day."

JEAN INGELow.

### O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my love's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I:  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

BURNS.

### GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and  
me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to  
be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces  
spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended  
died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,—  
How small a part of time they  
share  
That are so wondrous sweet and  
fair.

WALLER.

### TO THE ROSE.

GoE, happy Rose, and interwove  
With other flowers, bind my love.  
Tell her, too, she must not be,  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft has fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands  
Of pearl and gold, to bind her hands;  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have myrtle rods at will,  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and goe  
And tell her this, but doe not so,  
Lest a handsome anger flye  
Like a lightning from her eye,  
And burn thee up, as well as I.  
HERRICK.

### TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were foresworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again, — bring  
again,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, —  
sealed in vain.  
SHAKSPEARE.

### GARDEN SONG.

#### I.

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted  
abroad,  
And the musk of the rose is blown.

#### II.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that  
she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she  
loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

#### III.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine  
stirred  
To the dancers dancing in tune;

Till a silence fell with the waking  
bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

#### IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
With whom she has heart to begay.  
When will the dancers leave her  
alone?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are  
gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

#### V.

I said to the rose, "The brief night  
goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are  
those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine," so I swore to  
the rose,  
"For ever and ever, mine."

#### VI.

And the soul of the rose went into  
my blood,  
As the music clashed in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and  
on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

#### VII.

From the meadow your walks have  
left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we  
meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

#### VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree:  
The white lake-blossom fell into the  
lake  
As the pimpernel dozed on the  
lea;

But the rose was awake all night for  
your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

## IX.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden  
of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of  
pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over  
with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

## X.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the  
gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cries, "She is near,  
she is near;"  
And the white rose weeps, "She  
is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I  
hear,"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

## XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her  
feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

TENNYSON.

## TO ALTHEA.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses crowned,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tinkle in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage:  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.

## TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from my soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It would not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me;  
Since then it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee,

BEN JONSON.

## THE NIGHT PIECE: TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow,  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wispè mislight thee,  
Nor snake nor slow-worme bite thee;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there's none to affright  
thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber,  
What though the moon do slumber?  
The starres of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me;  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silvery feet,  
My soule I'll poure into thee.

HERRICK.

### DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts, with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires.  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

### LOVE.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that most with cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.  
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting;  
And Jove hath made it of a kind  
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.  
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

### THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or my cheeks make pale with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May —  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind;  
Or a well disposed nature  
Joined with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me, —  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her merit's value known  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of Best;  
If she seem not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would  
do  
Who without them dare to woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?  
G. WITHER.

### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O, THE days are gone, when Beauty  
bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
When my dream of life, from morn  
till night,  
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam;  
But there's nothing half so sweet in  
life  
As love's young dream.

MOORE.

## THEKLA'S SONG.

THE clouds are flying, the woods are  
sighing,  
A maiden is walking the grassy  
shore,  
And as the wave breaks with might,  
with might,  
She singeth aloud in the darksome  
night,  
But a tear is in her troubled eye.

For the world feels cold, and the  
heart gets old,  
And reflects the bright aspect of  
Nature no more;  
Then take back thy child, holy Vir-  
gin, to thee!  
I have plucked the one blossom  
that hangs on earth's tree,  
I have lived, and have loved,  
and die.

ANONYMOUS.  
*Translated from Schiller.*

## THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"RISE up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the  
golden cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and  
gaze with all the town!  
From gay guitar and violin the silver  
notes are flowing,  
And the lovely lute doth speak be-  
tween the trumpet's lordly  
blowing,  
And banners bright from lattice light  
are waving everywhere,  
And the tall, tall plume of our coun-  
sin's bridegroom floats proudly  
in the air.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the  
golden cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and  
gaze with all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see And-  
alla's face—  
He bends him to the people with a  
calm and princely grace;

Through all the land of Xeres and  
banks of Guadalquivir  
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as  
he, so brave and lovely never.  
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow,  
of purple mixed with white,  
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara,  
whom he will wed to-night.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the  
golden cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and  
gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her  
cushion down,  
Nor came she to the window to gaze  
with all the town;  
But though her eyes dwelt on her  
knee, in vain her fingers strove,  
And though her needle pressed the  
silk, no flower Xarifa wove;  
One bonny rose-bud she had traced  
before the noise drew nigh—  
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow  
drooping from her eye—  
"No, no!" she sighs—"bid me not  
rise, nor lay my cushion down,  
To gaze upon Andalla with all the  
gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa—nor lay  
your cushion down—  
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—with all  
the gazing town?  
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells,  
and how the people cry:  
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why  
sit ye still, oh, why!"  
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's  
mate; in him shall I discover  
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his  
truth with tears, and was my  
lover!  
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor  
lay my cushion down,  
To gaze on false Andalla with all the  
gazing town!"

LOCKHART.

## THE BANKS OF DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and  
fair,  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou war-  
bling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering  
thorn:

Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine  
twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvie stole my rose,  
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

BURNS.

### A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine;  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine.  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —  
No more of me you knew, my love;  
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain;  
But it shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.  
He turned his charger as he spake  
Upon the river shore;  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said, Adieu forevermore, my love;  
And adieu forevermore.

SCOTT.

### THE NIGHT-SEA.

In the summer even,  
While yet the dew was hoar,  
I went plucking purple pansies,  
Till my love should come to shore.

The fishing lights their dances  
Were keeping out at sea,  
And "Come," I sung, "my true love,  
Come hasten home to me."

But the sea it fell a-moaning,  
And the white gulls rocked thereon,

And the young moon dropped from  
heaven,  
And the lights hid one by one.

All silently their glances  
Slipped down the cruel sea,  
And "Wait," cried the night, and  
wind, and storm,  
"Wait till I come to thee!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

### HERO TO LEANDER.

OH! go not yet my love,  
The night is dark and vast;  
The white moon is hid in her heaven  
above,  
And the waves climb high and fast.  
Oh! kiss me, kiss me, once again,  
Lest thy kiss should be the last.  
Oh kiss me ere we part:  
Grow closer to my heart,  
My heart is warmer surely than the  
bosom of the main.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy  
limbs,  
So gladly doth it stir;  
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.  
I have bathed thee with the pleasant  
myrrh;  
Thy locks are dripping balm;  
Thou shalt not wander hence to-  
night,  
I'll stay thee with my kisses.  
To-night the roaring brine  
Will rend thy golden tresses;  
The ocean with the morrow light  
Will be both blue and calm;  
And the billow will embrace thee  
with a kiss as soft as mine.  
No western odors wander  
On the black and moaning sea,  
And when thou art dead, Leander,  
My soul must follow thee!  
Oh! go not yet, my love.  
Thy voice is sweet and low;  
The deep salt wave breaks in above  
Those marble steps below.  
The turret stairs are wet  
That lead into the sea.  
The pleasant stars have set:  
Oh! go not, go not yet,  
Or I will follow thee.

TENNYSON.

## BRIGNALL BANKS.

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,

And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall,  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily, —

“O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen.” —

“If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,

To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we,

That dwell by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,

As blithe as Queen of May.” —  
Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,

And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen.

“I read you, by your bugle-horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a Ranger sworn,  
To keep the king's greenwood.”

“A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;

His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night.” —

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,

And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May!

“With burnished brand and musketoon,

So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of drum.” —

“I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;

But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear.

“And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,

And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
Would reign my Queen of May!

“Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die;  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,

• Were better mate than I!  
And when I'm with my comrades met,

Beneath the greenwood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.

“Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.”

SCOTT.

## BONNY DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas  
Claver'se who spoke,

“Ere the King's crown shall fall  
there are crowns to be broke;  
So let each Cavalier who loves honor  
and me

Come follow the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill  
up my can,

Come saddle your horses, and  
call up your men;

Come open the West Port, and  
let me gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of  
Bonny Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up  
the street,

The bells are rung backward, the  
drums they are beat;

But the Provost, douce man, said,  
“Just e'en let him be,

The gude town is weel quit of that  
Deil of Dundee.”

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-  
market was crammed,

As if half the West had set tryst to  
be hanged:



There was spite in each look, there  
 was fear in each ee,  
 As they watched for the bonnets of  
 Bonny Dundee.

These cowl of Kilmarnock had spits  
 and had spears,  
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cava-  
 liers;  
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and  
 the causeway was free,  
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny  
 Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to  
 the rocks, —  
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch  
 with the fox;  
 And tremble false Whigs, in the  
 midst of your glee,  
 You have not seen the last of my  
 bonnet and me."

SCOTT.

## SONG OF CLAN-ALPINE.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph  
 advances!  
 Honored and blessed be the ever-  
 green Pine!  
 Long may the tree, in his banner  
 that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of  
 our line!  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly  
 to grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by  
 the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to  
 fade;  
 When the whirlwind has stripped  
 every leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult  
 in her shade.  
 Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it  
 blow:  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in  
 Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannachars' groans to our  
 slogan replied;  
 Glen Luss and Ross dhu, they are  
 smoking in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie  
 dead on her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear  
 and with woe;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of  
 the Highlands!  
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-  
 green Pine!  
 O that the rosebud that graces yon  
 islands  
 Were wreathed in a garland around  
 him to twine!  
 O that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honored and blessed in their shadow  
 might grow!  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepest glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

SCOTT.

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons.  
 Come from deep glen and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochry.  
 Come every hill-plaid,  
 And true heart that wears one;  
 Come every steel blade,  
 And strong hand that bears one!  
 Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterred,  
The bride at the altar;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges:  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come  
When forests are rended;  
Come as the waves come  
When navies are stranded:  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuill Dhu,  
Knell for the onset!

SCOTT.

## THE DYING BARD.

## I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the mo-  
ment is nigh,  
When mute in the woodlands thine  
echoes shall die:  
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon  
shall rave,  
And mix his wild notes with the  
wild dashing wave.

## II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories  
of shade  
Unhonored shall flourish, unhonored  
shall fade;

For soon shall be lifeless the eye and  
the tongue,  
That viewed them with rapture, with  
rapture that sung.

## III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march  
in their pride,  
And chase the proud Saxon from  
Prestatyn's side;  
But where is the harp shall give life  
to their name?  
And where is the bard shall give  
heroes their fame?

## IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daugh-  
ters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and  
wave the dark hair;  
What tuneful enthusiast shall wor-  
ship their eye,  
When half of their charms with  
Cadwallon shall die?

## V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy  
loved scene,  
To join the dim choir of the bards  
who have been;  
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Mer-  
lin the Old,  
And sage Taliessin, high harping to  
hold.

## VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green  
be thy shades,  
Unconquered thy warriors, and  
matchless thy maids!  
And thou, whose faint warblings my  
weakness can tell,  
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last  
treasure, farewell!

SCOTT.



IX.

DIRGES AND PATHETIC  
POEMS.

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**"For when sad thoughts possess the mind of man,  
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs  
And pulls us living to the dust we came from." — BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.**



## DIRGES AND PATHETIC POEMS.

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### LACHRIMÆ; OR, MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,  
As heretofore,  
The music of a feast;  
Since now, alas,  
The mirth that was  
In me, is dead or ceast.

Before I went  
To banishment  
Into the loathed west,  
I could rehearse  
A lyric verse,  
And speak it with the best.

But time, ay me!  
Has laid, I see,  
My organ fast asleep;  
And turned my voice  
Into the noise  
Of those that sit and weep.

HERRICK.

### THE NYMPH MOURNING HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive  
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst  
alive

Them any harm, alas! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wished them ill;  
Nor do I for all this, nor will:  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears,  
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!  
It cannot die so. Heaven's King  
Keeps register of every thing,

And nothing may we use in vain;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain,  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their  
guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood which doth  
part  
From thine, and wound me to the  
heart,  
Yet could they not be clean, their  
stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain.  
There is not such another in  
The world, to offer for their sin.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet;  
With what a pretty skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race;  
And, when it had left me far away,  
'Twould stay and run again and  
stay;  
For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses overgrown,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness,  
And all the spring time of the year  
It only loved to be there.

Among the beds of lilies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should  
lie,  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes;  
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
It like a bank of lilies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,  
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill,

And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:  
Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.

MARVELL.

### THE LABORER.

TOILING in the naked fields,  
Where no bush a shelter yields,  
Needy Labor dithering stands,  
Beats and blows his numbing hands,  
And upon the crumping snows  
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all's in vain to keep him  
warm,

Poverty must brave the storm,  
Friendship none its aid to lend,—  
Constant health his only friend,  
Granting leave to live in pain,  
Giving strength to toil in vain.

JOHN CLARE.

### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies  
white

Out owre the grassy lea:  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal  
streams,

And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bower,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae:  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang:  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been,  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en:  
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a  
sword

That through thy soul shall gae:  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee;  
Nor the balm that draps on wounds  
of woe

Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine;  
And may those pleasures gild thy  
reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine!  
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee;  
And where thou meet'st thy moth-  
er's friend,  
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn!  
And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flowers that deck the  
spring,

Bloom on my peaceful grave!  
BURNS.

### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonnie, Yarrow  
stream,

When first on them I met my lover  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow  
stream,

When now thy waves his body  
cover!

Forever, now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of  
sorrow;

For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of  
Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers;  
 He promised me a little page,  
 To squire me to his father's towers;  
 He promised me a wedding-ring —  
 The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow:

Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

His mother from the window looked,  
 With all the longing of a mother;  
 His little sister weeping walked  
 The greenwood path to meet her brother:

They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from the window look;  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!

No longer walk, thou lovely maid;  
 Alas! thou hast no more a brother!  
 No longer seek him east or west,  
 No longer search the forest thorough;

For wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.  
 JOHN LOGAN.

### THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,  
 Brought bloom and joy again,

The murdered traveller's bones were found,  
 Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung  
 Her tassels in the sky;  
 And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
 And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled as he wrought  
 His hanging nest o'erhead,  
 And fearless, near the fatal spot,  
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;  
 And gentle eyes, for him,  
 With watching many an anxious day,  
 Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,  
 The fearful death he met,  
 When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
 Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
 The northern dawn was red,  
 The mountain wolf and wildcat stole  
 To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
 They dressed the hasty bier,  
 And marked his grave with nameless stones,  
 Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared,  
 and wept,  
 Within his distant home;  
 And dreamed, and started as they slept,  
 For joy that he was come.

So long they looked; but never spied  
 His welcome step again,  
 Nor knew the fearful death he died  
 Far down that narrow glen.  
 BRYANT.

### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and thought have gone away  
 Side by side,  
 Leaving door and windows wide:  
 Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:  
 In the windows is no light;  
 And no murmur at the door,  
 So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,  
 Or through the windows we shall see  
 The nakedness and vacancy  
 Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth  
 Is here, or merry-making sound.  
 The house was builded of the earth,  
 And shall fall again to ground.



Come away: for Life and Thought  
 Here no longer dwell;  
 But in a city glorious,  
 A great and distant city, have bought  
 A mansion incorruptible.  
 Would they could have staid with  
 us!

TENNYSON.

# LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

YE scattered birds that faintly  
 sing,  
 The reliques of the vernal choir!  
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds  
 The honors of the aged year!  
 A few short months, and glad and  
 gay,  
 Again ye'll charm the ear and  
 e'e;  
 But nocht in all revolving time  
 Can gladness bring again to me.

The bridegroom may forget the  
 bride  
 Was made his wedded wife yea-  
 green;  
 The monarch may forget the crown  
 That on his head an hour has  
 been;  
 The mother may forget the child  
 That smiles sae sweetly on her  
 knee:  
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
 And a' that thou hast done for me!

BURNS.

# HE'S GANE.

HE's gane! he's gane! he's frae us  
 torn,  
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!  
 Thee, Matthew, nature's sel' shall  
 mourn  
 By wood and wild,  
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,  
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,  
 That proudly cock your cresting  
 cairns!  
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing  
 yearns,  
 Where Echo slumbers,

Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest  
 bairns,  
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!  
 Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!  
 Ye burnies, whimplin' down your  
 glens,

Wi' todlin' din,  
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,  
 Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells owre the  
 lea;  
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;  
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,  
 In scented bowers;  
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
 The first o' flowers.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the  
 wood;  
 Ye grouse that crap the heather  
 bud;  
 Ye curlews calling through a clud;  
 Ye whistling plover;  
 And mourn, ye whirring pairtrick  
 brood!—  
 He's gane forever!

Go to your sculptured tomba, ye  
 great,  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state;  
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,  
 Thou man of worth!  
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate  
 E'er lay in earth.  
 BURNS.

# TO HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the wine and  
 wit  
 Of all I've writ;  
 The grace, the glorie, and the best  
 Piece of the rest;  
 Thou art of what I did intend  
 The all, and end:  
 And what was made, was made to  
 meet

Thee, thee, my sheet;  
 Come then, and be to my chaste  
 side  
 Both bed and bride.  
 We two, as reliques left, will have  
 One rest, one grave;

And, hugging close, we will not feare  
 Lust entering here;  
 Where all desires are dead or cold,  
 As is the mould;  
 And all affections are forgot,  
 Or trouble not.  
 Here needs no court for our request,  
 Where all are best;  
 All wise, all equal, and all just  
 Alike i' th' dust.  
 Nor need we here to feare the frowne  
 Of court or crown;  
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er  
 things,  
 There all are kings.  
 And for a while lye here concealed,  
 To be revealed,  
 Next, at that great platonick yeere,  
 And then meet here.  
 HERRICK.

## ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blessed!  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed  
 mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their  
 clay;  
 And Freedom shall a while repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!  
 COLLINS.

## DIRGE.

HE is gone — is dust.  
 He, the more fortunate! yea he hath  
 finished!  
 For him there is no longer any fu-  
 ture,  
 His life is bright, — bright without  
 spot it was  
 And cannot cease to be. No omi-  
 nous hour  
 Knocks at his door with tidings of  
 mishap.  
 Far off is he, above desire and fear;  
 No more submitted to the change  
 and chance

Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well  
 With *him*! but who knows what the  
 coming hour  
 Veiled in thick darkness brings for  
 us!

That anguish will be wearied down,  
 I know;  
 What pang is permanent with man?  
 from the highest  
 As from the vilest thing of every day  
 He learns to wean himself; for the  
 strong hours  
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I  
 have lost  
 In him. The bloom is vanished  
 from my life.  
 For O! he stood beside me, like my  
 youth,  
 Transformed for me the real to a  
 dream,  
 Clothing the palpable and familiar  
 With golden exhalations of the  
 dawn.  
 Whatever fortunes wait my future  
 toils,  
 The *beautiful* is vanished — and re-  
 turns not.

COLERIDGE: *Wallenstein*.

## LYKEWAKE DIRGE.

THIS æ night, this æ night,  
 Every night and alle,  
 Fire and sleet and candle-light,  
 And Christ receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art  
 past,  
 Every night and alle,  
 To Whinny-Muir thou comest at  
 laste,  
 And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,  
 Every night and alle,  
 Sit thee down and put them on,  
 And Christ receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou never gav'st  
 none,  
 Every night and alle,  
 The whinnes shall prick thee to the  
 bare bone,  
 And Christ receive thy saule.

From Whinny-Muir when thou  
mayest passe,  
Every night and alle,  
To Purgatory fire thou comest at  
last,  
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,  
Every night and alle,  
The fire shall never make thee shrink,  
And Christ receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou never gavest  
none,  
Every night and alle,  
The fire will burn thee to the bare  
bone,  
And Christ receive thy saule.

This ae night, this ae night,  
Every night and alle,  
Fire and sleet and candle-light,  
And Christ receive thy saule.

ANON.

## SLEEPY HOLLOW.

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral  
stoops,

No winding torches paint the mid-  
night air;

Here the green pines delight, the as-  
pen droops

Along the modest pathways, and  
those fair

Pale asters of the season spread their  
plumes

Around this field, fit garden for our  
tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some  
funeral bell

Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this  
calm place,

Not with a throb of pain, a feverish  
knell,

But in its kind and supplicating  
grace,

It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march,  
be more

Friend to the friendless than thou  
wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest se-  
renity;

To-morrow that soft bell for thee  
shall sound,

And thou repose beneath the whis-  
pering tree,

One tribute more to this submis-  
sive ground;—

Prison thy soul from malice, bar out  
pride,

Nor these pale flowers nor this still  
field deride:

Rather to those ascents of being  
turn,

Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines  
the year

Eternal, and the incessant watch-  
fires burn

Of unspent holiness and goodness  
clear,—

Forget man's littleness, deserve the  
best,

God's mercy in thy thought and  
life confest.

CHANNING.

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidelé's grassy tomb

Soft maids and village hinds shall  
bring

Each opening sweet of earliest  
bloom,

And rife all the breathing spring.

No walling ghost shall dare appear

To vex with shrieks this quiet  
grove;

But shepherd lads assemble here,

And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;

No goblins lead their nightly crew:

The female fays shall haunt the  
green,

And dress thy grave with pearly  
dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,

Shall kindly lend his little aid,

With hoary moss, and gathered flow-  
ers,

To deck the ground where thou  
art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain

In tempests shake the sylvan cell.

Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,

The tender thought on thee shall  
dwell;

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Beloved till life can charm no more,  
And mourned till Pity's self be  
dead.

COLLINS.

### DIRGE FOR DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye who see  
Our harps hung on the willow-tree;  
Come pitie us, ye passers-by,  
Who see or hear poor widows crie;  
Come pitie us, and bring your eares  
And eyes to pitie widows' teares.

And when you are come hither,  
Then we will keep  
A fast, and weep  
Our eyes out all together,

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,  
Clean washt, and laid out for the bier.  
O modest matrons, weep and waille!  
For now the corne and wine must  
faile;

The basket and the bynn of bread,  
Wherewith so many soules were fed,  
Stand empty here forever;  
And ah! the poore,  
At thy worne doore,  
Shall be relieved never.

But ah, alas! the almond-bough  
And olive-branch is withered now;  
The wine-presse now is ta'en from  
us,

The saffron and the calamus;  
The spice and spiknard hence is  
gone,

The storax and the cynamon;  
The caroll of our gladnesse  
Has taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turned to sadness.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies!  
How worthy of respect and praise!  
How matron-like didst thou go drest!  
How soberly above the rest  
Of those that prank it with their  
plumes,  
And jet it with their choice per-  
fumes!

Thy vestures were not flowing;  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feet  
Of mincing in their going.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will show these garments made by  
thee;

These were the coats, in these are read  
The monuments of Dorcas dead:  
These were thy acts, and thou shalt  
have

These hung, as honors o'er thy grave,  
And after us, distressed,  
Should faine be dumb,  
Thy very tomb  
Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

HERRICK.

### CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The fount, re-appearing,  
From the raindrop shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary;  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest;  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever!

SCOTT.

### FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN.

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy  
wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:  
 Care no more to clothe and eat;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak:  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
 Fear not slander, censure rash:  
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
 All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.  
 SHAKESPEARE.

### ODE ON THE CONSECRATION OF SLEEPY-HOLLOW CEME- TERY.

SHINE kindly forth, September sun,  
 From heavens calm and clear,  
 That no untimely cloud may run  
 Before thy golden sphere,  
 To vex our simple rites to-day  
 With one prophetic tear.

With steady voices let us raise  
 The fitting psalm and prayer; —  
 Remembered grief of other days  
 Breathes softening in the air:  
 Who knows not Death — who  
 mourns no loss —  
 He has with us no share.

To holy sorrow — solemn joy,  
 We consecrate the place  
 Where soon shall sleep the maid  
 and boy,  
 The father and his race,  
 The mother with her tender babe,  
 The venerable face.

These waving woods — these valleys  
 low  
 Between these tufted knolls,  
 Year after year shall dearer grow  
 To many loving souls;  
 And flowers be sweeter here than blow  
 Elsewhere between the poles.

For deathless Love and blessed Grief  
 Shall guard these wooded aisles,  
 When either Autumn casts the leaf,  
 Or blushing Summer smiles,  
 Or Winter whitens o'er the land,  
 Or Spring the buds uncoils.

F. B. SANBORN.

### ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
 Where slowly winds the stealing  
 wave;  
 The year's best sweets shall duteous  
 rise  
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
 His airy harp shall now be laid,  
 That he, whose heart in sorrow  
 bleeds,  
 May love through life the soothing  
 shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger  
 here,  
 And while its sounds at distance  
 swell,  
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's  
 knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the  
 shore  
 When Thames in summer wreaths  
 is drest,  
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as ease and health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view you whitening  
 spire,  
 And 'mid the varied landscape  
 weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy  
 bed,  
 Ah! what will every dirge avail;  
 Or tears, which love and pity shed,  
 That mourn beneath the gliding  
 sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless  
 eye  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glim-  
 mering near?  
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,  
 And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen  
 tide  
 No sedge-crowned sisters now at-  
 tend,

Now waft me from the green hill's  
side  
Whose cold turf hides the buried  
friend!

And see the fairy valleys fade;  
Dun night has veiled the solemn  
view!

Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

Thy genial meads, assigned to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early  
doom;

There hinds and shepherd-girls shall  
dress  
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed  
clay

Shall melt the musing Briton's  
eyes:

O! vales and wild woods, shall he  
say,

In yonder grave a Druid lies!

COLLINS.

#### EPITAPH FROM SIMONIDES.

WHERE is Timarchus gone?

His father's hands were round  
him,

And when he breathed his life away,  
The joy of youth had crowned him.

Old man! thou wilt not forget

Thy lost one, when thine eye

Gazeth on the glowing cheek

Of hope and piety.

ANON.

#### ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

TOLL for the brave—

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset:

Down went the "Royal George,"

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfelt is gone;

His last sea-fight is fought,

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;

No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak;

She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;

His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down

With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,

Once dreaded by our foes!

And mingle with our cup

The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,

And she may float again,

Full charged with England's thunder,

And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,—

His victories are o'er;

And he and his eight hundred

Shall plough the waves no more.

COWPER.

#### LINES.

WRITTEN AT GRASMERE, ON TID-  
INGS OF THE APPROACHING  
DEATH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

LOUD is the Vale! the voice is up

With which she speaks when storms  
are gone,

A mighty unison of streams!

Of all her Voices, One!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland Depth

In peace is roaring like the sea;

Yon star upon the mountain-top

Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,

Importunate and heavy load!

The Comforter hath found me here,

Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—

Wait the fulfilment of their fear;

For he must die who is their stay,

Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;  
But when the great and good depart  
What is it more than this —

That Man, who is from God sent  
forth,

Doth yet again to God return? —  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

WORDSWORTH.

### ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

#### I.

BURY the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation.  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a  
mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

#### II.

Where shall we lay the man whom  
we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central  
roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought  
for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones forevermore.

#### III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about  
it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music  
blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

#### IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the  
Past.  
No more in soldier fashion will he  
greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the  
street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is  
mute:

Mourn for the man of long-enduring  
blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate,  
resolute,

Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influ-  
ence,

Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men  
knew,

O voice from which their omens all  
men drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fallen at length that tower of  
strength

Which stood four-square to all the  
winds that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will  
be seen no more.

#### V.

All is over and done:  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be tolled.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest forever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be tolled:  
And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds:  
Bright let it be with its blazoned  
deeds,

Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be tolled:

And a deeper knell in the heart be  
knolled;

And the sound of the sorrowing an-  
them rolled

Thro' the dome of the golden cross;  
And the volleying cannon thunder  
his loss;

He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's-ear has heard them  
boom

Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:

When he with those deep voices  
wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from  
shame;  
With those deep voices our dead cap-  
tain taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-attempted frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

## VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an hon-  
ored guest,  
With banner and with music, with  
soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking  
on my rest?

Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou  
famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world  
began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea;  
His foes were thine; he kept us free;  
O give him welcome, this is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gained a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clashed with his fiery few and won;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labored rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,

Followed up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadow-  
ing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron  
crown

On that loud sabbath shook the  
spoil down;

A day of onsets of despair!  
Dashed on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foamed them-  
selves away;

Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Through the long-tormented air  
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged  
and overthrew.

So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven  
guile,

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there  
at all,

Be glad, because his bones are laid by  
thine!

And thro' the centuries let a people's  
voice

In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human  
fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's  
claim

With honor, honor, honor, honor to  
him,

Eternal honor to his name.

## VII.

Remember him who led your hosts;  
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.  
Your cannons moulder on the sea-  
ward wall;  
His voice is silent in your council-  
hall



Forever; and, whatever tempests  
 lower,  
 Forever silent; even if they broke  
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
 He spoke among you, and the Man  
 who spoke;  
 Who never sold the truth to serve  
 the hour,  
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for  
 power;  
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor  
 flow  
 Thro' either babbling world of high  
 and low;  
 Whose life was work, whose lan-  
 guage rife  
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
 Who never spoke against a foe;  
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one  
 rebuke  
 All great self-seekers trampling on  
 the right:  
 Truth-teller was our England's Al-  
 fred named;  
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;  
 Whatever record leap to light,  
 He never shall be shamed.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the  
 people's ears:  
 The dark crowd moves, and there are  
 sobs and tears:  
 The black earth yawns: the mortal  
 disappears;  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
 He is gone who seemed so great. —  
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
 Of the force he made his own  
 Being here, and we believe him  
 Something far advanced in State,  
 And that he wears a truer crown  
 Than any wreath that man can  
 weave him.

Speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

TENNYSON.

#### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral  
 note,  
 As his corpse to the rampart we  
 hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell  
 shot  
 O'er the grave where our hero we  
 buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turn-  
 ing;  
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty  
 light  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we  
 wound him;  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his  
 rest  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we  
 said  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face  
 of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the  
 morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his nar-  
 row bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely  
 pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would  
 tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit  
 that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid  
 him;  
 But little he'll reck, if they let him  
 sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has  
 laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock tolled the hour  
 for retiring:  
 And we heard the distant random  
 gun  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh  
 and gory;  
 We carved not a line, we raised not  
 a stone, —  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

## ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SILENCE augmenteth griefe, writing  
 encreaseth rage,  
 Staid are my thoughts, which loved  
 and lost, the wonder of our  
 age,

Yet quickened now with fire, though  
 dead with frost ere now,  
 Enraged I write I know not what:  
 dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard hearted mindes relent, and  
 Rigor's tears abound,  
 And Envy strangely rues his end, in  
 whom no fault she found;  
 Knowledge his light hath lost, Valor  
 hath slaine her knight:  
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend,  
 dead is the world's delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose  
 presence was her pride,  
 Time crieth out, my ebbe is come,  
 his life was my spring-tide;  
 Fame mournes in that she lost, the  
 ground of her reports,  
 Each living wight laments his lacke,  
 and all in sundry sorts.

He was—wo worth that word—to  
 each well thinking minde,  
 A spotless friend, a matchless man,  
 whose vertue ever shined,  
 Declaring in his thoughts, his life,  
 and that he writ,  
 Highest conceits, longest foresights,  
 and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe, was second  
 unto none,  
 Where death—though life—we rue,  
 and wrong, and all in vaine do  
 mone,  
 Their losse, not him waile they, that  
 fill the world with cries,  
 Death slue not him, but he made  
 death his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live, the  
 more the wrong,  
 Who wishing Death, whom death  
 denies, whose thread is all too  
 long,  
 Who tied to wretched life, who look  
 for no relief,  
 Must spend my ever-dying days in  
 never-ending grief.

Heart's ease and onely I, like para-  
 leles run on,  
 Whose equall length, keepe equall  
 bredth and never meete in one,  
 Yet for not wronging him, my  
 thoughts, my sorrowes' cell,  
 Shall not run out, though leake they  
 will, for liking him so well.

Farewel to you my hopes, my wont-  
 ed waking dreames,  
 Farewel sometime enjoyèd joy  
 eclipsed are thy beams,  
 Farewel selfe-pleasing thoughts,  
 which quietness brings forth,  
 And farewel friendship's sacred  
 league uniting minds of worth.

And farewel mery heart, the gift of  
 guiltless mindes,  
 And all sports, which for live's re-  
 store, varietie assignes,  
 Let all that sweet is voide? in me  
 no mirth may dwell,  
 Philip the cause of all this woe, my  
 life's content, farewel.

Now rime, the source of rage, which  
 art no kin to skill,  
 And endless griefe which deads my  
 life, yet knows not now to kill,  
 Go seeke that haples tombe, which  
 if ye hap to finde,  
 Salute the stones, that keep the  
 lines, that held so good a  
 minde.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

## LYCIDAS.

[In this monody, the author bewails a  
 learned friend, unfortunately drowned in  
 his passage from Chester on the Irish  
 seas, 1637, and by occasion foretells the  
 ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in  
 their height.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and  
 once more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never  
 sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh  
 and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mel-  
 lowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion  
 dear,

Compels me to disturb your season  
due:

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his  
prime,

Young Lycidas! and hath not left  
his peer.

Who must not sing for Lycidas?  
He knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty  
rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching  
wind,

Without the meed of some melodious  
tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred  
well,

That from beneath the seat of Jove  
doth spring,

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep  
the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;

So may some gentle Muse

With lucky words favor my destined  
urn,

And as he passes turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable  
shroud.

For we were nurst upon the self-  
same hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain,  
shade, and rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns  
appeared

Under the opening eyelids of the  
morn,

We drove a-field, and both together  
heard

What time the gray-fly winds her  
sultry horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh  
dews of night,

Oft till the star that rose, at evening  
bright,

Toward heaven's descent had sloped  
his westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not  
mute,

Tempered to the oaten flute,  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns  
with cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be  
absent long,

And old Dametas loved to hear our  
song.

But O the heavy change, now thou  
art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must  
return!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and  
desert caves

With wild thyme and the gadding  
vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses  
green,

Shall now no more be seen,

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy  
soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds  
that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay  
wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's  
ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when  
the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved  
Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the  
steep,

Where your old Bards, the famous  
Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her  
wizard stream.

Ay me, I fondly dream!

Had ye been there—for what could  
that have done?

What could the Muse herself, that  
Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting  
son,

Whom universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the  
hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was  
sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Les-  
bian shore?

Alas! what boots it with unces-  
sant care

To tend the homely slighted shep-  
herd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless  
Muse?

Were it not better done as other-  
use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the  
shade,

Or with the tangles of Naxos's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit  
doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious  
 days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope  
 to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden  
 blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the ab-  
 horred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. But  
 not the praise,  
 Phœbus replied, and touched my  
 trembling ears;  
 Fame is no plant that grows on mor-  
 tal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad  
 rumor lies;  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those  
 pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging  
 Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each  
 deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect  
 thy meed.  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou  
 honored flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned  
 with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher  
 mood;  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;  
 He asked the waves, and asked the  
 felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this  
 gentle swain?  
 And questioned every gust of rug-  
 ged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked  
 promontory:  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer  
 brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dun-  
 geon strayed;  
 The air was calm, and on the level  
 brine  
 Sleek Panopé with all her sisters  
 played.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious  
 bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with  
 curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head  
 of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went  
 footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet  
 sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on  
 the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower in-  
 scribed with woe.  
 Ah! Who hath reft (quothe he) my  
 dearest pledge?  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals  
 twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts  
 amain)  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern  
 bespake;  
 How well could I have spared for  
 thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into  
 the fold?  
 Of other care they little reckoning  
 make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shear-  
 er's feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden  
 guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce them-  
 selves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught  
 else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art  
 belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need  
 they? They are sped;  
 And when they list their lean and  
 flashy songs  
 Grate on their scranell pipes of  
 wretched straw,  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are  
 not fed,  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank  
 mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion  
 spread;  
 Besides what the grim wolf with  
 privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothingsaid;  
 But that two-handed engine at the  
 door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and  
 smite no more.  
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice  
 is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return,  
 Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them  
 hither cast  
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thou-  
 sand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whis-  
 pers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and  
 gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star  
 sparsely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enam-  
 elled eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the  
 honeyed showers,  
 And purple all the ground with ver-  
 nal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that for-  
 saken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessa-  
 mine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy  
 freakt with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired  
 woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the  
 pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroi-  
 dery wears:  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with  
 tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where  
 Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with  
 false surmise.  
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and  
 sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones  
 are hurled,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the  
 whelming tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous  
 world;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows  
 denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guard-  
 ed mount  
 Looks toward Nemaucos and Bayo-  
 na's hold;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and  
 melt with ruth,  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hap-  
 less youth,

Weep no more, woful shepherds,  
 weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the wa-  
 tery floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean  
 bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping  
 head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-  
 spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morn-  
 ing sky.  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted  
 high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that  
 walked the waves,  
 Where other groves, and other  
 streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he  
 laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial  
 song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy  
 and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints  
 above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet socie-  
 ties,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory  
 move,  
 And wipe the tears forever from his  
 eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep  
 no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of  
 the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt  
 be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous  
 flood.  
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to  
 the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with  
 sandals gray;  
 He touched the tender stops of vari-  
 ous quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his  
 Doric lay;  
 And now the sun had stretched out  
 all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western  
 bay;  
 At last he rose, and twitched his  
 mantle blue;—  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pas-  
 tures new.

MILTON.

## DEPARTED.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
 I had no human fears:  
 She seemed a thing that could not  
 feel

The touch of earthly years.  
 No motion has she now, no force;  
 She neither hears nor sees;  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal  
 course,  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WORDSWORTH.

## THYRSIS.

[A monody to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861.]

How changed is here each spot man  
 makes or fills!

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps  
 the same;

The village-street its haunted man-  
 sion lacks,  
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's  
 name,

And from the roofs the twisted  
 chimney-stacks.

Are ye, too, changed, ye hills?  
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men  
 To-night from Oxford up your  
 pathway strays!

Here came I often, often, in old  
 days;  
 Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis  
 then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childs-  
 worth Farm,

Up past the wood, to where the elm-  
 tree crowns

The hill behind whose ridge the  
 sunset flames?

The Signal-Elm, that looks on Ilsley  
 Downs,

The Vale, the three lone wears,  
 the youthful Thames? —

This winter-eve is warm,  
 Humid the air; leafless, yet soft as  
 spring,

The tender purple spray on copse  
 and briers;

And that sweet City with her  
 dreaming spires,  
 She needs not June for beauty's  
 heightening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-  
 night.

Only, methinks, some loss of habit's  
 power

Befalls me wandering through this  
 upland dim.

Once passed I blindfold here, at any  
 hour,

Now seldom come I, since I came  
 with him.

That single elm-tree bright  
 Against the west — I miss it! is it  
 gone?

We prized it dearly; while it stood,  
 we said,

Our friend, the Scholar-Gypsy, was  
 not dead;

While the tree lived, he in these  
 fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my  
 visits here!

But once I knew each field, each  
 flower, each stick,

And with the country-folk ac-  
 quaintance made

By barn in threshing-time, by new-  
 built rick.

Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we  
 first assayed.

Ah me! this many a year  
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday.

Needs must I lose them, needs  
 with heavy heart

Into the world and wave of men  
 depart;

But Thyrsis of his own will went  
 away.

It irked him to be here, he could not  
 rest.

He loved each simple joy the country  
 yields,

He loved his mates; but yet he  
 could not keep,

For that a shadow lowered on the  
 fields,

Here with the shepherds and the  
 silly sheep.

Some life of men unblest  
 He knew, which made him droop,

and filled his head.

He went; his piping took a trou-  
 bled sound

Of storms that rage outside our  
 happy ground;

He could not wait their passing, he  
 is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early  
 June,  
 When the year's primal burst of  
 bloom is o'er,  
 Before the roses and the longest  
 day —  
 When garden-walks, and all the  
 grassy floor,  
 With blossoms, red and white, of  
 fallen May,  
 And chestnut - flowers, are  
 strewn —  
 So have I heard the cuckoo's parting  
 cry,  
 From the wet field, through the  
 vexed garden-trees,  
 Come with the volleying rain and  
 tossing breeze:  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom  
 go I.*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt  
 thou go?  
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps  
 come on,  
 Soon will the musk carnations  
 break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted  
 snapdragon,  
 Sweet-William with its homely  
 cottage-smell,  
 And stocks in fragrant blow;  
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
 And groups under the dreaming  
 garden-trees,  
 And the full moon, and the white  
 evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is  
 gone!  
 What matters it? next year he will  
 return,  
 And we shall have him in the  
 sweet spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges, and un-  
 crumpling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the  
 forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown.  
 But Thyr sis never more we swains  
 shall see;  
 See him come back, and cut a  
 smoother reed,  
 And blow a strain the world at last  
 shall heed, —  
 — Time, not Corydon, hath con-  
 quered thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!  
 But when Sicilian shepherds lost a  
 mate,  
 Some good survivor with his flute  
 would go,  
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,  
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's  
 flow,  
 And unbend Pluto's brow,  
 And make leap up with joy the beau-  
 teous head  
 Of Proserpine, among whose  
 crownèd hair  
 Are flowers, first opened on Sicil-  
 ian air;  
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus,  
 from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace,  
 When Dorian shepherds sang to  
 Proserpine!  
 For she herself had trod Sicilian  
 fields,  
 She knew the Dorian water's gush  
 divine,  
 She knew each lily white which  
 Enna yields,  
 Each rose with blushing face;  
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian  
 strain.  
 But ah, of our poor Thames she  
 never heard!  
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips  
 never stirred;  
 And we should tease her with our  
 plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the  
 words will be,  
 Yet, Thyr sis, let me give my grief its  
 hour  
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-  
 topped hill!  
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath  
 power?  
 I know the wood which hides the  
 daffodil,  
 I know the Fyfield tree,  
 I know what white, what purple  
 fritillaries  
 The grassy harvest of the river-  
 fields,  
 Above by Ensham, down by Sand-  
 ford, yields;  
 And what sedged brooks are Thames's  
 tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows  
them if not I? —

But many a dingle on the loved hill-  
side,

With thorns once studded, old,  
white-blossomed trees,

Where thick the cowslips grew, and,  
far descried,

High towered the spikes of purple  
orchises,

Hath since our day put by  
The coronals of that forgotten time;

Down each green bank hath gone  
the ploughboy's team,

And only in the hidden brookside  
gleam

Primroses, orphans of the flowery  
prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boat-  
man's door,

Above the locks, above the boating  
throng,

Unmoored our skiff, when, through  
the Wytham flats,

Red loosestrife and blond meadow-  
sweet among,

And darting swallows, and light  
water-gnats,

We tracked the shy Thames  
shore?

Where are the mowers, who, as the  
tiny swell

Of our boat passing heaved the  
river-grass,

Stood with suspended scythe to  
see us pass?

They all are gone, and thou art gone  
as well.

Yes, thou art gone, and round me  
too the Night

In ever-nearing circle weaves her  
shade.

I see her veil draw soft across the  
day,

If feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
The cheek grown thin, the brown

hair sprent with gray;  
I feel her finger light

Laid pausefully upon life's headlong  
train;

The foot less prompt to meet the  
morning dew,

The heart less bounding at emo-  
tion new,

And hope, once crushed, less quick  
to spring again.

And long the way appears, which  
seemed so short

To the unpractised eye of sanguine  
youth;

And high the mountain-tops, in  
cloudy air,

The mountain-tops where is the  
throne of Truth,

Tops in life's morning-sun so  
bright and bare.

Unbreachable the fort  
Of the long-battered world uplifts its

wall;

And strange and vain the earthly  
turmoil grows,

And near and real the charm of  
thy repose,

And Night as welcome as a friend  
would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden  
loss

Of quiet. Look! adown the dusk  
hillside

A troop of Oxford hunters going  
home,

As in old days, jovial and talking,  
ride.

From hunting with the Berkshire  
hounds they come.

Quick! let me fly, and cross  
Into yon further field. 'Tis done;

and see,  
Backed by the sunset, which doth

glorify  
The orange and pale violet evening-  
sky,

Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree!  
the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her  
veil,

The white fog creeps from bush to  
bush about,

The west unflushes, the high stars  
grow bright,

And in the scattered farms the lights  
come out.

I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-  
night,

Yet, happy omen, hail!  
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno

vale,  
(For there thine earth-forgetting  
eyelids keep

The morningless and unawakening  
sleep

Under the flowery oleanders pale,)



Hear it, O Thyr sis, still our Tree is there!—

Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,

These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,

That lone, sky-pointing Tree, are not for him.

To a boon southern country he is fled,

And now in happier air,  
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine

(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,

I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!)

Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.

Putting his sickle to the perilous grain,

In the hot corn-field of the Phrygian king,

For thee the Lityerses song again

Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;

Sings his Sicilian fold,

His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;

And how a call celestial round him rang,

And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,

And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here,

Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair.

Despair I will not, while I yet despair

'Neath the soft canopy of English air

That lonely Tree against the western sky.

Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,  
Our Gypsy Scholar haunts, outliving thee!

Fields where the sheep from cages pull the hay,

Woods with anemones in flower till May,

Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,

Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.

This does not come with houses or with gold,

With place, with honor, and a flattering crew;

'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.

But the smooth-slipping weeks Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired.

Out of the heed of mortals is he gone,

He wends unfollowed, he must house alone;

Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyr sis, on this quest wert bound,

Thou wanderest with me for a little hour.

Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,

If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,

If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.

And this rude Cumner ground,  
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,

Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,

Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime,

And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute

Kept not for long its happy country tone;

Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note

Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,

Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—

It failed, and thou wert mute.

Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,

And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,

And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,

Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!

'Mid city noise, not, as with thee of yore,

Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home.

Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,

Let in thy voice a whisper often come,

To chase fatigue and fear:

*Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died.*

*Roam on; the light we sought is shining still.*

*Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,*

*Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

#### DION.

MOURN, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn

Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn! Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads

Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!

For him who to divinity aspired, Not on the breath of popular applause,

But through dependence on the sacred laws

Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,

Intent to trace the ideal path of right (More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with delight;

But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;

And, following guides whose craft holds no consent

With aught that breathes the ethereal element,

Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,

Unjustly shed, though for the public good.

Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,

Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;

And oft his cogitations sink as low As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,

The heaviest plummet of despair can go —

But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!

He hears an uncouth sound — Anon his lifted eyes

Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,

A shape of more than mortal size And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!

A woman's garb the Phantom wore,

And fiercely swept the marble floor, —

Like Auster whirling to and fro, His force on Caspian foam to try;

Or Boreas when he scours the snow That skins the plains of Thessaly,

Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

“Avaunt, inexplicable Guest! — avaunt,”

Exclaimed the chieftain . . .

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,

Will not depart when mortal voices bid;

Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,

Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built

Upon the ruins of thy glorious name; Who, through the portals of one

moment's guilt,

Pursue thee with their deadly aim! O matchless perfidy! portentous lust

Of monstrous crime! — that horror-striking blade,

Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath laid

The noble Syracusan low in dust! Shuddered the walls, — the marble

city wept, —

And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;

But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,

As he had fallen, in magnanimity Of spirit too capacious to require

That Destiny her course should  
change; too just  
To his own native greatness to desire  
That wretched boon, days lengthened  
by mistrust.  
So were the hopeless troubles, that  
involved  
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.  
Released from life and cares of  
princely state,  
He left this moral grafted on his  
Fate:  
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace  
attends,  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove  
defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless  
as his end."

WORDSWORTH.

## HOSEA BIGLOW'S LAMENT.

BEAVER roars hoarse with melting  
snows,  
And rattles diamonds from his gran-  
ite;  
Time was he snatched away my  
prose,  
And into psalms or satires ran it;  
But he, and all the rest that once  
Started my blood to contra dances  
Find me and leave me but a dunce  
That has no use for dreams and fan-  
cies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle through the street,  
I hear the drummers making riot,  
And I sit thinking of the feet  
That followed once and now are  
quiet, —  
White feet as snow-drops innocent,  
That never knew the paths of Satan,  
Sad ears that listened as they went,  
Lifelong to hear them come will wait  
on.

Have I not held them on my knee?  
Did I not love to see them growing,  
Three likely lads as well could be,  
Handsome and brave, and not too  
knowing?

I sit and look into the blaze,  
Whose nature, just like theirs, keeps  
climbing  
Long as it lives in shining ways,  
And half despise myself for rhyming.

What's talk to them whose faith and  
truth  
On War's red touchstone rang true  
metal,  
Who ventured life and love and  
youth  
For the great prize of death in battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, again  
Flashed on before the charge's thun-  
der,  
Tipping with fire the bolt of men  
That rived the Rebel line asunder?

Come Peace, not like a mourner  
bowed  
For honor lost and dear ones wasted,  
But proud, to meet a people proud,  
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted.

Come with hand gripping on the  
hilt,  
And step that proves you Victory's  
daughter!  
Longing for you, our spirits wilt  
Like shipwrecked men on rafts for  
water.

Come, while our Country feels the lift  
Of a great instinct shouting For-  
wards,  
And knows that Freedom's not a  
gift  
That tarries long in hands of cowards.

Come, such as mothers prayed for,  
when  
They kissed their cross with lips that  
quivered,  
And bring fair wages for brave men,  
A Nation saved, a Race delivered.

LOWELL.

## OTHELLO'S LAST WORDS.

SORT you; a word or two before you  
go.  
I have done the state some service,  
and they know it:  
No more of that. — I pray you, in  
your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds  
relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing ex-  
tenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then  
must you speak

Of one that loved, not wisely, but too  
    well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being  
    wrought,  
Perplexed in the extreme; of one  
    whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl  
    away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one  
    whose subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian  
    trees

Their medicinal gum. Set you down  
    this,  
And say, besides, that in Aleppo  
    once,  
Where a malignant and a turbaned  
    Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the  
    state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised  
    dog,  
And smote him — thus. [*Stabs him-  
    self.*]

SHAKSPEARE.



**X.**

**COMIC AND HUMOROUS.**

**SATIRICAL.**



## COMIC AND HUMOROUS.

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### HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,  
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,  
Sends ane to Heaven, and ten to Hell,

A' for thy glory,  
And no for onie guid or ill  
They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,  
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,  
That I am here afore thy sight,  
For gifts an' grace,  
A burning an' a shining light,  
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,  
That I should get such exaltation?  
I, wha deserve such just damnation,  
For broken laws,  
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,  
Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,  
Thou might hae plunged me into Hell,  
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,  
In burnin' lake,  
Where damned Devils roar and yell,  
Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,  
To show thy grace is great and ample;  
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,  
Strong as a rock,  
A guide, a buckler, an example  
To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,  
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,  
And singing there, and dancing here,  
Wi' great and sma':  
For I am keepit by thy fear,  
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,  
At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust,  
An' sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust, —  
Vile self gets in;  
But thou remembers we are dust,  
Defiled in sin.

. . . . .

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn  
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,  
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,  
'Cause he's sae gifted:  
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,  
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,  
For here thou hast a chosen race;  
But God confound their stubborn face,  
And blast their name,  
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,  
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,  
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,  
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,  
Wi' great and sma',  
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts  
He steals awa'.



An' when we chastened him there-  
fore,  
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,  
As set the warld in a roar  
O' laughin' at us;—  
Curse thou his basket and his store,  
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' prayer,  
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;  
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make  
it bare,  
Upo' their heads;  
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna  
spare,  
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued  
Aiken,  
My very heart and saul are quakin',  
To think how we stood sweatin',  
shakin',  
An' swat wi' dread,  
While he wi' hinging lips gaed snak-  
in',  
An' hid his head.

Lord, in the day o' vengeance try  
him,  
Lord, visit them wha did employ  
him,  
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,  
Nor hear their prayer:  
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,  
And diinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine  
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,  
That I for gear and grace may  
shine,

Excelled by nane,  
An' a' the glory shall be thine,  
Amen, Amen.

BURNS.

### TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mark and  
tell

Your Neebor's fauts and folly!  
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
Supplied wi' store o' water,  
The heaped happier's ebbing still,  
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,  
As counsel for poor mortals,  
That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's  
door,  
For glaikit Folly's portals;  
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
Would here propone defences,  
Their donsie tricks, their black mis-  
takes,  
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
And shudder at the niffer,  
But cast a moment's fair regard,  
What makes the mighty differ?  
Discount what scant occasion gave  
That purity ye pride in,  
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
Gies now and then a wallop,  
What raging must his veins con-  
vulse,  
That still eternal gallop:  
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
Right on ye scud your sea-way:  
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
It maks an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmugrified, they're  
grown  
Debauchery and Drinking:  
O would they stay to calculate  
Th' eternal consequences;  
Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,  
Tied up in godly laces,  
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,  
Suppose a change o' cases;  
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination—  
But let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,  
Still gentler sister Woman,  
Though they may gang a kennie  
wrag,

To step aside is human:  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *Why* they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us,  
He knows each chord—its various  
tone,  
Each spring—its various bias:  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it:  
What's *done* we partly may com-  
pute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.

BURNS.

### TO THE DEVIL.

BUT fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*  
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!  
Ye aiblins might, — I dinna ken,  
Still hae a stake —  
I'm wae to think upon yon den,  
Even for your sake!

BURNS.

### THE ORIGIN OF DIDACTIC POETRY.

WHEN wise Minerva still was young,  
And just the least romantic,  
Soon after from Jove's head she  
flung,  
That preternatural antic,  
'Tis said to keep from idleness  
Or flirting, — those twin curses, —  
She spent her leisure, more or less,  
In writing po—, no, verses.

How nice they were! to rhyme with  
*far*,

A kind *star* did not tarry;  
The metre, too, was regular  
As schoolboy's dot and carry;  
And full they were of pious plums,  
So extra-super-moral, —  
For sucking Virtue's tender gums  
Most tooth-enticing coral.

A clean, fair copy she prepares,  
Makes sure of moods and tenses,  
With her own hand, — for prudence  
spares

A man- (or woman) -uensis;  
Complete, and tied with ribbons  
proud,

She hinted soon how cosey a  
Treat it would be to read them loud  
After next day's Ambrosia.

The Gods thought not it would  
amuse

So much as Homer's *Odyssees*,  
But could not very well refuse  
The properest of Goddesses;  
So all sat round in attitudes  
Of various dejection,  
As with a *hem!* the queen of prudes  
Began her grave prelection.

At the first pause Zeus said, "Well  
sung! —

I mean — ask Phœbus, — *he*  
knows."

Says Phœbus, "Zounds! a wolf's  
among

Admetus's merinos!

Fine! very fine! but I must go;  
They stand in need of me there;  
Excuse me!" snatched his stick,  
and so

Plunged down the gladdened ether.

With the next gap, Mars said, "For  
me

Don't wait, — nought could be  
finer,

But I'm engaged at half-past three, —  
A fight in Asia Minor!"

Then Venus lisped, "How very  
thad!

It rained down there in torrinth;  
But I *mutht* go, becauthe they've  
had

A thacrifithe in Corinth!"

Then Bacchus, — "With those slam-  
ming doors

I lost the last half dist— (hic!)

Mos' bn'ful se'ments! what's the  
Chor's?

My voice shall not be missed —  
(hic!)"

His words woke Hermes; "Ah!" he  
said,

"I so love moral theses!"

Then winked at Hebe, who turned  
red,

And smoothed her apron's creases.

Just then Zeus snored, — the Eagle  
drew

His head the wing from under;  
Zeus snored, — o'er startled Greece  
there flew

The many-volumed thunder;  
Some augurs counted nine, — some,  
ten, —

Some said, 'twas war, some, fame,  
 ine, —  
 And all, that other-minded men  
 Would get a precious —.

Proud Pallas sighed, "It will not do;  
 Against the Muse I've sinned,  
 oh!"

And her torn rhymes sent flying  
 through

Olympus's back window.  
 Then, packing up a peplus clean,  
 She took the shortest path thence,  
 And opened, with a mind serene,  
 A Sunday school in Athens.

The verses? Some in ocean swilled,  
 Killed every fish that bit to 'em;  
 Some Galen caught, and, when dis-  
 tilled,

Found morphine the residuum;  
 But some that rotted on the earth  
 Sprang up again in coples,  
 And gave two strong narcotics  
 birth, —

Didactic bards and popples.

Years after, when a poet asked  
 The Goddess's opinion,  
 As being one whose soul had basked  
 In Art's clear-aired dominion, —  
 "Discriminate," she said, "be-  
 times;

The Muse is unforgiving;  
 Put all your beauty in your rhymes,  
 Your morals in your living."

LOWELL.

### TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the  
 street,

And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We thiukna on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering  
 storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.  
 This truth fand honest Tam O'  
 Shanter,

he frae Ayr ae night did canter

(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town sur-  
 passes,

For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae  
 wise,

As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a  
 skellum,

A blethering, blustering, drunken  
 blellum;

That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;  
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou  
 on;

That at the Lord's house, even on  
 Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till  
 Monday.

She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou would be found deep drowned  
 in Doon:

Or caught wi' warlocks i' the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me  
 greet,

To think how many counsels sweet,  
 How many lengthened, sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right;  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank di-  
 vinely;

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
 They had been fou for weeks the-  
 gither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and  
 clatter;

And ay the ale was growing better:  
 The landlady and Tam grew gra-  
 cious,

Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and pre-  
 cious:

The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready cho-  
 rus:

The storm without might rair and  
 rustle,

Tam did na mind the storm a whis-  
 tle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drowned himself among the  
 nappy!

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:  
 Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!  
 But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or like the snow falls in the river,  
 A moment white — then melts forever;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.  
 Nae man can tether time or tide; —  
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
 And sic a night he taks the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.  
 The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:  
 That night, a child might understand,  
 The Deil had business on his hand.  
 Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
 Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.  
 By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;

And past the birks and meikle-stane,  
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn:  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whare Mungo's mither hanged herself.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll:  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
 Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.  
 Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!  
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
 She ventured forward on the light;  
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 At winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:  
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;  
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —

By which heroic Tom was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened  
bairns:

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red  
rusted;

Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had stran-  
gled;

A knife, a father's throat had man-  
gled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlaw-  
fu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and  
curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and fu-  
rious:

The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed,  
they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin sweat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been  
queans,

A' plump and strapping in their  
teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flan-  
nen,

Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder  
linnen!

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' gude blue  
hair,

I wad hae gi'en them off my hur-  
dies,

For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!  
But withered beldams, auld and  
droll,

Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,  
Lowping and flinging on a crum-  
mock,

I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu'  
brawlie,

"There was ae winsome wench and  
walie,"

That night enlisted in the core;  
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished mony a bonnie boat,

And shook baith meikle corn and  
bear,

And kept the country-side in fear,)  
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
In longitude though sorely scanty,  
It was her best and she was vaunt-  
ie.—

Ah! little kend thy reverend gran-  
nie,

That sark she coft for her wee Nan-  
nie,

Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her  
riches,)

Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!  
But here my muse her wing maun  
cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane be-  
witched,

And thought his very e'en enriched;  
Even Satan glowered, and fidget fu'  
fain,

And hotched and blew wi' might and  
main:

Till first ane caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-  
sark!"

And in an instant all was dark;  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their  
byke;

As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their  
nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds  
aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' monie an eldritch screech and  
hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get  
thy fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a her-  
rin!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig:  
There at them thou thy tail may  
toss,

A running stream they dare na  
cross.

But ere the key-stane she could  
make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's met-  
tle—

Ae spring brought off her master  
hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carlin caught her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall  
read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;  
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er  
dear,  
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

BURNS.

### THE WITCH OF FIFE.

"WHERE have ye been, ye ill wo-  
man,  
These three lang nights frae  
hame?  
What gars the sweat drap frae yer  
brow,  
Like drops o' the saut sea-faem?

"It fears me muckle ye have seen  
What gude man never knew;  
It fears me muckle ye have been,  
Where the gray cock never crew.

"But the spell may crack, and the  
bridle break,  
Then sharp yer word will be;  
Ye had better sleep in yer bed at  
hame,  
Wi' yer dear little bairns and  
me."

"Sit dune, sit dune, my leal auld  
man,  
Sit dune, and listen to me;  
I'll gar the hair stand on yer crown,  
And the cauld sweat blind yer e'e.

"But tell nae words, my gude auld  
man,  
Tell never a word again;  
Or dear shall be your courtesy,  
And driche and sair yer pain.

"The first leet night, when the new  
moon set,  
When all was douffe and mirk,  
We saddled our nags wi' the moon-  
fern leaf,  
And rode frae Kilmerrin kirk.

"Some horses were of the brume-  
cow framed,  
And some of the green bay tree;  
But mine was made of ane hemlock  
shaw,  
And a stout stallion was he.

"We raide the tod doune on the hill,  
The martin on the law;  
And we hunted the owlet out o'  
breath,  
And forced him doune to fa'."

"What guid was that, ye ill woman?  
What guid was that to thee?  
Ye would better have been in yer bed  
at hame,  
Wi' yer dear little bairns and  
me."—

"And aye we rode, as sae merrily rode,  
Through the merkest gloffs of the  
night;  
And we swam the flood, and we  
darnit the wood,  
Till we came to the Lommond  
height.

"And when we came to the Lom-  
mond height,  
Sae lightly we lighted doune;  
And we drank frae the horns that  
never grew,  
The beer that was never browin.

"Then up there rose a wee wee man,  
From neath the moss-gray stane;  
His face was wan like the colliflower,  
For he neither had blude nor bane.

"He set a reed-pipe till his mouth;  
And he played sae bonnily,  
Till the gray curlew, and the black-  
cock flew  
To listen his melodye.

"It rang sae sweet through the green  
Lommond,  
That the night-wind lowner blew;  
And it soupt alang the Loch Leven,  
And wakened the white sea-mew.

"It rang sae sweet through the green  
Lommond,  
Sae sweetly and sae shrill,  
That the weasels leaped out of their  
mouldy holes,  
And danced on the midnight hill.

"The corby crow came gledging near,  
The erne gaed veering bye;  
And the trouts leaped out of the  
Leven Loch,  
Charmed with the melodye.

"And aye we danced on the green  
Lommond,  
Till the dawn on the ocean grew:  
Nae wonder I was a weary wight  
When I cam hame to you." —

"What guid, what guid, my weird,  
weird wyfe,  
What guid was that to thee?  
Ye wad better have been in yer bed  
at hame,  
Wi' yer dear little bairns and  
me." —

"The second night, when the new  
moon set,  
O'er the roaring sea we flew;  
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,  
Our sails of the green sea-rue.

"And the bauld winds blew, and the  
fire-flauchs flew,  
And the sea ran to the sky;  
And the thunder it growled, and the  
sea-dogs howled,  
As we gaed scurrying by.

"And aye we mounted the sea-green  
hills,  
Till we brushed through the clouds  
of heaven,  
Then soused downright like the  
stern-shot light,  
Fra the lift's blue casement driven.

"But our tackle stood, and our bark  
was good,  
And sae pang was our pearly prow;  
When we couldna speil the brow of  
the waves,  
We needled them through below.

"As fast as the hail, as fast as the  
gale,  
As fast as the midnight leme,

We bored the breast of the bursting  
swale,  
Or fluffed in the floating faem.

"And when to the Norrway shore  
we wan,  
We mounted our steeds of the wind,  
And we splashed the flood, and we  
darnit the wood,  
And we left the shore behind.

"Fleet is the roe on the green Lom-  
mond,  
And swift is the courying grew;  
The rein-deer dun can eithly run,  
When the hounds and the horns  
pursue.

"But neither the roe, nor the rein-  
deer dun,  
The hind nor the courying grew,  
Could fly o'er mountain, moor, and  
dale,  
As our braw steeds they flew.

"The dales were deep, and the Dof-  
frins steep,  
And we rose to the skies ee-bree:  
White, white was our road that was  
never trode,  
O'er the snows of eternity.

"And when we came to the Lapland  
lone,  
The fairies were all in array,  
For all the genii of the north  
Were keeping their holiday.

"The warlock men and the weird  
women,  
And the fays of the wood and the  
steep,  
And the phantom hunters all were  
there,  
And the mermaids of the deep.

"And they washed us all with the  
witch-water,  
Distilled frae the moorland dew,  
Till our beauty bloomed like the  
Lapland rose,  
That wild in the foreste grew." —

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill woman,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
For the worst-faured wyfe on the  
shores of Fyfe  
Is comely compared wi' thee." —

"Then the mermaids sang, and the  
woodlands rang,  
Sae sweetly swelled the choir;  
On every cliffe a harp they hang,  
On every tree a lyre.

"And aye they sang, and the wood-  
lands rang,  
And we drank, and we drank sae  
deep;  
Then soft in the arms of the warlock  
men,  
We laid us dune to sleep." —

"Away, away, ye ill woman,  
An ill death might ye dee!  
When ye hae proved sae false to yer  
God,  
- Ye can never prove true to me." —

\*And there we learned frae the fairy  
folk,  
And frae our master true,  
The words that can bear us through  
the air,  
And locks and bars undo.

"Last night we met at Malsry's cot;  
Right well the words we knew;  
And we set a foot on the black  
cruik-shell,  
And out at the lum we flew.

"And we flew o'er hill, and we flew  
o'er dale,  
And we flew o'er firth and sea,  
Untill we cam to merry Carlisle,  
Where we lighted on the lea.

"We gaed to the vault beyond the  
tower,  
Where we entered free as air;  
And we drank, and we drank of the  
bishop's wine  
Till we could drink nae mair." —

"Gin that be true, my gude auld  
wyfe,  
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,  
Betide my death, betide my lyfe,  
I'll bear thee company.

"Next time ye gang to merry Car-  
lisle  
To drink of the blude-red wine,  
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,  
If the deil should fly behind." —

"Ah! little ye ken, my silly auld  
man,  
The dangers we maun dree;  
Last night we drank of the bishop's  
wine,  
Till near near taen were we.

"Afore we wan to the sandy ford,  
The gor-cocks nichering flew;  
The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen  
Was waved about with blue,  
And, flichtering through the air, we  
fand  
The chill chill morning dew.

"As we flew o'er the hills of Braid,  
The sun rose fair and clear;  
There gurlie James, and his barons  
braw,  
Were out to hunt the deer.

"Their bows they drew, their arrows  
flew,  
And pierced the air with speed,  
Till purple fell the morning dew  
With witch-blude rank and red.

"Little ye ken, my silly auld man,  
The dangers we maun dree;  
Ne wonder I am a weary wight  
When I come hame to thee." —

"But tell me the word, my gude  
auld wyfe,  
Come tell it me speedily;  
For I long to drink of the gude red  
wine,  
And to wing the air with thee.

"Yer hellish horse I willna ride,  
Nor sail the seas in the wind;  
But I can flee as well as thee,  
And I'll drink till ye be blind."

"O fy! O fy! my leal auld man,  
That word I darena tell;  
It would turn this warld all upside  
down,  
And make it warse than hell.

"For all the lasses in the land  
Wald mount the wind and fly;  
And the men would doff their dou-  
blets syde,  
And after them would ply." —



But the auld gude man was a cunning auld man,  
 And a cunning auld man was he;  
 And he watched and he watched  
 for mony a night,  
 The witches' flight to see.

One night he darnit in Maisry's cot;  
 The fearless hags came in;  
 And he heard the word of awesome weird;  
 And he saw their deeds of sin.

Then ane by ane, they said that word,  
 As fast to the fire they drew;  
 Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,  
 And out at the lum they flew.

The auld gudeman came frae his hole  
 With fear and muckle dread,  
 But yet he couldna think to rue,  
 For the wine came in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,  
 With a fixed and a wawling ee;  
 And he said the word that I darena say,  
 And out at the lum flew he.

The witches scaled the moon-beam pale;  
 Deep groaned the trembling wind;  
 But they never wist that our auld gudeman  
 Was hovering them behind.

They flew to the vaults of merry Carlisle,  
 Where they entered free as air;  
 And they drank, and they drank of the bishop's wine  
 Till they could drink nae mair.

The auld gudeman he grew sae crouse,  
 He danced on the mouldy ground,  
 And he sang the bonniest songs of Fife,  
 And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round.

And aye he pierced the tither butt,  
 And he sucked, and he sucked sae lang,  
 Till his een they closed, and his voice grew low,  
 And his tongue would hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the bishop's wine  
 Till they scented the morning wind;  
 Then clove again the yielding air,  
 And left the auld man behind.

And aye he slept on the damp damp floor,  
 He slept and he snored amain;  
 He never dreamed he was far frae hame,  
 Or that the auld wives were gane.

And aye he slept on the damp damp floor,  
 Till past the mid-day heichte,  
 When wakened by five rough Englishmen,  
 That trailed him to the lighte.

"Now wha are ye, ye silly auld man,  
 That sleeps sae sound and sae weel?  
 How gat ye into the bishop's vault  
 Through locks and bars of steel?"

The auld gudeman he tried to speak,  
 But ane word he couldna finde:  
 He tried to think, but his head whirled round,  
 And ane thing he couldna minde:  
 "I cam frae Fyfe," the auld man cried,  
 "And I cam on the midnight wine."

They nicked the auld man, and they pricked the auld man,  
 And they yerked his limbs with twine,  
 Till the red blude ran in his hose and shoon,  
 But some cried it was wine.

They licked the auld man, and they pricked the auld man,  
 And they tyed him till ane stone:  
 And they set ane bele-fire him about,  
 To burn him skin and bone.

"O wae to me!" said the puir auld man,  
 "That ever I saw the day!  
 And wae be to all the ill women  
 That lead puir men astray!"

"Let nevir ane auld man after this  
To lawless greede incline;  
Let never ane auld man after this  
Rin post to the deil for wine."

The reeke flew up in the auld man's  
face,  
And choked him bitterlye;  
And the low cam up with an angry  
blaze,  
And he singed his auld breck-nee.

He looked to the land frae whence  
he came,  
For looks he coulde get ne mae;  
And he thoughte of his dear little  
bairns at hame,  
And O the auld man was wae!

But they turned their faces to the  
sun,  
With gloffe and wonderous glare,  
For they saw ane thing baith large  
and doun,  
Comin sweeping down the aire.

That bird it cam frae the lands o'  
Fife,  
And it cam right tymeouslye,  
For who was it but the auld man's  
wife,  
Just comed his death to see.

She put ane red cap on his heade,  
And the auld gudeman looked fain,  
Then whispered ane word intil his  
lug,  
And toved to the aire again.

The auld gudeman he gae ane bob  
I' the midst o' the burning lowe;  
And the shackles that bound him to  
the ring,  
They fell frae his arms like towe.

He drew his breath, and he said the  
word,  
And he said it with muckle glee,  
Then set his feet on the burning  
pile,  
And away to the aire flew he.

Till ance he cleared the swirling  
reeke,  
He lukit baith feared and sad;  
But when he wan to the light blue  
aire,  
He laughed as he'd been mad.

His arms were spread, and his heade  
was highe,  
And his feet stuck out behinde;  
And the laibies of the auld man's  
coat  
Were wauffing in the wind.

And aye he nelcherit, and aye he flew,  
For he thought the play sae rare;  
It was like the voice of the gander  
blue,  
When he flees through the aire.

He looked back to the Carlisle men  
As he bored the norlan sky;  
He nodded his heade, and gave ane  
girn  
But he never said gude-bye.

They vanished far i' the lift's blue  
wale,  
Nae maire the English saw,  
But the auld man's laughe came on  
the gale,  
With a lang and a loud gaffaw.

May everilke man in the land of Fife  
Read what the drinker's dree;  
And never curse his puir auld wife,  
Righte wicked altho she be.

Hogg.

#### COLLUSION BETWEEN A ALE- GAITER AND A WATER-SNAIK.

TRIUMPH OF THE WATER-SNAIK:  
DETH OF THE ALEGAITER.

"THERE is a niland on a river lying,  
Which runs into Gautimaly, a warm  
country,  
Lying near the Tropicks, covered  
with sand;  
Hear and their a symptum of a  
Willow,  
Hanging of its umberagious limbs  
& branches  
Over the clear streme meandering  
far below.  
This was the home of the now silent  
Alegaiter,  
When not in his other element con-  
fine'd:  
Here he wood set upon his eggs  
asleep  
With 1 ey observant of flis and  
other passing.

Objects: a while it kept a going on so:  
 Fereles of danger was the happy  
 Alegaiter!  
 But a las! in a nevil our he was  
 fourced to  
 Wake! that dreme of Blis was two  
 sweet for him.  
 1 morning the sun arose with un-  
 usool splendor  
 Whitch allso did our Alegaiter, com-  
 ing from the water,  
 His scails a flinging of the rais of the  
 son back,  
 To the fountain-head which tha  
 originly sprung,  
 But having not had nothing to eat  
 for some time, he  
 Was slepy and gap'd, in a short  
 time, widely.  
 Unfoalding soon a welth of perl-  
 white teth,  
 The rais of the son soon shet his  
 sinister ey  
 Because of their mutool splendor  
 and warmth.  
 The evil Our (which I sed) was now  
 come;  
 Evidently a good chans for a water  
 snaik  
 Of the large specie, which soon  
 appeared  
 Into the horison, near the bank  
 where repos'd  
 Calmly in slepe the Alegaiter before  
 spoken of,  
 About 60 feet was his Length (not  
 the 'gaiter)  
 And he was aperiently a well-pro-  
 portioned snaik.  
 When he was all ashore he glared  
 upon  
 The land with approval, but was soon  
 'Astonished with the view and lost  
 to wonder' (from Wats)  
 (For jest then he began to see the  
 Alegaiter)  
 Being a nateral enemy of his'n, he  
 worked hisself  
 Into a fury, also a ni position.  
 Before the Alegaiter well could ope  
 His eye (in other words perceive his  
 danger)  
 The Snaik had enveloped his body  
 just 19  
 Times with 'foalds voluminous and  
 vast' (from Milton)  
 And had tore off several scails in the  
 confusion,

Besides squeezing him awfully into  
 his stomoc.  
 Just then, by a fortunate turn in his  
 affairs,  
 He ceazed into his mouth the care-  
 less tale  
 Of the unreflecting water-snaik!  
 Grown desperate  
 He, finding that his tale was fast  
 squesed  
 Terrible while they roaled all over  
 the iland.  
 It was a well-conduckted Affair; no  
 noise  
 Disturbed the harmony of the seen,  
 ecsept  
 Onct when a Wilow was snapped into  
 by the roaling.  
 Eeach of the combatence hadn't a  
 minit for holering.  
 So the confflick was naterally tremen-  
 jous!  
 But soon by grate force the tale was  
 bit complete-  
 Ly of; but the eggzeration was too  
 much  
 For his delicate Constitootion: he  
 felt a compression  
 Onto his chest and generally over  
 his body;  
 When he ecspress'd his breathing,  
 it was with  
 Grate difficulty that he felt inspired  
 again onct more.  
 Of course this State must suffer a  
 revoolootion.  
 So the Alegaiter give but one yel,  
 and egspired.  
 The water-snaik realed hisself off,  
 & survay'd  
 For say 10 minits, the condition of  
 His fo: then wondering what made  
 his tail hurt,  
 He sloly went off for to cool."  
 J. W. MORRIS.

# THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE- HOSS-SHAY."

## A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful  
 one-hoss-shay,  
 That was built in such a logical way  
 It ran a hundred years to a day,

And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—

Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.

That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,

And Braddock's army was done so brown,

Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,

There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—

In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—  
lurking still,

Find it somewhere you must and will,—

Above or below, or within or without,—

And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,

A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't wear out.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacon's do,

With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")

He would build one shay to beat the taown

'n' the keountry 'n' all the kentry raoun';

It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:

—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain

Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;

'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk

Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—

That was for spokes and floor and sills;

He sent for lancewood to make the thills;

The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these;

The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—

Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,

Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide

Found in the pit when the tanner died.

That was the way he "put her through."—

"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,

Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren—where were they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay

As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found

The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—

"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came;  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and Forty at last arrive,  
And then come Fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth  
year  
Without both feeling and looking  
queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps  
its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it. You're welcome. No ex-  
tra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earth-  
quake-day. —  
There are traces of age in the one-  
hoss-shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local as one may say.  
There couldn't be, — for the Dea-  
con's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one  
to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as  
the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as  
the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as  
the floor,  
And the whippetree neither less nor  
more,  
And the back-crossbar as strong as  
the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a  
doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a  
drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-  
shay.  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked  
bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off  
went they.

The Parson was working his Sun-  
day's text, —  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped per-  
plexed

At what the — Moses — was coming  
next.

All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the  
hill.

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a  
spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a  
rock,

At half past nine by the meet'n'-  
house clock, —

Just the hour of the Earthquake  
shock!

— What do you think the parson  
found,

When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or  
mound,

As if it had been to the mill and  
ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a  
dunce,

How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —

Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

O. W. HOLMES.

### THE COURTIN'.

ZEKLE crep' up quite unbeknown,  
An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther  
Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing

Ez hisn in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,

When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!  
She seemed to've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper, —  
All ways to once her feelin' flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him funder,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, Is'pose?"  
"Wal . . . no . . . I come da-  
signin'" —

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'  
clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's l'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"  
That last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer  
mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt  
glued

Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metters stood,  
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*.

### HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
Dressed just as I came from the dance,  
In a robe even *you* would admire, —  
It cost a cool thousand in France;  
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,  
My hair is done up in a cue:  
In short, sir, "the belle of the sea-  
son"

Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;  
I left in the midst of a set;  
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
That waits — on the stairs — for me  
yet.

They say he'll be rich, — when he  
grows up, —

And then he adores me indeed.

And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"

"And what do I think of New  
York?"

"And now, in my higher ambition,  
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"

"And isn't it nice to have riches,  
And diamonds and silks, and all  
that?"

"And aren't it a change to the  
ditches

And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well yes, — if you saw us out driving  
Each day in the park, four-in-hand;  
If you saw poor dear mamma con-  
triving

To look supernaturally grand, —

If you saw papa's picture, as taken  
By Brady, and tinted at that, —  
You'd never suspect he sold bacon  
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when  
sitting  
In the glare of the grand chandelier,  
In the bustle and glitter befitting  
The "finest soirée of the year," —  
In the mists of a gaze de chambéry  
And the hum of the smallest of  
talk, —  
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The  
Ferry,"  
And the dance that we had on "The  
Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster  
Of flags festooned over the wall;  
Of the candles that shed their soft  
lustre  
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;  
Of the steps that we took to one fid-  
dle;  
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;  
And how I once went down the  
middle  
With the man that shot Sandy  
McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleep-  
ing  
On the hill, when the time came to  
go;  
Of the few baby peaks that were  
peeping  
From under their bed-clothes of  
snow;  
Of that ride, — that to me was the  
rarest;  
Of — the something you said at the  
gate:  
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress  
To "the best-paying lead in the  
State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny  
To think, as I stood in the glare  
Of fashion and beauty and money,  
That I should be thinking, right  
there,  
Of some one who breasted highwater,  
And swam the North Fork, and  
all that,  
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's  
daughter,  
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm  
writing!

(Mamma says my taste still is low,)  
Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
I'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho!  
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,  
Whatever's the meaning of that, —  
O, why did papa strike pay gravel  
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night, — here's the end of my  
paper;

Good-night, — if the longitude  
please, —

For maybe, while wasting my taper,  
Your sun's climbing over the trees.  
But know, if you haven't got riches,  
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
That my heart's somewhere there in  
the ditches,  
And you've struck it, — on Poverty  
Flat.

BRET HARTE.

## HIS ANSWER TO "HER LET- TER,"

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BEING asked by an intimate party —  
Which the same I would term as a  
friend —  
Which his health it were vain to call  
hearty,  
Since the mind to deceit it might  
lend;  
For his arm it was broken quite re-  
cent,  
And has something gone wrong  
with his lung, —  
Which is why it is proper and decent  
I should write what he runs off  
his tongue.

First, he says, Miss, he's read through  
your letter

To the end, — and the end came  
too soon.

That a slight illness kept him your  
debtor

(Which for weeks he was wild as a  
loon),

That his spirits are buoyant as yours  
is;

That with you, Miss, he challen-  
ges Fate,

(Which the language that invalid uses  
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer

For once being held in your thought;

That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer

Than ever by gold-seeker sought —  
(Which are words he would put in these pages,

By a party not given to guile;  
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,

Might produce in the sinful a smile.)

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,  
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,

And the rose that you gave him — that very

Same rose he is treasuring now;  
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,

And insists on his legs being free;  
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,

Is frequent and painful and free.)

He hopes you are wearing no willows,  
But are happy and gay all the while;

That he knows — (which this dodging of pillows

Imparts but small ease to the style,  
And the same you will pardon) — he knows, Miss,

That, though parted by many a mile,

Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,

They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,

In your brief twilight-dreams of the past,

In this green laurel-spray that he treasures.

It was plucked where your parting was last.

In this specimen — but a small trifle —

It will do for a pin for your shawl;  
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle,

Was his last week's "clean up" — and his all.)

He's asleep — which the same might seem strange, Miss,

Were it not that I scorn to deny  
That I raised his last dose for a change, Miss.

In view that his fever was high,  
But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive;

And, now, my respects, Miss, to you;

Which, my language, although comprehensive,

Might seem to be freedom — it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you,

As concerns a bull-pup, which the same —

If the duty would not overtask you —  
You would please to procure for me, *game*,

And send per express to the Flat, Miss,

Which they say York is famed for the breed,

Which though words of deceit may be that — Miss,

I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P. S. — Which this same interfering  
In other folks' ways I despise —

Yet, if so be I was hearing  
That it's just empty pockets as lies

Betwixt you and Joseph — it follers  
That, having no family claims,

Here's my pile — which it's six hundred dollars,

As is, yours, with respects, —  
TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BRET HARTE.

## ATHEISM.

"THERE is no God," the wicked saith,

"And truly it's a blessing,  
For what he might have done with us  
It's better only guessing."

"There is no God," a youngster thinks,

"Or really if there may be,  
He surely didn't mean a man  
Always to be a baby."



"Whether there be," the rich man  
thinks,  
"It matters very little,  
For I and mine, thank somebody,  
Are not in want of victual."

Some others also to themselves  
Who scarce so much as doubt it,  
Think there is none, when they are  
well,  
And do not think about it.

But country-folks who live beneath  
The shadow of the steeple;  
The parson, and the parson's wife,  
And mostly married people;

Youths green and happy in first love,  
So thankful for illusion;  
And men caught out in what the  
world  
Calls guilt and first confusion;

And almost every one when age,  
Disease, and sorrow strike him, —  
Inclines to think there is a God,  
Or something very like him.

A. H. CLOUGH.

### DOROTHY Q.

#### A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER's mother; her age,  
I guess,  
Thirteen summers, or something  
less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air,  
Smooth, square forehead, with up-  
rolled hair,  
Lips that lover has never kissed,  
Taper fingers and slender wrist,  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade —  
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene;  
Hold up the canvas full in view —  
Look! there's a rent the light shines  
through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of  
dust, —

That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —  
One whose best was not over well:  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been  
pressed;  
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
Dainty colors of red and white;  
And in her slender shape are seen  
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —  
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!  
Ay! since the galloping Normans  
came,  
England's annals have known her  
name;  
And still to the three-hilled rebel  
town  
Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
For many a civic wreath they won,  
The youthful sire and the gray-  
haired son.

O damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q. !  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;  
Such a gift as never a king  
Save to daughter or son might  
bring —  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land;  
Mother and sister, and child and  
wife,  
And joy and sorrow, and death and  
life!

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered,  
No,  
When forth the tremulous question  
came  
That cost the maiden her Norman  
name;  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's  
thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One-tenth another to nine-tenths  
me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:  
Not the light gossamer stirs with  
less;  
But never a cable that holds so fast  
Through all the battles of wave and  
blast,  
And never an echo of speech or song  
That lives in the babbling air so  
long!

There were tones in the voice that  
whispered then  
You may hear to-day in a hundred  
men!

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
Your images hover, and here we are,  
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —  
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their  
own —

A goodly record for time to show  
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —  
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,  
For the tender whisper that bade me  
live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!  
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's  
blade,

And freshen the gold of the tar-  
nished frame,

And gild with a rhyme your house-  
hold name,

So you shall smile on us brave and  
bright

As first you greeted the morning's  
light,

And live untroubled by woes and fears  
Through a second youth of a hun-  
dred years.

O. W. HOLMES.

### CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;  
I only wish a hut of stone,  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —  
That I may call my own; —  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;  
Three courses are as good as ten; —  
If Nature can subsist on three,  
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!  
I always thought cold victual nice; —  
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —  
Give me a mortgage here and  
there, —

Some good bank-stock, — some note  
of hand,

Or trifling railroad share; —  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names; —  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
But only near St. James; —  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin  
To care for such unfruitful  
things; —

One good-sized diamond in a pin, —  
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap  
attire;

(Good, heavy silks are never  
dear;) —

I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true cashmere, —  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
So fast that folks must stop and  
stare;

An easy gait — two, forty-five —  
Suits me; I do not care; —  
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
Titians and Raphaels three or  
four, —

I love so much their style and tone, —  
One Turner, and no more, —

(A landscape, — foreground golden  
dirt;

The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score  
For daily use, and bound for wear;  
The rest upon an upper floor; —

Some *little luxury there*  
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things  
as these,

Which others often show for pride,  
I value for their power to please,  
And selfish churls deride; —

One Stradivarius, I confess,  
Two Meerschaums, I would fain  
possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not  
learn,  
Nor ape the glittering upstart  
fool;—  
Shall not carved tables serve my  
turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl?  
Give grasping pomp its double  
share,—  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch,  
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*,—  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content!  
O. W. HOLMES.

### THE FIGHT OVER THE BODY OF KEITT.

A fragment from the great American epic,  
the Washingtoniad.

SING, O goddess, the wrath, the on-  
tamable dander of Keitt—  
Keitt of South Carolina, the clear  
grit, the tall, the ondaunted—  
Him that hath wopped his own nig-  
gers till Northerners all unto  
Keitt  
Seem but as niggers to wop, and hills  
of the smallest potatoes.  
Late and long was the fight on the  
Constitution of Kansas:  
Daylight passed into dusk, and dusk  
into lighting of gas-lamps;—  
Still on the floor of the house the  
heroes unwearied were fight-  
ing.  
Dry grew palates and tongues with  
excitement and expectoration,  
Plugs were becoming exhausted, and  
Representatives also.  
Who led on to the war the anti-  
Lecomptonite phalanx?  
Grow, hitting straight from the  
shoulder, the Pennsylvania  
Slasher;  
Him followed Hickman, and Potter  
the wiry, from woody Wiscon-  
sin;  
Washburne stood with his brother, —  
Cadwallader stood with Elihu;  
Broad Illinois sent the one, and  
woody Wisconsin the other.

Mott came mild as new milk, with  
gray hairs under his broad  
brim,  
Leaving the first chop location and  
water privilege near it,  
Held by his fathers of old on the  
willow-fringed banks of Ohio.  
Wrathy Covode, too, I saw, and  
Montgomery ready for mis-  
chief.  
Who against these to the floor led on  
the Lecomptonite legions?  
Keitt of South Carolina, the clear  
grit, the tall, the ondaunted—  
Keitt, and Reuben Davis, the ra'al  
boss of wild Mississippi;  
Barksdale, wearer of wigs, and  
Craige from North Carolina;  
Craige and scornful McQueen, and  
Owen, and Lovejoy, and La-  
mar,  
These Mississippi sent to the war,  
"*tres juncti in uno*."  
Long had raged the warfare of  
words; it was four in the  
morning:  
Whittling and expectoration and  
liquorin' all were exhausted.  
When Keitt, tired of talk, bespake  
Reu. Davis, "O Reuben,  
Grow's a tarnation blackguard, and  
I've concluded to clinch him."  
This said, up to his feet he sprang,  
and loosing his choker,  
Straighted himself for a grip, as a  
bar-hunter down in Arkan-  
sas  
Squares to go in at the bar, when  
the dangerous varmint is cor-  
nered.  
"Come out, Grow," he cried, "you  
Black Republican puppy,  
Come on the floor, like a man, and  
darn my eyes, but I'll show  
you"—  
Him answered straight-hitting Grow,  
"Waal now, I calkilate, Keitt,  
No nigger-driver shall leave his plu-  
tation in South Carolina,  
Here to crack his cow-hide round  
this child's ears, if he knows  
it."  
Scarce had he spoke when the hand,  
the chivalrous five fingers of  
Keitt,  
Clutched at his throat,—had they  
closed, the speeches of Grow  
had been ended,—

Never more from a stump had he  
stirred up the free and en-  
lightened;—

But though smart Keitt's mauleys,  
the mauleys of Grow were still  
smarter;

Straight from the shoulder he shot,—  
not Owen Swift or Ned Adams  
Ever put in his right with more del-  
icate feeling of distance.

As drops hammer on anvil, so  
dropped Grow's right into  
Keitt

Just where the jugular runs to the  
point at which Ketch ties his  
drop-knot;—

Prone like a log sank Keitt, his dol-  
lars rattled about him.

Forth sprang his friends o'er the  
body; first, Barksdale, waving-  
wig-wearer,

Craige and McQueen and Davis, the  
ra'al hoss of wild Mississippi;

Fiercely they gathered round Grow,  
catawampously up as to chaw  
him;

But without Potter they reckoned,  
the wiry from woody Wiscon-  
sin;

He, striking out right and left, like  
a catamount varmint and  
vicious,

Dashed to the rescue, and with him  
the Washburnes, Cadwallader,  
Elihu;

Slick into Barksdale's bread-basket  
walked Potter's one, two,—  
hard and heavy;

Barksdale fetched wind in a trice,  
dropped Grow, and let out at  
Elihu.

Then like a fountain had flowed the  
claret of Washburne the elder,  
But for Cadwallader's care,—Cad-  
wallader, guard of his brother,  
Clutching at Barksdale's nob, into  
Chancery soon would have  
drawn it.

Well was it then for Barksdale, the  
wig that waved over his fore-  
head:

Off in Cadwallader's hands it came,  
and, the wearer releasing,

Left to the conqueror nought but the  
scalp of his baldheaded foe-  
man.

Meanwhile hither and thither, a dove  
on the waters of trouble,

Moved Mott, mild as new milk, with  
his gray hair under his broad  
brim,

Preaching peace to deaf ears, and  
getting considerably damaged.

Cautious Covode in the rear, as du-  
bious what it might come to,

Brandished a stone-ware spittoon  
'gainst whoever might seem to  
deserve it,—

Little it mattered to him whether  
Pro or Anti-Lecompton,

So but he found in the Hall a foeman  
worthy his weapon!

So raged this battle of men, till into  
the thick of the *mêlée*,

Like to the heralds of old, stepped  
the Sergeant-at-Arms and the  
Speaker.

LONDON PUNCH.

#### PURITANS.

OUR brethren of New England use  
Choice malefactors to excuse,  
And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the churches have less  
need;

As late it happened in a town  
Where lived a cobbler, and but one,  
That out of doctrine could cut use,  
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.

This precious brother having slain  
In times of peace an Indian,

Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
Because he was an infidel;

The mighty Tottipotimoy  
Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining loudly of the breach  
Of league held forth by brother

Patch,  
Against the articles in force

Between both churches, his and  
ours;

For which he craved the saints to  
render

Into his hands, or hang the offender.  
But they maturely having weighed

They had no more but him of the  
trade,

A man that served them in the double  
Capacity to teach and cobble,

Resolved to spare him; yet to do  
The Indian Hogan Mogan too

Impartial justice, in his stead did  
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

BUTLER.

## THE OLD COVE.

"All we ask is to be let alone."

As vonce I valked by a dismal svamp,  
There sot an Old Cove in the dark  
and damp,  
And at everybody as passed that road  
A stick or a stone this Old Cove  
threwed.  
And venever he flung his stick or  
his stone,  
He'd set up a song of "Let me  
alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy  
These bits of things at the passers  
by —

Let me alone, for I've got your tin  
And lots of other traps snugly in; —  
Let me alone, I'm riggin a boat  
To grab votever you've got afloat; —  
In a veek or so I expects to come  
And turn you out of your 'ouse and  
'ome; —  
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, vith  
a groan:

"All I axes is — Let me alone."

Just then came along on the self-  
same vay,  
Another Old Cove, and began for to  
say —

"Let you alone! That's comin' it  
strong! —

You've *ben* let alone — a darned sight  
too long; —

Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!  
Put down that stick! (You may  
well look skeered.)

Let go that stone! If you once  
show fight,

I'll knock you higher than ary kite.  
You must hev a lesson to stop your  
tricks,

And cure you of shying them stones  
and sticks, —

An I'll hev my hardware back and  
my cash,

And knock your scow into tarnal  
smash,

And if ever I catches you 'round  
my ranch,

I'll string you up to the nearest  
branch.

The best you can do is to go to bed,  
And keep a decent tongue in your  
head;

For I reckon, before you and I are  
done,

You'll wish you had let honest folks  
alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the  
t'other Old Cove

He sot quite still in his cypress grove,  
And he looked at his stick revolvin'  
slow

Vhether 'twere safe to shy it or  
no, —

And he grumbled on, in an injured  
tone,

"All that I axed vos, *let me alone.*"  
H. H. BROWNELL.

## JOVE AND THE SOULS.

AMAZED, confused, its fate un-  
known,

The world stood trembling at Jove's  
throne;

While each pale sinner hung his head,  
Jove nodding shook the heavens,  
and said;

"Offending race of human kind,  
By nature, reason, learning, blind;  
You who through frailty stepped  
aside,

And you who never erred through  
pride;

You who in different sects were  
shammed,

And come to see each other damned;  
(So some folks told you, but they  
knew

No more of Jove's designs than you.)  
The world's mad business now is o'er,

And I resent your freaks no more;  
I to such blockheads set my wit,

I damn such fools — go, go, you're  
bit!"

SWIFT.

## CHIQUITA.

BEAUTIFUL! Sir, you may say so.  
Thar isn't her match in the  
county.

Is thar, old gal, — Chiquita, my  
darling, my beauty?

Feel of that neck, sir, — thar's vel-  
vet! Whoa!

Steady, — ah, will you, you vixen!  
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out;  
let the gentleman look at her  
paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else,  
and I've got the papers to  
prove it.

Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve  
hundred dollars won't buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did  
you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—

Busted hisself in White Pine, and  
blew out his brains down in  
'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs.  
Thar, Jack! that'll do,—quit  
that foolin'!

Nothin' to what she kin do, when  
she's got her work cut out  
before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and  
likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;

And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as  
knows what a hoss has got in  
him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that  
nearly got Flanigan's leaders?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a  
mighty rough ford in low  
water!

Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me  
and the Jedge and his nevey

Struck for that ford in the night, in  
the rain and the water all  
round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and  
Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',

Not a plank left in the dam, and  
nary a bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had  
his roan, and his nevey, Chi-  
quita;

And after us trundled the rocks jest  
loosed from the top of the  
cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to  
the ford, and Chiquita

Buckled right down to her work,  
and afore I could yell to her  
rider,

Took water jest at the ford, and  
there was the Jedge and me  
standing,

And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-  
flesh afloat, and a driftin' to  
thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? that night that  
hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita,  
Walked herself into her stall, and  
stood there, all quiet and  
dripping:

Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary  
a buckle of harness,

Just as she swam to the Fork,—that  
hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—  
What did you say?—O, the  
nevey?

Drowned, I reckon,—leastways,  
he never kem back to deny it.

Ye see, the derved fool had no seat,  
—ye couldn't have made him  
a rider;

And then, ye know, boys will be  
boys, and hosses—well,  
hosses is hosses!

BRET HARTE.

#### RUDOLPH THE HEADSMAN.

RUDOLPH, professor of the headsmen's trade,

Alike was famous for his arm and  
blade.

One day a prisoner Justice had to  
kill

Knelt at the block to test the artist's  
skill.

Bare armed, swart-visaged, gaunt,  
and shaggy-browed,

Rudolph the headsmen rose above  
the crowd.

His falcion lightened with a sudden  
gleam,

As the pike's armor flashes in the  
stream.

He sheathed his blade; he turned as  
if to go;

The victim knelt, still waiting for  
the blow.

"Why strikest not? Perform thy  
murderous act,"

The prisoner said. (His voice was  
slightly cracked.)

"Friend, I have struck," the artist  
straight replied;

"Wait but one moment, and your-  
self decide."

He held his snuff-box,— "Now  
then, if you please!"

The prisoner sniffed, and, with a  
crashing sneeze,

Off his head tumbled, — bowled along  
the floor, —  
Bounced down the steps; — the  
prisoner said no more!

O. W. HOLMES.

## THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

### FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are  
you going?  
Rough is the road; your wheel is  
out of order.  
Bleak blows the blast; — your hat  
has got a hole in 't;  
So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the  
proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the  
turnpike-  
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all  
day, "Knives and  
Scissors to grind O."

Tell me, knife-grinder, how came  
you to grind knives?  
Did some rich man tyrannically use  
you?  
Was it the squire? or parson of the  
parish?  
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his  
game? or  
Covetous parson for his tithes dis-  
training?  
Or roguish lawyer made you lose  
your little  
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of  
Man by Tom Paine?)  
Drops of compassion tremble on my  
eyelids,  
Ready to fall as soon as you have  
told your  
Pitiful story.

### KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none  
to tell, sir;  
Only, last night, a drinking at the  
Chequers,

This poor old hat and breeches, as  
you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me  
into  
Custody; they took me before the  
justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the  
parish-  
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your  
honor's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me  
sixpence;  
But for my part, I never love to  
meddle  
With politics, sir.

### FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee  
damned first, —  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrong  
can rouse to vengeance, —  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, de-  
graded,  
Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns  
his wheel, and exit in a transport of  
republican enthusiasm and universal  
philanthropy.]

GEORGE CANNING.

## PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

WHICH I wish to remark —  
And my language is plain —  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to  
explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
What that name might imply.  
But his smile it was pensive and  
childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill  
Nya.

It was August the third;  
 And quite soft was the skies:  
 Which it might be inferred  
 That Ah Sin was likewise;  
 Yet he played it that day upon Wil-  
 liam  
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
 And Ah Sin took a hand:  
 It was euchre. The same  
 He did not understand;  
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
 With the smile that was childlike  
 and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve.  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve;  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and  
 bowers,  
 And the same with intent to de-  
 ceive.

But the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chineee,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see —  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt  
 unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me;  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, "Can this be?  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap  
 labor" —  
 And he went for that heathen  
 Chineee.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand;  
 But the floor it was strewed  
 Like the leaves on the strand  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been  
 hiding,  
 In the game "he did not under-  
 stand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
 He had twenty-four packs —  
 Which was coming it strong,  
 Yet I state but the facts;  
 And we found on his nails, which  
 were taper,  
 What is frequent in tapers — that's  
 wax.

Which is why I remark,  
 And my language is plain,  
 That for ways that are dark,  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinese is peculiar —  
 Which the same I am free to  
 maintain.

BRET HARTE.

### THE COSMIC EGG.

UPON a rock yet uncreate,  
 Amid a chaos inchoate,  
 An uncreated being sate;  
 Beneath him, rock,  
 Above him, cloud.  
 And the cloud was rock,  
 And the rock was cloud.  
 The rock then growing soft and  
 warm,  
 The cloud began to take a form,  
 A form chaotic, vast and vague,  
 Which issued in the cosmic egg.  
 Then the Being uncreate  
 On the egg did incubate,  
 And thus became the incubator;  
 And of the egg did allegate,  
 And thus became the alligator;  
 And the incubator was potentate,  
 But the alligator was potentator.

ANONYMOUS.

### MIGNONETTE.

As I sit at my desk by the window,  
 when the garden with dew is  
 wet,  
 On the morning incense rises the  
 breath of the mignonette,  
 Laden with tender memories of thirty  
 years ago,  
 When she gave me her worthless  
 promise, and we loved each  
 other so,  
 Till her tough old worldly mother  
 let her maiden charms be sold  
 To a miser, as hard and yellow as  
 his hoard of shining gold.  
 As in Central Park I met them on  
 their cheerful morning ride,  
 As she snarled at her henpecked hus-  
 band who was crouching by  
 her side,



I thought in the dust of the path-  
way, "I have the best of you  
yet!"

Far better the dream of a fadeless  
love in the breath of the mign-  
onette,

And little Alice and Mabel, and the  
children that might have been,  
Come dancing out on the paper at a  
twirl of the magic pen, —

Not a horrid boy among them, but a  
bevy of little girls

With great brown eyes, love-shining,  
'mid a halo of golden curls.

They never grow old or naughty;  
and in them I fail to see

The slightest fault or taint of sin  
which could have been charged  
to me.

They are mine, all mine forever!  
No lover to them can come,

To steal away their loving hearts to  
grace a doubtful home.

And so, when the tender evening or  
morning with dew is wet,

I dream of my vanished darlings in  
the breath of the mignonette.

GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

## XI.

# POETRY OF TERROR.

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"There are points from which we can command our life,  
When the soul sweeps the Future like a glass,  
And coming things full freighted with our fate  
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind." — BAILEY: *Festus*.



## POETRY OF TERROR.

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### TURNER.

HE works in rings, in magic rings of chance;

He knows that grand effects oft run askance,

And so he prays to Nature, color-queen.

He works in chaoses,—you are no artist,

You medium-man who power to write impartest;

Suffice to know he loveth Chaos old, Because than aught created she's more bold:

And so he worketh ruleless, not to fix, And freeze and stiffen, but to weld and mix,

That many elements thus got together May struggle into light. —

And she loves possibility, and hence He goes far back into Confusion's dance.

So the old Temeraire, (ah England! long

That happiness shall live within thy song.)

Lets natural ways rush through him; so may you,

If you have brain and strength and dare to do.

Believe me, there are ways of painting things

That are allied to the great Morning's wings.

J. J. G. WILKINSON.

### THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did He, Who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?  
WILLIAM BLAKE.

### THEA.

LEANING with parted lips, some words she spake  
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:  
Some mourning words, which, in our feeble tongue,  
Would come in these like accents;  
O how frail  
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

KEATS.

## SONG OF THE PARCÆ.

## IPHIGENIA.

WITHIN my ears resounds that ancient song, —  
 Forgotten was it, and forgotten gladly, —  
 Song of the Parcæ, which they shuddering sang,  
 When Tantalus fell from his golden seat.  
 They suffered with their noble friend; indignant  
 Their bosom was, and terrible their song.  
 To me and to my sisters, in our youth,  
 The nurse would sing it; and I marked it well.

"The Gods be your terror,  
 Ye children of men!  
 They hold the dominion  
 In hands everlasting,  
 All free to exert it  
 As listeth their will.

"Let him fear them doubly  
 Whome'er they've exalted!  
 On crags and on cloud-piles  
 The couches are planted  
 Around the gold tables.

"Dissension arises;  
 Then tumble the feasters,  
 Reviled and dishonored,  
 In gulfs of deep midnight;  
 And look ever vainly  
 In fetters of darkness  
 For judgment that's just.

"But they remain seated  
 At feasts never failing  
 Around the gold tables.  
 They stride at a footstep  
 From mountain to mountain;  
 Through jaws of abysses  
 Steams towards them the breathing  
 Of suffocate Titans,  
 Like offerings of incense,  
 A light-rising vapor.

"They turn — the proud masters —  
 From whole generations  
 The eye of their blessing;  
 Nor will in the children,  
 The once well-beloved,  
 Still eloquent features  
 Of ancestor see."

So sang the dark sisters;  
 The old exile heareth  
 That terrible music  
 In caverns of darkness, —  
 Remembereth his children,  
 And shaketh his head.

GOETHE: *Trans. by Frothingham.*

## CRIME.

BETWEEN the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion, all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
 The genius and the mortal instruments  
 Are then in council; and the state  
 of man,  
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection.

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar.*

To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time.

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth.*

## REMORSE.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice cry,  
 "Sleep no more!  
 Macbeth doth murder sleep," — the  
 innocent sleep,  
 Sleep that knits up the ravelled  
 sleeve of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore  
 labor's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's  
 second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast, —  
 Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to  
 all the house:  
 "Glamis hath murdered sleep; and  
 therefore Cawdor  
 Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall  
 sleep no more!"

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth.*

Macbeth  
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers  
 above  
 Put on their instruments.

WHEN we in our viciousness grow  
 hard,  
 O misery on't! the wise gods seal our  
 eyes;

In our own filth, drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors, laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

I SEE men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
To draw the inward quality after them  
To suffer all alike.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. sc. 2.

THE gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us.

*K. Lear.*

MERCIFUL Heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,

Than the soft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!

Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,

His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

As make the angels weep.

*Measure for Measure.*

### CLARENCE'S DREAM.

*Clarence.*—O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;

So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brakenbury.*—What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

*Clar.*—Methought that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;

And in my company, my brother Gloster:

Who from my cabin, tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befallen us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main. O heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.*—Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.*—Methought I had: and often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;

But smothered it within my panting  
bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in  
the sea.

*Brak.* — Awaked you not with this  
sore agony?

*Clar.* — O, no, my dream was  
lengthened after life,  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I passed, methought, the melancholy  
flood,

With that grim ferryman which  
poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual  
night.

The first that there did greet my  
stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, re-  
nowned Warwick,

Who cried aloud, — “What scourge  
for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false  
Clarence?”

And so he vanished: then came wan-  
dering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright  
hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked  
out aloud, —

“Clarence is come, — false, fleeting,  
perjured Clarence, —

That stabbed me in the field by  
Tewksbury; —

Seize on him, Furies, take him to  
your torments!”

With that, methought, a legion of  
foul fiends

Environed me, and howled in mine  
ears

Such hideous cries, that with the  
very noise,

I trembling waked, and, for a season  
after,

Could not believe but that I was in  
hell,

Such terrible impression made my  
dream.

SHAKSPEARE.

#### HESITATION.

*Lady Macbeth.* — Yet do I fear thy  
nature;

It is too full o’ the milk of human  
kindness,

To catch the nearest way: thou  
wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition; but with-  
out

The illness should attend it. What  
thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst  
not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win;  
thou’dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, Thus thou must  
do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost  
fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone.  
Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine  
ear;

And chastise with the valor of my  
tongue

All that impedes thee from the  
golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid  
doth seem

To have thee crowned withal.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth*.

THIS army  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit, with divine ambition

puffed,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event,  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and dan-  
ger dare,

Even for an egg-shell.

SHAKSPEARE: *Hamlet*.

#### THE CORSAIR.

THERE was a laughing devil in his  
sneer,

That raised emotions both of rage  
and fear;

And where his frown of hatred  
darkly fell,

Hope withering fled, — and Mercy  
sighed farewell!

BYRON.

#### MANFRED.

##### INCANTATION.

WHEN the moon is on the wave,  
And the glow-worm in the grass,  
And the meteor on the grave,  
And the wisp on the morass;

When the falling stars are shooting,  
And the answered owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;  
There are shades which will not  
vanish,

There are thoughts thou canst not  
banish;

By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gathered in a cloud;  
And forever shalt thou dwell  
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou see'st me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
As a thing that, though unseen,  
Must be near thee, and hath been;  
And when in that secret dread  
Thou hast turned around thy head;  
Thou shalt marvel I am not  
As thy shadow on the spot,  
And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse  
Hath baptized thee with a curse;  
And a spirit of the air  
Hath begirt thee with a snare;  
In the wind there is a voice  
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;  
And to thee shall night deny  
All the quiet of her sky;  
And the day shall have a sun,  
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil  
An essence which hath strength to  
kill;  
From thy own heart I then did  
wring  
The black blood in its blackest  
spring;  
From thy own smile I snatched the  
snake,  
For there it coiled as in a brake;  
From thy own lip I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest  
harm;  
In proving every poison known,  
I found the strongest was thine own.

And on thy head I pour the vial  
Which doth devote thee to this trial;  
Nor to slumber, nor to die,  
Shall be in thy destiny;  
Though thy death shall still seem  
near

To thy wish, but as a fear;  
Lo! the spell now works around  
thee,

And the clankless chain hath bound  
thee;

O'er thy heart and brain together  
Hath the word been passed — now  
wither!

BYRON.

### MANFRED.

THE spirits I have raised abandon  
me —

The spells which I have studied baf-  
fle me —

The remedy I recked of tortured  
me;

I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
It hath no power upon the past, and  
for

The future, till the past be gulfed in  
darkness,

It is not of my search. — My mother  
earth!

And thou, fresh breaking day, and  
you, ye mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love  
ye.

And thou, the bright eye of the  
universe,

That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight, — thou shinest not on  
my heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose ex-  
treme edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink  
beneath

Behold the tall pines dwindled as to  
shrubs

In dizziness of distance; when a  
leap,

A stir, a motion, even a breath,  
would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's  
bed

To rest forever, — wherefore do I  
pause?

I feel the impulse — yet I do not  
plunge;

I see the peril — yet do not recede;



And my brain reels—and yet my  
foot is firm:

There is a power upon me which  
withholds,

And makes it my fatality to live;  
If it be life to wear within myself  
This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have  
ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself, —  
The last infirmity of evil. Aye,  
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving  
minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into  
heaven,

Well mayst thou swoop so near me;  
— I should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets;  
thou art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee;  
but thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or  
above,

With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible  
world!

How glorious in its action and its  
self —

But we, who name ourselves its  
sovereigns, we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mixed es-  
sence make

A conflict of its elements, and  
breathe

The breath of degradation and of  
pride,

Contending with low wants and lof-  
ty will

Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are — what they name not

to themselves,  
And trust not to each other. Hark!

the note,  
[*The shepherd's pipe in the distance  
is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain  
reed, —

For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable, — pipes in the lib-  
eral air,

Mixed with the sweet bells of the  
sauntering herd;

My soul would drink those echoes. —

Oh that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment, — born and  
dying

With the blest tone which made me!  
Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws  
down

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come  
and crush me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but  
ye pass,

And only fall on things that still  
would live;

On the young flourishing forest, or  
the hut

And hamlet of the harmless villager.  
The mists boil up around the gla-

ciars; clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white  
and sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of  
deep hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a liv-  
ing shore,

Heaped with the damned like peb-  
bles. — I am giddy.

BYRON.

### THE APPARITION.

I SEE a dusk and awful figure rise  
Like an infernal god from out the  
earth;

His face wrapt in a mantle, and his  
form

Robed as with angry clouds; he  
stands between

Thyself and me — but I do fear him  
not.

Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou  
on him?

Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his  
brow

The thunder-scars are graven; from  
his eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell.  
Avaunt!

BYRON

## **XII.**

# **ORACLES AND COUNSELS.**

## **GOOD COUNSEL. — SUPREME HOURS.**

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**"For words must sparks be of those fires they strike." — LORD BROOKS.**



## ORACLES AND COUNSELS.

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THERE is a mystery in the soul of  
state,  
Which hath an operation more di-  
vine  
Than breath or pen can give expres-  
sion to.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a history in all men's  
lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times  
deceased;  
The which observed a man may  
prophecy,  
With a near aim of the main chance  
of things  
As yet not come to life, which in  
their seeds,  
And weak beginnings, lie intreas-  
ured.

SHAKSPEARE.

### OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on  
to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in mis-  
eries.

SHAKSPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*.

KNOWING the Heart of Man is set to  
be  
The centre of this world, about the  
which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all the aspects of  
misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects  
are such  
As he must bear, being helpless to  
redress:

And that, unless above himself he  
can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is  
man!

DANIEL.

THE recluse Hermit oftentimes more  
doth know  
Of the world's inmost wheels, than  
worldlings can;  
As man is of the world, the Heart of  
man  
Is an epitome of God's great book  
Of creatures, and men need no far-  
ther look.

DONNE.

O how feeble is man's power,  
That, if good fortune fall,  
Cannot add another hour,  
Nor a lost hour recall;  
But, come bad chance,  
And we join to it our strength,  
And we teach it art and length,  
Itself o'er us to advance.

DONNE.

IF men be worlds, there is in every  
one  
Something to answer in proportion  
All the world's riches: and in good  
men this  
Virtue our form's form, and our  
soul's soul is.

DONNE.

### BEWARE.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charm-  
ing,  
Sit thou still when kings are arm-  
ing,

Taste not when the wine-cup glis-  
tens,

Speak not when the people listens,  
Stop thine ear against the singer,  
From the red gold keep thy finger,  
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,  
Easy live and quiet die.

SCOTT.

### SATURN.

So Saturn, as he walked into the  
midst,  
Felt faint, and would have sunk  
among the rest,  
But that he met Enceladus's eye,  
Whose mightiness, and awe of him,  
at once  
Came like an inspiration.

KEATS.

### GOOD HEART.

It's no in titles or in rank;  
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,  
To purchase peace and rest;  
It's no in makin' muckle mair;  
It's no in books; it's no in lear  
To make us truly blest:  
If happiness hae not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest:  
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
Could make us happy lang;  
The heart ay's the part ay,  
That makes us right or  
wrang.

BURNS.

### FAITH.

BETTER trust all, and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiv-  
ing,  
Than doubt one heart that if be-  
lieved  
Had blessed one's life with true  
believing.

Oh! in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our  
youth;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

MRS. KEMBLE.

### THE NOBLY BORN.

Who counts himself as nobly born  
Is noble in despite of place,  
And honors are but brands to one  
Who wears them not with nature's  
grace.

The prince may sit with clown or  
churl,  
Nor feel himself disgraced thereby;  
But he who has but small esteem  
Husbands that little carefully.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,  
Count it still more thou art thine  
own;  
Stand on a larger heraldry  
Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly  
halls?  
Those halls have missed a courtly  
guest;  
That mansion is not privileged,  
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,  
Nor wrangle for this lesser claim;  
It is not to be destitute,  
To have the thing without the  
name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood.  
Disgrace not thy good company;  
If lowly born, so bear thyself  
That gentle blood may come of  
thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the  
height  
'Of some fair garden's petty wall,  
But climb the open mountain side,  
Whose summit rises over all.

E. S. H.

### ULYSSES AND ACHILLES.

*Ulysses.* — Time hath, my lord, a  
wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingrati-  
tudes:  
Those scraps are good deeds past:  
which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as  
soon

As done: *Perséverance*, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honor bright: to have done is  
 to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty  
 mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the  
 instant way;  
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast: keep  
 then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue: if you give  
 way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth-  
 right,  
 Like to an entered tide they all rush  
 by,  
 And leave you hindmost;—  
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first  
 rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject  
 rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on: then  
 what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must  
 o'ertop yours:  
 For Time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting  
 guest by the hand;  
 And with his arms outstretched, as  
 he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever  
 smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. O,  
 let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was;  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in  
 service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating Time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole  
 world kin,—  
 That all, with one consent, praise  
 new-born gawds,  
 Though they are made and moulded  
 of things past;  
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
 More land than gilt o'er-dusted.  
 The present eye praises the present  
 object:  
 Then marvel not, thou great and  
 complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship  
 Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch  
 the eye,  
 Than what not stirs. The cry went  
 once on thee  
 And still it might; and yet it may  
 again,  
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself  
 alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these  
 fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the  
 gods themselves,  
 And drove great Mars to faction.  
 SHAKSPEARE.

### ANTONY AND THE SOOTH- SAYER.

*Antony.* — Say to me,  
 Whose fortunes shall rise higher;  
 Cæsar's, or mine?  
*Soothsayer.* — Cæsar's.  
 Therefore, O Antony, stay not by  
 his side:  
 Thy daemon, that's thy spirit which  
 keeps thee, is  
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatcha-  
 ble,  
 Where Cæsar's is not; but near him,  
 thy angel  
 Becomes a Fear, as being o'er-  
 powered; therefore  
 Make space enough between you.  
*Ant.* — Speak this no more.  
*Soothsayer.* — To none but thee;  
 no more, but when to thee.  
 If thou dost play with him at any  
 game,  
 Thou art sure to lose; and of that  
 natural luck,  
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy  
 lustre thickens,  
 When he shines by: I say again, thy  
 spirit  
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
 But, he away, 'tis noble.  
*Ant.* — Get thee gone:  
 Say to Ventidius, I would speak with  
 him:  
 [Exit Soothsayer.]  
 He shall to Parthia. — Be it art, or  
 hap,  
 He hath spoken true: the very dice  
 obey him;  
 And, in our sports, my better cun-  
 ning faints

Under his chance: if we draw lots,  
 he speeds:  
 His cocks do win the battles still of  
 mine,  
 When it is all to nought; and his  
 quails ever  
 Beat mine, inhooped at odds.  
 SHAKSPEARE.

### MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BE thou blest, Bertram! and succeed  
 thy father  
 In manners, as in shape! thy blood,  
 and virtue,  
 Contend for empire in thee; and thy  
 goodness  
 Share with thy birthright! Love  
 all; trust a few;  
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine  
 enemy  
 Rather in power, than use; and keep  
 thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key: be checked  
 for silence  
 But never taxed for speech. What  
 heaven more will,  
 That thee may furnish, and my  
 prayers pluck down,  
 Fall on thy head!

SHAKSPEARE:  
*All's Well that Ends Well.*

### TRUE DIGNITY.

IF thou be one whose heart the holy  
 forms  
 Of young imagination have kept  
 pure,  
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and  
 know that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majes-  
 ty,  
 Is littleness; that he who feels con-  
 tempt  
 For any living thing hath faculties  
 Which he has never used; that  
 thought with him  
 Is in its infancy. The man whose  
 eye  
 Is ever on himself doth look on one  
 The least of Nature's works, one  
 who might move  
 The wise man to that scorn which  
 wisdom holds

Unlawful ever. O be wiser. Thou!  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads  
 to love;  
 True dignity abides with him alone  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward  
 thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere  
 himself,  
 In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

### EACH AND ALL.

HEAVEN doth with us as we with  
 torches do,  
 Not light them for themselves; for if  
 our virtues  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all  
 alike  
 As if we had them not. Spirits are  
 not finely touched  
 But to fine issues: nor Nature never  
 lends  
 The smallest scruple of her excel-  
 lence.  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she deter-  
 mines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,  
 Both thanks and use.

SHAKSPEARE:  
*Measure for Measure.*

THE flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
 Unless the deed go with it: from  
 this moment,  
 The very firstlings of my heart shall  
 be  
 The firstlings of my hand.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth.*

### COURAGE.

To be furious  
 Is to be frightened out of fear; and, in  
 that mood,  
 The dove will peck the ostrich; and  
 I see still  
 A diminution in our captain's brain  
 Restores his heart. When valor  
 preys on reason,  
 It eats the sword it fights with.

SHAKSPEARE:  
*Antony and Cleopatra.*

*Enobarbus.* — Mine honesty and I  
begin to square  
The loyalty, well held to fools, does  
make  
Our faith mere folly;  
Yet, he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen  
lord,  
Does conquer him that did his mas-  
ter conquer,  
And earns a place in the story.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

### CLEOPATRA'S RESOLUTION.

*Iras.* — Royal Egypt! Empress,  
*Cleopatra.* — No more, but e'en a  
woman; and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid  
that milks,  
And does the meanest chores. It  
were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious  
gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal  
theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel.  
Then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of  
death  
Ere death dare come to us?  
Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good  
sirs, take heart:  
We'll bury him: and then, what's  
brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman  
fashion,  
And make death proud to take us.  
Come away,  
The case of that huge Spirit now is  
cold.

My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæ-  
sar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but For-  
tune's knave,  
A minister of her will. And it is  
great  
To do that thing that ends all other  
deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts  
up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more  
the dung,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

### FIRMNESS.

WE must not stint  
Our necessary actions in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which  
ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimmed; but benefit no  
farther  
Than vainly longing. What we oft  
do best,  
Bysick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allowed; what  
worse, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand  
still,  
In fear our motion will be mocked or  
carped at,  
We should take root here where we  
sit, or sit  
State statues only.

SHAKSPEARE.

### GUIDANCE.

RASHLY, —  
And praised be rashness for it. — Let  
us know  
Our indiscretion sometime serves us  
well,  
When our deep plots do pall: and  
that should teach us  
There's a Divinity that shapes our  
ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKSPEARE: *Hamlet*.

### TRUST.

If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track,  
If Freedom, set, will rise again,  
And Virtue flown, come back;  
Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care,  
Nor gain from Past or Future, skill  
To bear and to forbear.

WORDSWORTH.

### HUMAN LIFE.

OUR revels now are ended: these our  
actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits,  
and



Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this  
    vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gor-  
    geous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe  
    itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dis-  
    solve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant  
    faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: we are such  
    stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little  
    life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Tempest, act. iv. sc. 4.*

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I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers	HERRICK	3
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he	BROWNING	356
Is there for honest poverty	BURNS	147
Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?	BYRON	276
It don't seem hardly right, John	LOWELL	235
It follows now you are to prove	BEN JONSON	433
It happened that I came on a day	CHAUCER	60
I think not on my father	SHAKESPEARE	62
It is not to be thought of that the flood	WORDSWORTH	223
It little profits that an idle king	TENNYSON	101
It's narrow, narrow make your bed	SCOTT	384
It's no in titles or in rank	BURNS	518
It was fifty years ago	LONGFELLOW	280
It was the season, when through all the land	LONGFELLOW	11
It was the time when lilies blow	TENNYSON	341
It was the winter wild	MILTON	187
It was thy fear, or else some transient wind	W. CONGREVE	133
I wandered lonely as a cloud	WORDSWORTH	33
I watched her face, suspecting germs	PATMORE	59
I wish I were where Helen lies	SCOTT	411
I would that thou might always be	N. P. WILLIS	57
I've taught me other tongues	BYRON	277
John Anderson, my jo, John	BURNS	438
John Brown in Kansas settled like a steadfast	STEDMAN	227
Just for a handful of silver he left us	BROWNING	224
Just now I've ta'en a fit of rhyme	BURNS	95
Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels great	SPENSER	293
Knowing the heart of man is set to be	DANIEL	517
King Ferdinand alone did stand one day upon the hill	LOCKHART'S SPANISH BAL- LADS	300
Lady Clara Vere De Veré	TENNYSON	365
Lady, there is a hope that all men have	CHANNING	153

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Let me not to the marriage of true minds	SHAKSPEARE	77
Let the bird of loudest lay	SHAKSPEARE	123
Life and thought have gone away	TENNYSON	457
Life, I know not what thou art	MRS BAUBAULD	169
Life may be given in many ways	LOWELL	238
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Like a poet hidden	SHELLEY	36
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.	SHAKSPEARE	152
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Lithe and listen, gentlemen.	PERCY'S RELIQUES	307
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Little was King Laurin	WATSON	126
Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day	CAMPBELL	217
"Lo," quoth he, "Cast up thine eye"	CHAUCER	45
Lo! on his far resounding path	G. MELLER	225
Look not thou on beauty's charming	SCOTT	517
Lord, when I quit this earthly stage	WATTS	185
Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round	HERBERT	159
Loud is the vale, the voice is up	WORDSWORTH	463
Love is a sickness full of woes	DAVIES	446
Low-anchored cloud	THOREAU	48
Lo, when the Lord made North and South	PATMORE	58
Lo, where she comes along with portly pace	SPENSER	67
Macbeth is ripe for shaking	SHAKSPEARE	510
Man, thee behooveth oft to have this in mind	ANONYMOUS	162
Man wants but little here below	J. Q. ADAMS	280
Men have done brave deeds	E. H.	327
Merciful Heaven!	SHAKSPEARE	511
Merry it is in the good green wood	SCOTT	334
Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more"	SHAKSPEARE	510
Methinks it is good to be here	H. KNOWLES	167
Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour	WORDSWORTH	274
Mine eyes have seen the glory	MRS. HOWE	230
Mine honesty and I begin to square	SHAKSPEARE	521
Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors	SHAKSPEARE	69
Motions and means, on land and sea at war	WORDSWORTH	98
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Mourn, hills and groves of Attica	WORDSWORTH	475
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold	KEATS	94
My dear and only love, I pray	MONTROSE	63
My gentle Puck, come hither	SHAKSPEARE	121
My God, I heard this day	HERBERT	143
My liege, I did deny no prisoners	SHAKSPEARE	286
My lord, you told me you would tell the rest	SHAKSPEARE	285
My mind to me a kingdom is	BYRD	154
My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun	SHAKSPEARE	76
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Mysterious night! when our first parent knew	J. BLANCO WHITE	44
Naked on parents' knees, a new-born child.	SIR W. JONES (Trans.)	58
Nature is made better by no mean	SHAKSPEARE	132
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Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend	YOUNG	94
No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops	CHANNING	460
No! is my answer from this cold bleak ridge	LUCY LARCOM	246
No man is the lord of any thing.	SHAKSPEARE	92
No more, no more, Oh! never more on me	BYRON	278
Northward he turneth through a little door	KEATS	128
No screw, no piercer can	HERRICK	150
No splendor 'neath the sky's proud dome	PATMORE	66
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	WOLFE	466
Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul	SHAKSPEARE	152
Nought loves another as itself	W. BLAKE	158
November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh	BURNS	53
Now deeper roll the maddening drums	G. MELLER	226
Now haud your tongue	SCOTT	301
Now is the time for mirth	HERRICK	269
Now is the winter of our discontent	SHAKSPEARE	211
Now Nature hangs her mantle green	BURNS	466
Now overhead a rainbow bursting through	BYRON	46



Now ponder well, you parents dear	ANONYMOUS	33
Now wol I turn unto my tale agen	CHAUCER	16
O Brignall Banks are wild and fair	SCOTT	449
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon	MILTON	199
O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison!	MOTHERWELL	438
O divine star of heaven	BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER	72
O draw me, Father, after thee	JOHN WESLEY	174
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Of Nelson and the North	CAMPBELL	220
O for my sake do you with fortune chide	SHAKSPEARE	271
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Oh, go not yet, my love	TENNYSON	448
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Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem	SHAKSPEARE	133
Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best	ALLINGHAM	434
O how canst thou renounce the boundless store	BEATTIE	3
O how feeble is man's power	DONNE	517
Oh, weel may the boatie row	ANONYMOUS	437
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O my love's like a red, red rose	BURNS	443
Once git a smell o' musk into a draw	LOWELL	240
Once more, Cesario	SHAKSPEARE	68
Once we built our fortress where you see	CHANNING	6
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O never rudely will I blame his faith	COLERIDGE	120
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Our brethren of New England use	BUTLER	501
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They made her a grave too cold and damp	T. MOORE	235
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Thou that art our queen again	LEIGH HUNT	434
Thou that hast a daughter	W. ALLINGHAM	436
Thou that hast given so much to me	HERBERT	184
Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!	KEATS	34
Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance	HERBERT	145
Three days through sapphire seas we sailed	H. H. BROWNELL	248
Three poets in three distant ages born	DRYDEN	99
Three score o' nobles rade up the king's ha'	SMITH'S SCOTTISH MINSTREL	360
Three years she grew in sun and shower	WORDSWORTH	62
Thy braes were bonny, yarrow stream	T. LOGAN	456
Thy voice is heard through rolling drums	TENNYSON	223
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Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back	SHAKESPEARE	518
Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep	YOUNG	160
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'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more	BEATTIE	3
'Tis not every day that I	HERRICK	93
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train	WORDSWORTH	51
'Tis truth, although this truth's a star	PATMORE	76
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To beguile the time	SHAKESPEARE	510
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Upon a rock yet uncreate	ANONYMOUS	505
Uvedale, thou piece of the first times,	BEN JONSON	260
Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old	MILTON	271
Vex not thou the poet's mind	TENNYSON	133
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Walking thus towards a pleasant grove	LORD HERBERT	272
Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or sword	BYRON	203
Wee, modest, crimson, tipped flower	BURNS	279
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Well, honor is the subject of my story	SHAKESPEARE	203
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Westward the course of empire takes its way	BERKELEY	225
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What needs my Shakspeare for his honored bones	MILTON	268

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Whence is it that the air so sudden clears	BEN JONSON	9
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When coldness wraps this suffering clay	BYRON	172
When daisies pied and violets blue	SHAKSPEARE	440
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When Flora with her fragrant flowers	ANONYMOUS	312
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When I love as some have told	HERRICK	86
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When we in our viciousness grow hard	SHAKSPEARE	510
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